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MEMOIRS, LETTERS,

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VOL. II.

MEMOIRS, LETTERS,

AND

COMIC MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

OF THE LATE

JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF

"THE REJECTED ADDRESSES."

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER,

HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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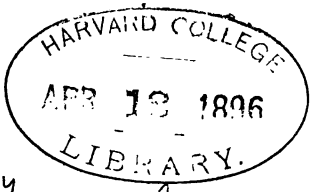

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MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. I.

January, 1821.

My shade, O Hermes! shall punctually obey thy decree. It shall transmit to thee, from London, a monthly narrative of whatever takes place worthy of notice in that forest of chimneys. To whom, indeed, could such communication be half so properly addressed? As patron of travellers, thou wilt listen with complacency to the memoranda of invalid gentlemen from Florence, Brussels, or Paris: as god of thieves and pickpockets, thou wilt wink at my appropriating to myself the good things of the ancients, and the bad ones of the moderns—the gold of Parnassus, and the tinsel of Paternoster-row: and, as conductor of the dead into the infernal regions, thou canst not reject my critical analysis of new plays. Born on Mount Cylene in Arcadia, thou wilt be brisk as the bees of Hymettus, when I convey to thee an

Ode on the Serpentine River, or a Sonnet to Primrose-hill, from the pen of a disciple of the new school of poetry. Neither will he, who deemed it no degradation of his divine dignity to steal the oxen of Admetus, the quiver of Apollo, the trident of Neptune, and the girdle of Venus, visit my burglarious intrusions with an indictment in the court of Rhadamanthus, if my shade should, now and then, steal into the boudoir of a countess, the garret of a poet, the green-room of a theatre, or the sanctum sanctorum of a patriotic parish meeting.

Yet why, O son of Maia, confine my terrestrial year's rule to the narrow boundaries of London Wall? Why reject with indignation my petition to revisit Paris? Thy answer, "Paris is a greater volcano than Vesuvius," must have been delivered in irony. To one "condemned to fast in fires" below, what could it matter whether that hot-bed of anarchy, the Palais Royal, be, or be not, converted into a crater of real lava? Or, grant it so to be, is *London*, at this present writing, perfectly free from volcanic phenomena? Are her artisans all quiet and industrious? her mayors content, as heretofore, with dutiful dulness; and her common council-men as loyally leaden as in the days of the friend of my friend Voltaire, when

"All from St. Paul's to Aldgate ate and slept"?

But hold! I prove too much. In my zeal to show that London is as combustible as Paris, I

may induce thee to prohibit my visit to either capital.

It is now upward of sixty years since the Abbé Raynal resigned to me, in the polished capital of France, the Herculean task of acquainting the sovereigns of Germany with the failure of new plays, the squabbles of the Academy, the freaks of actresses, the revolt of dancers, and the revolutionary movement of royal concubines.* During thirty-five years I toiled at that laborious oar, till the storms of the revolution drove me into Germany. With thee, O Mercury! I have sojourned fourteen years. At first, how glad were we to associate together! with what good-nature didst thou listen whilst I bantered defunct Parisians! Nivelle de la Chaussée, thou mayest remember, sent a challenge, even in the Elysian fields, to Hugh Kelly, the humblest of English dramatists, because I hailed the latter father of weeping comedy. The Abbé Prevost, for the same cause, squabbled with the voluminous Richardson, merely because he had translated him badly. I pass over Rousseau's ebullition to the shade of David Hume; the man was always mad, dead or alive; but I cannot help reminding thee of his compliment to Mozart: "I admire, sir, your music in Il Don Giovanni very much; some passages nearly equal Le Devin du Village."

* See *Memoirs and Correspondence of Baron de Grimm* with the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, from 1753 to 1790, 4 vols. 8vo.

In process of years, however, O Hermes! thou and I have waxed less harmonious. Fellow voyagers, a long calm has made us heartily sick of each other's society. Thou hast told all thy good things; I have told all mine:—and now, like an industrious bee, I fly upward to the realms of day, to store thy infernal hive with a fresh assortment of honey.

Let me commence my lucubrations with a paper which I shall call

THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

Autobiography is rarely to be depended upon. Rousseau's vanity consisted in painting himself too ugly; Richard Cumberland, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Bellamy, have painted themselves much too handsome; Gibbon's features are not unlike, but the attitude is too stately. No man, according to Samuel Johnson, sits down to depreciate himself, even in writing a letter; how, then, can we expect any man to gibbet himself in immortal type? The "Bachelor's Thermometer" was evidently never intended to see the light. It may, therefore, be viewed as probably the most *sincere* self-memoir that ever was penned:—

Ætatis 30. Looked back through a vista of ten years. Remembered that, at twenty, I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age

of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again; and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed:" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the Morning Chronicle, that a watchmaker in Paris, aged thirty-one, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne, "The expression *fall* in love, evidently shows love to be *beneath* a man." Went to Drury-lane; saw Miss Crotch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum: none but matrimonians need apply. Was three months making up my mind, (a long time for making up such a little parcel,) when Kitty Crotch eloped with Lord Buskin. Pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said I was evidently in *rude* health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three nights per week. Sympathized with the public in vexation, occasioned by non-attendance the other three: can't please everybody. Began to wonder at the

pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricosian fluid. Mem. "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I *wore* well: wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket club, on account of the bad air about Paddington: could not run in it without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry: means expensive, end dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the opera. So much the better; the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old great coat, and found it an old little one; cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one: then young and foolish. Brother Charles's wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served

him right for marrying at twenty-one: age of discretion too! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in glovers' windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three gray hairs in left eyebrow.

36. Several gray hairs in whiskers: all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skated on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise; only fit for boys. Gave skates to Charles's eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then? women require protectors; day settled; devilishly frightened; too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond-street. Some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that *that* was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up country-dancing. Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Quadrilles stealing hither over the Channel. Thought of adding to number of *grave* gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the *over*growns. Very impertinent, and utterly untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties increasing. Found myself gradually *Tontine-ing* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ultima Thule* of hostess's elbow. Good places for cutting turkeys; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why *I* was always desired to walk up. Met two schoolfellows at Pimlico; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age: what lies boys tell!

40. Look back ten years. Remember, at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty, certainly, the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried *Logier*. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass: one chin too much. Looked in other new glass: chin still double. Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What were legs made for?

42. Gout again: That disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love sonnets. Imitated Horace's ode,

"Ne sit ancilla." Did not mean anything serious, though Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men, now-a-days, much too small in the waist. Read in Morning Post an advertisement, "Pills to prevent corpulency:" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows, at Bullock's Museum. Twenty-five years ago, wanted to marry her. What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles's eldest boy begins to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold. Began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogised Garrick; saw nothing in Kean. Talked of Lord North. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men: all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at inns "My dear." Thought the money expended upon

Waterloo Bridge might have been better employed. Listened to a howl from Captain Querulous, about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in "single blessedness," and wished him a good morning.

47. Top of head quite bald. Pleaded Lord Grey in justification. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farren.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farren. Told Laura Willis that Palmer, who died when I was nineteen, certainly did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for anything but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. II.

"BEEN to the opera lately?" inquired Captain Augustus Thackeray of Mrs. Culpepper, in a tone of such decided recitative, that I would lay an even wager upon its having been modelled upon part of the dialogue of *Il Turco in Italia.*

Luckily, the tremulous lady of the mansion was prevented from answering the question by an exclamation of "Dinner, Jack, directly!" from the hungry lips of her impatient spouse, which gave the captain time to forget that he had propounded it.

The slayer of men now conducted himself according to the laws of Ton, in that case made and provided. He first planted himself with his back to the fire, with either leg sprawled out, like a pair of animated compasses: he next drew from his sabretash a snuff-box, which he deposed to having purchased in the Palais Royal. To drive away the particles of Prince's Mixture which had impertinently planted themselves upon his mustachios, producing a prolonged sneeze, he drew

from the same receptacle a pocket-handkerchief of crimson silk: he then fixed his eyes upon a paper trap, which hung from the ceiling, to catch flies, and partly whistled and partly sung "Sul Aria:" he, finally, strolled towards the window, the edge of his sword-sheath, like the rattle of the American reptile, giving due notice of his locomotion; and, after surveying the White Tower of Julius Cæsar and the foliage of Trinity Square in momentary apathy, "my pretty page looked out afar" no longer; but, turning to Mr. Culpepper, said, "Are these trees?" wondering, as well he might, that the natives of these hyperborean regions should have acquired the art of arborization.

"Trees! yes," answered the vender of slops; "what should they be? Oh, but I suppose you don't approve of railing in and planting that part of Tower Hill." The elegant stranger gently inclined his head, which the interrogator mistook for acquiescence, and thus went on: "You are quite right; I never liked it: I held up my two hands against it in the vestry, but I was outvoted. Ah! sir, in my time—when I was apprentice to old Frank Fitout, the slop-seller in the Tenter-ground—that was all Tower Hill; smack smooth as the palm of your hand: then there was something like going on. I've seen a quack doctor there, upon a stage with a blue and white check curtain; and I've seen a matter

of ten boys at a time playing chuck-farthing; ay, and a matter of five sailors abreast, singing ballads and playing fiddles. Ah! that was something like!"

"Something like *what?*" inquired he of the sabretash, with eyelids dropping until their lashes almost met his mustachios.

Old Culpepper found it difficult to establish a simile that should accord with so many discordant articles, and held his peace. There was something in the above harangue, short as it was, that was rather nauseous than otherwise to every one present. Mrs. Culpepper, who boasted her second cousinship to a sergeant, (whether at law or in the guards I have never been able to ascertain,) disliked the mention of old Frank Fitout and the enter-ground; Miss Clara thought the objection to turning the hill into an enclosed square was meant as a *fling* at her rotatory flirtations with young Dixon in that hallowed sanctuary; and George, whose determination to *sink the shop* probably originated in an honest aversion to *shop-lifting*, heard the word "slop-seller" from his father's lips with that heart-sinking sensation which came across Blifil when his uncle Alworthy asked him what he had done with his mother's letter.

Then it was that the boy Jack opened the drawing-room door; and then it was that old Culpepper, concluding that he appeared to an-

nounce happiness, bawled out, "Dinner! dinner!" and hunting everybody before him, even as a Hampshire driver urges pigs, drove the whole herd down a deep staircase into the dining-room.

If nature had ordained man to feed upon horn-handled knives and forks, the motion would have been most reasonable; for of aught else the table exhibited not the shadow. "What the devil's this?" cried the master of the house to the footboy, with a look in which authority and dismay were mingled. "I went up stairs, sir," answered the latter, "to tell you that dinner would be ready presently." "Presently!" cried Culpepper, "psha! what signifies presently? however, since we are here, let us take our places; it will save time. Captain Thackeray, sit up by Madam; Clara, sit you on this side of the captain. I don't ask you, sir, whether you mind the fire; it's your business, you know, to stand it: ha! ha! ha! I beg pardon, but hunger sharpens wit. George, take your seat opposite. Well, now we look not a little like fools. This reminds me of a most extraordinary circumstance, which I would not miss telling for all the world. When I was apprentice to—but here comes dinner!"

The "hold! break we off" of Hamlet was never delivered in so awful a tone. The aforesaid Jack, tottering under a tureen, now made his appearance, followed by the housemaid Jane,

in a white cap and apron, and a spotted calico gown, bearing the roast beef of the whole of old England, if I might judge from its magnitude. To place these and other articles upon the table, over the shoulders of the sitters, required great delicacy of eye, united to great vigour of muscle. These opposite talents are seldom found united in one person. The consequence was, that in steering the beef over the shoulder of the shrinking dragoon, a slight driblet of gravy trickled down his right ear and cheek, and finally rested upon that portion of his shirt-collar which, like the blinker of a coach-horse, effectually prevented him from starting at the beauty who had seated herself beside him.

Hot anger mantled in the offended cheek, and for some minutes kept the liquid from coagulation. He, however, said nothing, and was helped to vermicelli soup. If men with glass windows should not throw stones, by parity of reasoning, men with mustachios should not swallow vermicelli soup. The valiant captain made the attempt, and only in part succeeded; the liquor, indeed, went down his throat, but the ropy ingredients refused so to do, and wound themselves around his mustachios, his nostrils, and his chin-tuft, to the no small glee of the master of the mansion. "Captain," cried the latter, "I don't dabble much in poetry, but I *have* read Monk

Lewis's Alonzo and Imogene: I could swear I saw the spectre before me:—

> "The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
> And sported his *nose* and his *whiskers* about,
> While the spectre addressed Imogene.

"Jack! do run to Seething Lane, and bring back Bill Brim, the barber, with you. If the captain is not *shaved*, my dinner will be *saved*, ha! ha! ha! I beg pardon, captain, but I have not swallowed a mouthful yet, and hunger sharpens wit."

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. III.

CAPTAIN Augustus Thackeray did not escape from some more of those casualties into which novices in dinner-giving are apt to initiate their guests. Allured by the syren smiles of a dark-green wine-glass at his elbow, betokening hock in front, he ventured to tilt part of the contents of a slim-throated bottle into his glass. The mower down of multitudes had no sooner steered the beverage into his mouth, between the Scylla and Charybdis of his two mustachios, than he suddenly halted in his swallow, ejaculated "Geud Gad!" (his customary exclamation when anything much amazed him,) and delivered the green

deceiver, with its nauseous contents, to the hot and hurried Jane, who happened, at that moment, to be whisking past his chair.

The cod-fish, which Mrs. Culpepper had cruelly mangled in quest of its liver, now disappeared, and was succeeded by that respectable bird whose cackling saved the Roman Capitol. Had Cæsar, at the head of his legions, followed in its rear, Captain Thackeray would never have looked half so aghast. He guessed, with fearful accuracy, how well Mrs. Culpepper could carve; and foreboding certain splashings, of which he willed to be the giver rather than the receiver, he made a military movement, with his left hand, to get possession of the carving-knife and fork. The lady, however, outflanked him. In vain did he entreat that he might be allowed the honour of saving her that trouble: the lady was inexorable. "The captain was very polite; indeed, all the gentlemen of the army were very polite. Captain Buckram, of the Loyal London Volunteers, was politeness itself; and Major Indigo, of the Cripplegate Sharpshooters, was the very pink of politeness. They always asked her to let them carve, and she always refused: it was a thing she never did—and what's more, she never would—let anybody carve but herself. Her uncle, the sergeant, was a capital carver—nobody better; but she never would let him: she once contested the point with him so long, that the gravy-beef

looked like a patty-pan of potted. No! it was a thing she never did, and what's more, she never would: she particularly piqued herself upon her carving!"

The conflagrator of female bosoms was not wont to be so rebuffed; but the impenetrable Mrs. Culpepper spiked all his artillery. He, therefore, like a prudent warrior, determined to "bear a wary eye" upon the enemy's motions. The first four slices, from the breast, passed off without much danger, and Mrs. Culpepper's embroidered neighbour began to hope that the limbs would not be called for. Alas! "What are the hopes of man?"—"Give me a leg," ejaculated Mr. Culpepper. "Now for the tug of war," muttered the captain to himself. "I guess that there will soon be a slop-seller at both ends of the table."

The prophecy was destined to be verified. The common race of men who haunt dinner-tables, dressed in blue or black, are not over indifferent to the consequences of sitting in the purlieus of a goose. What, then, must be the feelings of a wretch habited like Captain Thackeray? If necessity is the mother of invention, danger is the schoolmistress who sets her to work. The dilemma did not admit of delay. Already had our hostess dived into the receptacle of sage and onions; already had she made an incision near the *os femoris;* and already was she

grasping the extremity of the bird's leg with a firm, though greasy, left hand; when the router of armies drew hastily from his sabretash the crimson silk pocket handkerchief, of which honourable mention was made in my last epistle, and tying two of its corners behind his neck, caused it to hang like an ægis, to guard his bosom from the random shot of Mrs. Culpepper's knife and fork.

"What is he about?" whispered Culpepper to his son. "If he means to take my hint about shaving, I think he might wait till dinner is over." The deed, however, soon proved the wisdom of its perpetrator. The fair carver, by dint of hacking and twisting, had nearly severed the leg from the body, and, essaying all her remaining strength, now accomplished the feat, but with such an accelerated momentum, that leg, fist, and fork descended, like lightning, into the dish. The sage, onions, and gravy, thus assaulted, fled for their lives, and fastened themselves, in many a stray splatter, upon all who happened to be near them.

"La! mamma, how excessively awkward!" cried Miss Clara, hastily raising the flap of the table-cloth, (for napkins there were none,) to dislodge a trifle of sage and onion from her eyelid. The rapidity of this action overset the contents of a salt-cellar into a dish of lemon-cream. "Say nothing about it," whispered her prudent father.

Everybody at table was more or less wounded by the explosion, which, but for his crimson silk cuirass, would have been as fatal to the captain as the bursting of the gasometer in Wellington Street, Blackfriars, was to the South London Gas Company.

"It is fortunate that I adopted this expedient," cried the soldier, "otherwise Captain Thackeray would have been Captain Talbot, alias 'the spotted dog.' "Well, sir, you may take off your handkerchief *now*," said the half-vexed hostess. "Excuse me, madam," answered he of the crimson breastplate; "both of the enemy's wings, and one of his legs, are still in the field."

"My dear," said Culpepper to his wife, "you began by piquing yourself upon your carving, and you have ended by piquing other people. Come, I call that not so bad. I speak my mind, Captain Thack-away."—"Thackeray, sir, is my name."—"Well, then, Thackeray, if you like it better: I speak my mind. I'm not ashamed of myself. My name is Culpepper; I'm a slop-seller, and I live in Savage Gardens." "That's pretty plain," muttered the captain.

"It's odd enough," resumed the old gentleman, "that my wife never could lop off the limb like other people. It happens regularly once a year. Her uncle, the serjeant, of whom, you observe, she is always talking, dines with us once a year—on Michaelmas Day: we always have a goose:

he always sits where you do (I mean the serjeant, not the goose): my wife always carves: and he always gets splashed: but as he is a serjeant, and always dresses in black, it does not so much matter."

"A sergeant in black!" exclaimed the knight of the ponderous sword. "Geud Gad! Pray, of what regiment?" "The devil's own," roared Culpepper; "he's a serjeant-at-law."

This sally forced a slight laugh from the soldier; but he forthwith recollected himself, and resumed his accustomed air of decorous insipidity. No farther calamity occurred, until, in an evil moment, Captain Thackeray required to be helped to some lemon-cream. The upset salt had by this time insinuated itself into the interior of that compound, so that it presented a smooth, smiling, yet treacherous surface, like the ocean, of which Gay's deploring damsel thus complains:—

> "No eyes those rocks discover
> That lurk beneath the deep,
> To wreck the wretched lover,
> And give the maid to weep."

The captain had hitherto eaten with considerable caution. It would have been a breach of manners, had he lifted to his eye the glass which hung at his bosom; but, as he was not really short-sighted, a single glance of his naked optics was sufficient to inform him that the veal-olives, the patties, and the curry, were best admired at a

distance. But the lemon-cream threw him off his guard. He expressed himself decidedly partial to lemon-cream. "Lemon-cream, madam," said he, turning to the lady president, "is a standing dish at the United Service: so it is at Count Stuffenough's, the ambassador from Hungary: so it is at Lady Sarah Surfeit's; I eat it there twice a week. I wonder the Duke of Doublecourse never has it: I frankly told him, last Wednesday, that I would not dine with him again if he had it not. Miss Culpepper, pray help me bountifully, and then I shall not incur the malediction poured by Brummel upon the heads of those who are helped twice."

Clara cast a conscious look at her father, who winked his left eye, in token of secrecy and compliance. Thus urged, the unhappy girl deposited about one-eighth of the contents of the dish upon the captain's plate, which, thus freighted, was redelivered by Jane over the wrong shoulder of the *gourmand.* A table-spoon, large enough for the jaws of Grimaldi, lay before him; with this he tilted a tolerable lump of the lemon-cream into his mouth; when lo! in lieu of that soft, melting, and lemon-shaded sweetness, which his fond imagination had anticipated, all the mines of Poland seemed to descend upon his palate. Regurgitation was impracticable: the false solid had, like a quicksand, become liquid, and he was forced to gulp it down "with what appetite he

might." His throat swelled, during the process, like that of the sword-digesting juggler, and it was full three-quarters of a minute before the sacker of cities had regained breath sufficient to ejaculate, "Geud Gad!"

At this eventful moment, Mr. Culpepper's foot-boy rushed into the room with a letter, addressed to his young master. The youth opened it, and exclaimed with delight, "Five tickets for Tom and Jerry! five tickets for Tom and Jerry!" "What night?" inquired Clara. "To-morrow," answered George. "It is a rule with me," said the father, "to go anywhere, provided I get in for nothing. Your mother, Clara, and yourself, George, will make four; and, captain, I hope you'll make the fifth." "With great pleasure," answered the latter, who had just swallowed a whole tumbler of water, "provided there is no lemon-cream in the bills." The party was forthwith arranged; and I conclude with re-echoing the wish of Gilpin's bard:—

"May I be there to see."

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. IV.

THE first consul of France, in the year 1804, issued an edict that there should be no more "funerals performed" within the walls of the metropolis. He had caused as many funerals to be performed as most people, in other places, but seemed determined that his "good city of Paris" should be exempt from anything which might clash with the cry of "Vive la bagatelle." To this interdiction the inhabitants, independently of a diminution of doctors' fees, owe the laying out of that interesting cemetery, *Mount St. Louis*, more commonly called *Père la Chaise*. There, in poetical embalment, repose the remains of marshals, merchants, cooks, milliners, poets, and coffee-house keepers. Their various parts performed above, there they rest in harmony below, undisturbed even by the propinquity of Madame Raucour.

It is a trite observation, that the French invent and the English improve. Certainly, of English churchyards in general, it may be said, in the words of the auctioneer, "the whole capable of great improvement." The survivors have at length

become aware of this. The citizens of London are at last convinced that a sitting-room and a bed-room, looking into a confined churchyard, in Bush Lane or Aldermanbury, are calculated to cause the proprietor to follow the defunct at a quicker pace than was anticipated. The Lord Mayor (I tell it in confidence) has accordingly ordered that no more funerals shall take place within the bills of mortality. A mount, called *Primrose Hill*, situated between London and the village of Hampstead, and commanding a fine view of the metropolis, has been pitched upon as the receptacle of the future dead. It already possesses a respectable sprinkling of graves.

Before, however, I write a description of its various monuments, the mention of graves reminds me so forcibly of an anecdote of

"Necker's fair daughter, Stael the Epicene,"

that I shall die a second time if I do not relate it. That celebrated lady, a few years ago, visited this huge metropolis. Hardly was she safely deposited at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, trunks and band-boxes inclusive, when she inquired of the waiter if he could direct her to the tomb of Richardson. The crier of "Coming, sir," was not a little astonished what a lady, on a drizzling November afternoon, could want with a tomb. In a moment he bethought him of Richardson the tavern-keeper in Covent Gar-

den; but having, the day before, purchased a sixteenth of a lottery ticket, he jumped to another conclusion, namely, that Richardson and Goodluck were the parties inquired after. He, therefore, taking it for granted that the first-named of that firm must have paid the debt of nature, directed the authoress of Corinne to Mr. Goodluck, in Cornhill, the supposed surviving partner. Away, in a hackney coach, drove our fair traveller to Cornhill; pushed quickly past a dapper clerk in the front shop, who was tempting two servant-maids with a collection of eighths and sixteenths, held up between his fingers like thirteen cards at whist, and, accosting a tall thin man perched in a pulpit, inquired for the tomb of Richardson. "The tomb of Richardson, madam!" said the amazed manager. "Mr. Richardson, I am happy to inform you, never was in better health. He has just set off in Butler's coach for Clapham Rise. Here must be some mistake. What Richardson do you mean?" "The divine Richardson." "Divine! Oh! a clergyman—I really cannot tell. You had better inquire of the bookseller of that name over the way."

Here, upon our heroine's mentioning that the dead man she meant was the immortal author of Clarissa, the bookseller was casually enabled to put her upon the proper scent, by informing her that the deceased lay buried in the parish church

of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. Back through Temple Bar incontinently drove the enamoured pilgrim;—invoked the sexton from his glass of brandy and water;—aided by a lantern (it was now dark) found the sacred sepulchre—a flat stone, close to the parish pump, green with age, and muddy with sabbath pedestrians;—and, falling prostrate upon the cold marble, had reason to congratulate herself, when she arose, on not having paid her respects to the divine Richardson in her best apparel.

This calamity, as the coronation herald said to George the Third, cannot happen again. No more huddling of poor folks together, like people in the pit on the late re-opening of Drury Lane theatre. They will, hereafter, have the satisfaction of sleeping in a bed wide as that of Ware, or that of honour—in which latter, according to Sergeant Kite, "several hundred people may sleep together without feeling each other."

But I detain you too long from a description of this recent London cemetery. Over its eastern gate is described, in gilt characters,—

"Mount Rhadamanth, or
The New Père la Chaise."

On my first entrance, I was agreeably surprised to find so much good taste exhibited in the laying out of the graves. The good old regular jog-trot of "Affliction sore long time I bore;"

"An honest man, a husband dear, and a good Christian, slumbers here;" or, "Adieu, dear partner of my life," rhyming, to a dead certainty, with "wife;" were utterly abolished. A pale-looking man in black, indeed, informed me that the trustees of the establishment had determined to discard not only bad poetry, but fiction, from their monumental inscriptions. "Indeed!" said a man in striped trousers beside me; "then how will they ever get good poetry? fiction is the soul of it." "Excuse me, sir," said he in sables; "elegiac poetry should confine itself to facts: 'De mortuis nil nisi *bonum*' is an antiquated axiom, which the biographer of Doctor Young very properly expelled, and introduced 'nil nisi *verum*' in its place. No man, sir, can be buried here without producing a certificate of his character while in the land of the living; if that have been good, we allow his relations to blow a trumpet over his grave; if bad, they must pen an elegiac satire, or say nothing: and this rule is especially enforced when the epitaph is expressed in the first person singular.

"It is a little too bad, when '*etiam mortuus loquitur*,' to find a sepulchre giving vent to a falsehood.—Now, here, gentlemen," said our guide, addressing a party of about half a dozen who had by this time entered the cemetery—"here is an instance of what I mentioned. This is the monument of Sir Giles January, citizen

and goldsmith. At the mature age of sixty-one, he married Miss Myrtilla May, aged nineteen. In two years he died of a swan-hopping dinner, caught at the Castle at Richmond. Consequently, at the period of his exit, he was sixty-three, and his partner twenty-one. Now, sirs, in the 'olden time,' this monumental stone would have talked of 'partner dear, slumber here; mutual love, heaven above; heart from heart, forced to part;' and 'all that sort of thing:' to all which averments, gentlemen, the trustees of Mount Rhadamanth entertain only one objection, namely, that not one syllable of them would have been true. Step this way, sir, if you please; you, madam, had better stand upon that flat stone on the right: and now let us see what the gentleman has to say for himself."

I glided, ghost-like, between a young woman in a lilac bonnet, and a swarthy man in green spectacles, and read what follows:—

I left a wife, when dead and gone,
On earth, one-third the age of me;
Her years were only twenty-one,
While mine, alas! were sixty-three.

Oh! thou, who weep'st thy "best of men,"
Bethink thee, love, who next succeeds;
Wear black six little months, and then
Bid Hymen's roses choke thy weeds.

"Who weds the second kills the first"—
How could old Shakspeare write such stuff?
My corse will ne'er its cerements burst—
My will is proved, and that's enough.

"Upon my word," cried a youngster, decorated with an eye-glass and a sky-blue cravat, "that dead man is a mighty sensible fellow. Should anything happen to me, I shall be proud of his better acquaintance—'My will is proved, and that's enough.' — Capital. 'Multum in parvo.' Stop! I'll pop it down in my pocket-book: it will make an excellent addition to my sister Morgan's album: quite a hit! she's at this moment in mourning, as black as a crow, for old Marmaduke Morgan, her indigo-grinding husband, who left her fifteen hundred a year—sole executrix too—what has she to do with sables? Stay! 'who weds the second kills the first.' Egad! I don't remember that in Shakspeare: I'll take my oath it's neither in the Honey Moon nor Venice Preserved."

The agent of the trustees of Mount Rhadamanth now led us up a sloping and rather circuitous path, pleasantly shaded by willow and cypress trees; during our progress through which we caught glimpses of divers grave-stones, bearing the customary English decorations, namely, bald-pated old men with scythes, skulls with cross bones, hour-glasses, and cherub heads with full-blown cheeks. "To confess the truth, gentlemen," said our guide, "the arts have not hitherto made much progress in England. We could not, at the outset of the establishment, positively object to these hackneyed ornaments;

but they do us little credit: our comfort is, that they stand sentinels over personages whom nature 'manufactured when she made a Grose'—mere John Wilsons of this parish; and Martha Wadesons of that parish, and George Simpsons of t'other hamlet; very respectable people in their line, but not calculated to confer much credit upon the new Père la Chaise."

At this moment I observed that the young woman in the lilac bonnet had, with two female companions, stept over three ignoble graves, and was busied in deciphering the inscription upon a very smart monument of yellow and green marble. "Ah! ladies," ejaculated the man in black, "that is worthy your notice: that is the tomb of Miss Fanny Flight; a celebrated beauty in her day; the green and yellow marble denotes the melancholy cause of her demise."

"No doubt," interrupted the youth with the blue cravat,

> "'And with a green and yellow melancholy
> She sat like Patience on a monument,'

as Ben Jonson says. Egad! I thought I should whip in something at last."

The guide looked a reproof at the impertinence of the stripling; and to a question from one of the ladies, as to what caused her death, answered, "A lover, madam." "Oh, sir, a rejection, I suppose." "No, madam, an offer; nothing more, I assure you." "Die of an offer?"

"Yes, of an offer; read the epitaph: the lady, after death, confesses her errors with as much readiness as she denied them during her life."

The partner of partners, the belle of the ball,
And caring for none, though I smiled upon all.
I flirted a season with all that I saw,
The parson, the merchant, the limb of the law;
The squire and the captain were fish in my net,
Which gained me the name of the Village Coquette.
Years gather'd, and robb'd me of swain after swain:
Time snaps, link by link, the most obdurate chain.
The parson adored a rich widow at Kew,
The merchant ran off with the niece of a Jew,
The lawyer eloped, being rather in debt,
And the squire "stole away" from the Village Coquette;
The captain, false pirate! for life took in tow
A wharfinger's daughter at Stratford-le-Bow;
When lo! pert and priggish, all congees and shrugs,
Approach'd to adore me—a dealer in drugs!
I shudder'd—I sicken'd—I paid nature's debt,
And died, sad and single, a Village Coquette.

"Hah! lively and lyrical enough," cried the quoter of Ben Jonson; "she seems to have died like the swan, with a song in her beak." "What!" exclaimed a pale-looking girl, who walked arm-in-arm with her of the lilac bonnet, "died because she was courted by the apothecary? Impossible." "It is true, I assure you," said the man in green spectacles. "I knew Miss Flight perfectly well: I once asked her to dance myself, but my green spectacles were an insurmountable obstacle: though I believe my even-

ing coat had a black velvet collar. I rather suspect that helped to alienate her: at all events she told me she was engaged:—there her conduct was indefensible: — but, as 'touching the apothecary,' I think she was quite right. To be courted by an apothecary is a very serious matter; it is quite enough to kill any decent young woman. In every village within seven miles of the metropolis, there is a race of birds, a race of beasts, and one bat." "One bat? Lard! what has that to do with it?" said young Eye-glass. "I will explain," continued the narrator: "The esquire, the merchant, the justice of the peace, and, in some few cases, the attorney, being the upper folks, I call the birds. The butcher, the blacksmith, the exciseman, the tailor, and, the gingerbread-baker, being the lower folks, I denominate the beasts. The apothecary flutters between both: he feels the pulse now of the merchant's lady, and now of the gingerbread-baker's wife: is a little above par in the back parlour of the butcher, and decidedly below par in the drawing-room of the esquire — I therefore call him the bat. Miss Flight never could have married him: that was out of the question: so, her ammunition being all exhausted, and the birds not having been brought down, she did what Bonaparte should have done at Waterloo—she quitted Love's service in

disgust, and 'boldly ventured on the world unknown.'"

At this moment our sibyl in black looked down a by-path; and, observing two women in deep mourning, made a motion to the party to stand aside, and let the mourners pass. This hint was decorously complied with. The sisters—such they evidently were — seemed to be between thirty and forty years of age, and, with faces hid in deep black veils, hastily passed the party, and walked onwards towards the gate of the cemetery. "Ah!" cried the guide, when they were out of hearing, "that is a lamentable case. Those are two maiden sisters. Their means are but small, and of course they lead but solitary lives. They had taken a beautiful little girl under their protection, in whom all their affections were centered. She, poor thing, was taken off last month by a fever. They never pass a day without coming to her grave. I see they have gone through the gate, so we may venture to look at it." The monument was an humble one, and the inscription was as follows:—

Sacred
To the memory of
Phœbe Lascelles,
who died
The 4th of September, 1822,
Aged 7 years.

Affliction's daughters saw this flower arise,
Beheld it blossom, fann'd by Zephyr's wing,
And hoped—too fondly hoped—that summer skies
Would guard from blight the progeny of spring.

Affliction's daughters saw this flower decay;
By them t'was raised—by them 'tis planted here,
Again to soar above incumbent clay,
And bloom eternal in a happier sphere.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. V.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

EVERY one who is conversant with Richmond and its environs, (and what man, since the Diana steam-vessel first started from Queenhithe to Eel-pie Island, can plead ignorance?) must know that passengers are conveyed across the Thames, from Ham to Twickenham, by a ferry-boat; that there is a foot-path through a field which leads from the river to Ham; and that, to attain that foot-path, it is necessary to cross a stile.

Upon this stile, one fine afternoon in July, sat, astride, Mr. Robert Robertson and his nephew Tom Osborne, awaiting the return of Platt the ferryman, that they might solace themselves with a view of the tombs in Twickenham churchyard. "Tom," said the uncle to the nephew, "I have long wished to give you something." The eyes of the nephew brightened; he mechanically took off his kidskin glove, and protruded his right

hand. "I mean, some little advice." Tom replaced the glove upon his hand, with a look that seemed to say, "The less the better."

"I take," continued Mr. Robert Robertson, "an avuncular interest in all that concerns you, and I cannot but enter my protest against the grotesque garb in which you have enveloped your person. Dress, nephew, was originally intended to guard us against the inclemencies of the weather; but, in your case, I am sorry to say that it deviates into downright ornament. But, lest you should think that I am inclined to too sweeping a censure—'spargere voces ambiguas'—(I hope you keep up your Latin)—I will, with your permission, analyse your apparel from head to foot—'ab ovo usque ad mala.' The latter quotation is from Horace. To begin, then, with your hat: I am sorry to find it white. Sir Barnaby Rotolph, the Blackwell-hall factor in Cateaton Street, has a very sage apophthegm upon that head, 'Show me a man with a white hat, and I'll show you a fool.' Now, I should be sorry, nephew, to stultify you without a hearing, (stultify is a legal verb, very much in favour with the late Lord Ellenborough); so, prithee tax that 'bulbous excrescence' (the expression occurs in George Alexander Stephens,) that fills up the hollow of the article that I am criticising, and tell me whether you mean to suffer judgment to go by default, or to plead the general issue with a justification?"

"I plead a justification," said Tom, briskly. "Good," answered the professional Mr. Robertson; "bold, too, but hazardous. In what does your justification consist?" "Your example." "Mine!" "Yes, uncle, yours. My aunt Sally has a picture of you, painted by Hoppner thirty years ago. It exhibits you patting a favourite filly. The scene is a stable: you wear your hat, and that hat has a crown like Mother Shipton's, surrounded by three silk bands, with a rosette to each; just like the smooth-complexioned clergyman's that one so often meets in St. Paul's Churchyard."

"I wonder your aunt Sally keeps that absurd picture," said Mr. Robertson; "but, at all events, the hat is a black one; you have, therefore, failed in your justification. And now, nephew, to continue my analysis. The next article to which I am anxious to draw your attention is your cravat. In the good old times, a cambric stock, with a Bristol-stone buckle behind, was universally worn. The full-length engraved portrait of General Washington will show you what I mean. I would not captiously confine you to that. No; a white muslin cravat, like that which I now wear, may well be worn by you. But Waterloo blue silk appears to me to be altogether inadmissible. An eye of heavenly blue is a pretty adjunct to a pretty woman; but a cravat of that hue is no necessary appendage to a lordling of the creation.

I call you lordling, nephew, because you have barely attained sixteen; you cannot take up your patent of peerage, to dub yourself a lord of that orbit, until you have attained twenty-one. I suspect you will hardly be bold enough to plead a justification to my second count?"

"Indeed, uncle, but I shall," retorted Mr. Thomas Osborne. "My uncle Charles's dressing-room, you know, is hung round with caricatures." "Well." "Well, uncle, one of them is a portrait of you, drawn by Rawlinson just thirty years ago. It shows you with a thing round your neck more like a poultice than a cravat, with two ends hanging down to your middle, like Mr. Endless, the lawyer, in 'No Song no Supper;' and underneath it is printed—

'My name's Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob.'

"Tippy devil!" petulantly exclaimed Mr. Robert Robertson; "Rawlinson was a libeller: an etcher of extremes: a painter of pasquinades. Your uncle Charles might be better employed than in gibbeting his relations after that fashion. But to resume the subject of our discourse. We will now, Tom, diverge a little downward. Your coat, Master Osborne, is absolutely bobtailed. Were you spurred for a set-to at the Royal Cockpit, you would be docked in character. Then its collar—what a preposterous length!

It hangs down from either shoulder, like Doctor Longsermon's black silk scarf."

"Nay, now, upon your third count. My coat, uncle, I justify most valiantly," retorted the stripling. "I don't stand up for its positive propriety, but I do for its comparative." "Comparative with what!" "With one of yours, uncle, which you wore about thirty years ago. Last night I overheard Mrs. Thislewood tell Captain Paterson that she accompanied you, in the year 1792, to Ranelagh; she said that you made your previous appearance in her drawing-room (I quote her very words) in a salmon-coloured coat, with a light-blue velvet collar and cuffs; that she was sitting behind the screen, which made you think that you were alone in the room; and that under that impression, and, as she states it, dreaming of future glories in the Chelsea Rotundo, you walked up to the looking-glass, and, after surveying yourself for half a minute, exclaimed, 'Well, Bob, if they stand this, they'll stand anything!'"

"Mrs. Thislewood is a lying old coquette," exclaimed Mr. Robert Robertson; "I make it a rule never to insinuate anything to the prejudice of anybody's character, otherwise I could tell something that happened to her about thirty years ago, which the public would not hold to be barred by the statute of limitations. But to proceed. The mention of coat, nephew, naturally

leads the mind to waistcoat—yours, I see, is striped. Mr. Polito might doubt whether you were an ass or a zebra. But we will pass that by; it is wondrous short; and 'de minimis non curat lex.' Pray keep up your Latin. I never should have prospered if I had lost mine. Proceed we, therefore, to your trousers. They too, I see, are striped. To stripes in that part your inattention to your Latin may authorise you to lay some claim. But, heavens! how capacious is their size! The tailor, indeed, seems to have repented of his extravagance, by puckering up a part of them. But what means that broad strap under the foot? Is it to prevent their slipping off over your head? or are you possessed of the prospective policy of Sam Scribble, who suffered at the Old Bailey for signing a wrong name on a banker's cheque; and who artfully passed two leather thongs under his feet, that he might, by annexing them to the hangman's noose, enable himself to vibrate his half-hour without strangulation. Upon this count I defy you to plead a set-off."

"My revered uncle," answered the pertinacious nephew, "far be it from me to tax you with laxity either of principles or pantaloons; but I hope you will permit me again to call your recollection to the portrait painted by Hoppner. You are there exhibited in"—"Not loose trousers, I'll be sworn."—"No, uncle, not loose

trousers, but tight leather breeches. No sooner had Mrs. Thislewood told her story about your coat, than Captain Paterson matched it with another about your leather breeches."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Robertson, drawing himself up, and looking out for Platt's ferry-boat, "and, pray, what might the nautical gentleman say?" "Why, he said, uncle, that he once called upon you when you were trying on a new pair of doeskins. The maker of them stood by to comfort and assist you. You were suspended, he said, in mid air, like Mahomet's coffin. When you had, by dint of struggling and kicking, got tolerably well into them, the operator drew from his pocket two iron hooks, to button them at the knees. He also told Mrs. Thislewood that you stood the agonising process with the patience of a primitive martyr, until the third button of the right knee burst its cerements, and went off like the cork of a ginger-beer bottle."

"Well, sir, and pray what happened then?" "Why, then, uncle, he says, that you said something very like 'Oh, damn it!' After which, Captain Paterson added that he does not know what happened, as he turned very sick, and left the room, and so was prevented from beholding the conclusion of the operation."

Mr. Robert Robertson, in deep displeasure, now summoned all his syllogistic powers. He was upon the eve of flatly denying the truth of the captain's assertion—of proving that folly and

foppery were weeds of modern growth; that *his* uncle never had occasion to lecture *him* upon his extravagance or coxcombry thirty years ago; and, finally, that propriety of exterior and soundness of intellect had quitted this country on or about the commencement of the French revolution. Unfortunately, however, this chain of demonstrations was sundered, never to re-unite. Platt hove in sight; uncle and nephew entered the boat; and the presence of two market-gardeners and a footman in livery prevented Mr. Robert Robertson from establishing the superiority of the human race—thirty years ago!

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. VI.

The Clubs of London, in their variety and hostility, resemble the Clans of Scotland. The Highland lass ridicules the Lowland lads. So the spurred and booted member of Brookes's, casting an eye of scorn up the vista of Albemarle-street, dubs the Alfred a congress of blue-stocking old women. The Union sets at nought the Verulam, while the brethren of the latter think that, with the title of Lord Bacon, they have exclusively inherited no small portion of his learning and sagacity. The Beef-steak Club meets under the roof of the Lyceum; Rich, its founder, was proprietor of Covent Garden

Theatre: *ergo*, its members must eat and drink within Thespian walls. Partridge would have dubbed this a *non sequitur*; but logic in his day was only in its infancy. The Thespian club assembles at Molard's Tavern in Great Russell-street. Every syllable there uttered must smack of the side-scene. If you drink with your neighbour, it is "Measure for Measure." In raising the glass you exclaim, "So the King drinks to Hamlet:" and if you differ in opinion with the gentleman who sits next to you, you ejaculate with Marc Antony, "O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth."

The two coteries last mentioned pique themselves upon their intellects, and speak with utter scorn of the Eccentrics in Maiden-lane, who black their faces with burned cork: while the latter shrug their shoulders at the bare mention of the Catamarans, whose merit consists in mere noise, and from whose symposium in Martlet-court are heard the heart-quailing sounds of brass-pans, mail-horns, shrieks, yells, and gunpowder explosions.

Not the least singular establishment of this kind is the "Unsuccessful" Club at the Bedford, so called from its members having failed in dramatic writing. One damned farce entitles a man to become a member *instanter*. If his comedy be withdrawn after the second night, he must be balloted for. But if his tragedy be

hissed off during the first act, he comes in by acclamation, and may order what dinner he pleases. The perpetual president, with a silver catcall at his button-hole, attained that eminence by a long career of damnation. He proudly boasts that, during a seven years' probation, his most endurable dramatic bantling was a melodrame that set every body asleep. He counts his hisses as a warrior does his wounds, and hopes in time, by dint of bad writing, to make the people in the pit tear up the benches.

The last association, upon which I shall rather dilate, is called the Epigram Club. Young Culpepper, whom I immortalised in a former letter, is a member. At the close of that epistle I left him with his family, and the elegant Captain Augustus Thackeray, prepared to adjourn on the following evening to the Adelphi Theatre, to witness the performance of Tom and Jerry. Five in number, they mounted a hackney coach. The captain, ashamed of his coadjutors, shrank back, and dreaded recognition all the way from Ludgate-hill to the corner of Cecil-street. It was a vain apprehension: every man calling himself a Christian at half after six is dressing for dinner. The coach drew up opposite Adam-street. Surprised at the quietness of the rabble, the party dismounted, and on going up to the door of the theatre found it closed.

It was the first Wednesday in Lent! I will not mention, "to ears polite," the place to which the elder Culpepper consigned the Lord Chamberlain. Still, the execration was not "Sesamy;" so the portals continued closed. "We have nothing left for it," said the father, as he bundled the two ladies back into the coach, "but to return as wise as we came." "Suppose you and I go to the Epigram Club," said the son to the captain. The latter thought any port better than the storm of the slopseller, and gladly acceded to the proposal. "Where do you meet?" said the dragoon, as he and his companion hastily turned up Southampton-street. "At the Wrekin," answered the other; "you will find it a very agreeable lounge: I hope you have got an epigram ready." "Geud Gad! not I," ejaculated the son of Mars. "I know a great many songs. I know 'Drink to me only,' and 'Fly not yet,' and 'Believe me of all these endearing young charms,' and the first verse of 'Had I a heart.' But as to epigrams, I only know one which begins—"

Here the hero was cut short in his narrative by an encounter with two waiters, who, with a brace of napkins and five brace of bows, ushered the two gentlemen upstairs. The company had assembled, and the dinner was upon the table. Captain Thackeray and young Culpepper had already dined upon cold beef and cucumbers in

Savage Gardens. This, however, made no difference. Like James Boswell the elder, who regularly dined at the Sheriff of London's table twice in each day during the Old Bailey sessions, the two friends felt a returning appetite, and played as good a knife and fork as if nothing had happened.

On the removal of the cloth, the president gave three knocks with his hammer upon a table, whose dinted surface bore evident tokens of many former attacks of the same sort. Silence being procured, he commenced his harangue by reminding the society that, there, nobody was required to sing: that it was gothic barbarity to call upon a gentleman to struggle with a cold and hoarseness: that the organs of singing were frequently deranged, those of speaking very seldom: and, therefore, that the usages of this institution were highly rational, inasmuch as no man there was called upon for a song, but every man for an epigram.

Then, addressing himself to the member on his right, with the most amusing gravity, he exclaimed, "Mr. Merryweather, may I trouble you for an epigram?" Mr. Merryweather, thus accosted, begged to remind the company, that on the Bow Street side of Covent Garden theatre stood a statue of Comedy and another of Tragedy. "You are right, sir," said Culpepper, "and they both look so sober, that it would puzzle Garrick

himself to say which was which." "You have hit it, sir," answered Merryweather; upon that subject hinges my epigram. It is as follows:—

With steady mien, unaltered eye,
The Muses mount the pile;
Melpomene disdains to cry,
Thalia scorns to smile.

Pierian springs when moderns quaff,
'Tis plainly meant to show
Their Comedy excites no laugh,
Their Tragedy no woe."

A pretty general knocking of glasses upon the table denoted that this sally told well; and the society, as in duty bound, drank Mr. Merryweather's health. "Mr. Morris," said the deputy chairman to a member on his right hand, "were you at the late masquerade at the Opera House?" "I was," answered Morris, with all the elation which is felt by a man who thinks he sees an opening for throwing in a good thing. "I went with Lump the leatherseller. He wore a domino, but he wanted to go in character."—"What character?"—"Charles the Second."—"Indeed! and what made him alter his determination?"—"My epigram."—"O pray let us have it."—"Certainly."

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee athirst,
And thus to Richard said,
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

"Bravo!" ejaculated the president, "your health, Mr. Morris: I think you are in a fair way of winning the silver medal. I don't think any of your successors will beat that. But we shall see. Mr. Vice, you will please to call upon Mr. Snaggs. We must take him in time, or the Hampstead stage will be too sharp for us." Snaggs, who for the last five minutes had been fidgeting and looking at his watch, with as much disengaged hilarity as falls to the lot of any married man who is tied to stage-coach hours, started from a reverie, and begged to inform the company that in his village resided a physician and a vicar, who often walked arm in arm together; "which circumstance," said Snaggs, "induced me to squib at them after the following fashion:

How D.D. swaggers, M.D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D.D. has the cure of souls,
And M.D. has the cure of bodies.

Between them both, what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure?
One has the cure without the care,
And one the care without the cure."

The applause which followed this effusion was so much louder than that which was excited by Mr. Morris, that the latter began to tremble for his silver medal. His fears, however, were groundless. Snaggs again looked at his watch, snatched up his hat, and, like the landlord in Joseph Andrews, "ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck."

The president now looked at his watch also: it pointed to the hour of nine: he exchanged a significant glance with the vice-president (who also officiated as secretary); and the latter cast his eyes towards a mahogany box in the window-seat, and began to fumble for his keys. "Silence, gentlemen," exclaimed the former, "and listen to a report of our committee, setting forth the objects and prospects of this institution." The secretary then drew forth a red morocco bound book, and proceeded to business.

The report commenced by stating, that the object of the Epigram Club was to induce writers and speakers in general, by their precept and example, to compress what they might have to utter, into as small a compass as possible. The report dilated upon the alarming increase of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, and then enumerated the number of epigrams which, with a view of stopping the farther increase of the mischief, the committee had caused to be distributed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, a great portion of which had been translated into the Hindostan and Catabaw languages; so that, to adopt their own phraseology, "they had the heartfelt delight of epigrammatizing the naked Gentoo and the tattooed Otaheitan." The report then stated, that, by the exertions of the committee, seventeen epic poems had been strangled in their birth.

As a special instance of the efficacy of their labours, the report mentioned that Major Cartwright, at a late meeting at the Mermaid at Hackney, had reduced his oration within the compass of seven hours; and that Mr. Gale Jones had not said the same thing more than seven times. The committee concluded by lamenting that, in the midst of their apparently prosperous career, the demon of Circumbendibus (so was he denominated in the report) had suddenly reared his hydra head, and, though pelted by a large assortment of cheap epigrams, had maintained a running fight until he had reached his camp in the liberties of Westminster. The report added, that the demon had lately "grown fat and kicked," in his two strongest citadels, the Court of King's Bench and St. Stephen's Chapel; but that, aided by the speaker in the latter, and the judges in the former, members and junior counsel were henceforth to be limited in their harangues; and that, upon the whole, the committee relied with confidence in the hope, that in the process of a century or so, lawyers and senators would be forced either to speak in epigram, or to hold their tongues.

"A dry subject, Mr. Secretary," exclaimed the chairman. "Mr. Daffodil, pray favour us with an epigram." This request was addressed to a slender young man, who sat 'like a lily drooping,' and had all the air of having been recently

jilted. Thus called upon, he started from the reverie in which he appeared to be plunged, and in a silver tone spoke as follows:

"To Flavia's shrine two suitors run
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave,
Depends upon this rule—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool."

This effort was received with some applause, but it did not quite amount to a hit. The company seemed to opine that knave and fool were not fit names to call a lady. It mattered little what they thought, young Daffodil had relapsed into his reverie. The following was pronounced considerably better:

"My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
She dotes on everything she sees,
And everything she dotes on buys.

I with her taste am quite enchanted:
Such costly wares, so wisely sought!
Bought, because they may be wanted;
Wanted, because they may be bought."

"I should not be at all surprised," said Captain Thackeray to the utterer of this *jeu d'esprit*, "if Mrs. Backhouse gave you that idea. You

must know her—she lives in Castle Street, Holborn, and spends the whole morning in picking up things remarkably cheap. She bought the late Irish giant's boots; she has no occasion for them at present, but they may come into play. Last Wednesday she met with a capital bargain in Brokers' Row, Moorfields—a brass door-plate, with Mr. Henderson engraved upon it: it only cost her ninepence halfpenny. Should anything happen to Backhouse, and she be afterwards courted by anybody of the name of Henderson, there is a door-plate ready."

This sally, proving successful, drew the attention of the club towards the utterer; and the chairman told him, that when his turn arrived, he had no doubt of his favouring the company with an excellent epigram; adding, "in the mean while, sir, I believe it is my turn:

Two Harveys had a separate wish
To please in separate stations;
The one invented Sauce for fish,
The other Meditations.

Each has his pungent powers applied
To aid the dead and dying,
That relishes a Sole when fried,
This saves a Soul from frying."

"Gentlemen," said the member whose turn was next in succession, "I have a weighty objection to all that has been hitherto uttered. An epigram should not be extended to eight lines;

and I believe all that we have heard this evening, have been of that length. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra:* if only two, so much the better. Allow me to deliver one which was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money:

> Dear Bell, to gain money, sure, silence is best,
> For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

"I am quite of your opinion," said he who followed; "and in narrating an epitaph by a disconsolate husband upon his late wife, I mean to confine myself within the same Spartan limits:

> Two bones from my body have taken a trip,
> I've buried my Rib, and got rid of my *Hyp.*"

"Now, captain," said the president, addressing himself to young Culpepper's mustachio'd associate. The dragoon started, and waxed rather red. "Oh me, is it? Geud Gad! I'm very sorry—I can't at this moment—Really, it's very ridiculous: Oh, now I remember, 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed—'" "Beg pardon, sir," said the president, "but that's Sheridan." "Oh, true, I had forgotten; well then—'Drink to me only with thine eyes—'" "Beg pardon again, sir, but that's Ben Jonson." Oh, true! Geud Gad! how uncommonly stupid! Oh! now I have it: 'Quoth Sylvia to a reverend dean—'" "Beg pardon again, sir, but that's Swift." "Swift is it? Geud

Gad! I could have sworn it was my own. Pray, must it be in English?" "No, sir, we are not confined to any language." Well, then, I will give you a Latin one. My friend Culpepper and I, coming out of the Opera House last Saturday, got into a dispute with a hackney-coachman. Upon which I collared him, and he collared me, and he tore the silk-facing of my cloak. Upon which says Culpepper, Who is to mend it? Upon which said I, Nobody can replace the silk-facing but the man who made the cape: because, according to the Latin adage,

Qui capit ille facit.

Now I think I have beaten the two gentlemen who epigrammatized last. They have made a great merit of confining themselves to two lines, and, egad! I have confined myself to one."— "Your quantum of merit, sir," said the chairman very gravely, "will depend upon the votes of the gentlemen present."

A dark mahogany balloting-box was now produced: each member had two votes: the several epigrams were proposed, and balloted for, in rotation: and upon drawing forth the balls, it was ascertained that each person had given one favourable ball to his own epigram, and one to Captain Thackeray's: thus intimating, that, next to his own production, the superior merit lay with the Latin adage.

"Our visitor has it," said the president; and at the same time, with great ceremony, threw over the captain's head a blue silk ribbon, to which was appended a silver medal. "Geud Gad! it's very like a Waterloo Medal," exclaimed the son of Mars, and sat as proud as a peacock until the meeting broke up.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. IX.

THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

ACTING is like the small-pox. Garrick, and a chosen few besides, took it in the natural way; others, trained to it from childhood, or associating with those who were, are inoculated with it. Captain Augustus Thackeray has lately exhibited symptoms of the disease. He sickened at Woolwich, became feverish in Tottenham Street, and took to his bed upon the regular boards.

I thought his clipping the portraits out of Oxberry's edition of the acting drama, and his sticking them round his dressing-room, would come to no good. But the fountain-head of the slaughter was his knowing a man who was intimate with a family who had half a box at Covent Garden Theatre. In his access to this, he fre-

quently found a-jar "the ivory gate" that leads behind the scenes.

Man has a natural appetite for the side-scenes of a theatre. Thither our military hero occasionally adjourned, cautiously keeping to the side opposite the prompter, lest that ringer of many bells should be so rude as to inquire his business. It is a hazardous affair to get near actors. We are apt to make comparisons which always redound to our own exaltation. "Macready is great in Virginius," said Augustus Thackeray to himself, "but I think I could do the part better: my voice is to the full as loud as his. Charles Kemble's Mark Antony is a finished performance: but, thank Heaven! he has no exclusive patent for playing the part, whatever his privileges may be as one of the proprietors of the establishment. I'll go home and study. 'See what an envious rent hath Casca made:' I knew it quite perfect at Harrow, so I shall soon recover it."

Those light clouds of self-conceit which float occasionally around the heads of unfledged ensigns and beardless barristers-at-law, showing to them in shadowy perspective the Field Marshal's baton and the Lord Chancellor's mace, soon enveloped the upper regions of Captain Thackeray. To complete the obumbration, his brother officers at Woolwich gave him the part of Colonel Briton, in the "Wonder." That garrison has

for some years been famous for "cleaving the general ear with horrid speech." William Congreve wrote comedies, and a baronet of the same name invented rockets. They are both clever men in their way: but "Love for Love" is a pleasanter concern to witness in its progress, than an elliptical cannon-ball. So, at Woolwich, comedies are at present all the vogue, and the rockets are despatched to do duty at Vauxhall Gardens.

Augustus Thackeray was highly complimented for his performance of Colonel Briton. Old Culpepper (who went down by the Southend steamboat on purpose to witness it) said that in some scenes it ran Charles Holland rather hard; and Mrs. General Macgorget only wished that her nephew Tom Tankerville had played it half as well: he would not then have been laughed at as he was: but he was always a headstrong lad, and for her part she was quite sick of giving him advice.

All this was oil to the flame, and Augustus got himself introduced to Charles Kemble the very next evening. The dilettanti performances of the preceding night were of course the subject of conversation. "We at Woolwich," said Thackeray, "have one great advantage over you at the regular theatre—a very great advantage"—"May I ask what it is?"—"Why, among you there are two or three very good, and all the rest are

sticks; but with us at Woolwich we have no *bad* actors."

The manager, who plays the part of a perfect gentleman, (a character of which he would find it difficult to divest himself, either on the stage or off,) answered only with a bow. He might have replied, "No good ones, you would say:" even as a house in the Regent's Park is a subject upon which it is difficult to agree; the friends of the edifice maintaining that it unites the advantages of town and country, and its enemies maintaining that it absorbs the disadvantages of each. Be that as it may, on the Wednesday following Thackeray was "at it again."

There is a theatre in Tottenham-street which is noted for enticing slender cornets from Hounslow barracks, and indentured linendrapers from Oxford street. Our Captain of course took refuge beneath its portico. He opened there in the Duke Aranza in the "Honey Moon," and was in the highest possible spirits upon the occasion. His grace has to dress three times during the five acts. This, according to Augustus, was a high feather in the cap of the character. "It is a capital part," he observed to Lord Robert Ranter, who was cast for Rolando; "I don't know a better part. First, there's the Duke's private dress: puce-coloured velvet, a beaver hat, a slouched feather, and sugar-loaf buttons—oh! it's

a great part! Then there's the cottage dress: drab kerseymere with blue silk facings, high-topped gloves, and russet boots—oh! it's an excellent part! Then there's the Duke's state dress in the last scene: a white plume and diamond button, crimson velvet cloak, and white satin trunks—oh! it's a delightful part! I quite forgot the white shoes and red rosettes—I don't think there 's a better part on the stage!"

The "Honey Moon," as honey moons are wont to do, went off extremely well. Audiences are very indulgent when there is nothing to pay. Few things sour a critic more than pulling three shillings and sixpence from his breeches pocket. "Pray, my lord," said Old Culpepper to Lord Robert, "what was the name of the gentleman who played Lopez? He had not much to do: nothing, indeed, but to invite the Duke and Juliana to the village dance; but, I must confess, he threw all the rest of you into the back-ground. Pray, what is his name?" "His name!" answered Lord Robert,—"oh, that was Billy Bawl, the call-boy from Covent-garden."—"The call-boy? Impossible!"—"Oh, no! it 's very true; we paid him thirty shillings." "What a shame!" exclaimed the old slopseller: "only a call-boy? why don't the Covent-garden proprietors put him into Macbeth, or young Mirabel, or Artaxerxes, or something of that sort?" "Why, the fact is, Sir," said the noble amateur, "at Covent-garden

poor Billy never gets beyond ' Your ladyship's carriage;' or, at farthest, ' This way, if you please, Sir.' Because the poor fellow is cowed by the regular actors—sad overbearing dogs: but here he is among gentlemen, who put him quite at his ease in a moment."

Lord Robert Ranter has interest with the proprietors. He generally palms some " stick of an actor" upon them once in every season. These would twine "like ivy round a sapling" upon the establishment, but the two old oaks weather it out. Lord Robert spoke to the proprietors about Augustus Thackeray. He might be mistaken: we are all liable to error; but, for his part, he had never seen a more promising *début* than his Duke Aranza: his style seemed to be something between John Kemble's and Kean's; free, however, from the stateliness of the one, and the familiarity of the other; he should recommend the proprietors by all means to jump at him; he knew that Elliston would give any money for him, &c. &c. &c.

The result was, that the redoubtable Captain got an engagement at Covent-garden Theatre. The terms were neither thirty, no, nor even twenty-five pounds a week. " No matter; money was not his precise object; and there was no doubt the public voice would force the proprietors to cancel his present articles, and treat him with greater liberality. The cases of Kean and Miss O'Neil were precisely in point. He was deter-

mined, for his part, to show the town what gentlemanly acting was. Garrick was a gentleman: he had driven his tilbury last week down to Hampton to see his effects on sale, and he must say that a more gentlemanly turn-out he had seldom witnessed. Not that he meant to patronize the drawing-room chairs; they were decidedly too short in the elbow; and the Hogarths were vulgar: no elegance in the subjects, and no delicacy in the manner of treating them. But still Garrick himself was a gentleman, and the view he had from his drawing-room window across the dwarf wall upon the Thames was in capital taste. Garrick showed them how a gentleman could act, and he was determined to do the same."

"Now heavily in clouds came on the day" when Thackeray, as the Prince of Denmark, was to slouch the accustomed left stocking upon the boards of Covent-garden Theatre. All his friends were mustered upon the occasion: but what are all any man's friends in a winter theatre? According to the calculation of Socrates, they might be stuffed into one box, without incommoding each other. In the stage-box, on the Prince's side, sat Lord Robert Ranter with his cousin Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant, a great admirer of Shakspeare, every line of whose works he professes thoroughly to understand in spite of his commentators. Sir Hans Dabs

brought with him a printed copy of the Hamlet of the immortal bard (upon whom he is himself a commentator in manuscript) bound up with other plays. It is his invariable custom thus to check the actors: and woe be to the wight who misplaces a syllable! Sir Hans has his eye on his book, and invariably sets the offender down for a ninny. Should anything happen to the prompter, there is no baronet in all Marybone parish so well fitted to supply his place. But to return to the hero of the night.

Things went on pretty tolerably until the closet-scene between Hamlet and his mother, "Now for the tug of war," said Lord Robert to his companion. "This is *my* great scene. At Richmond I always get three rounds of applause in it. I admit, my cloak is made of real Genoa velvet: there was a great deal in that: but still in justice to myself I must confess, that my Hamlet is as fine a piece of acting as has been seen since John Kemble: I speak out: egad! I give it to my mother in the true Nero style!"

Whether the audience objected to such treatment of a mother, or whether the elevated elbow once more gave tokens of the separation of sleeve and body, I know not. Certain, however, it is, that coughing now became the order of the night. "I never knew colds more general," said the unconscious amateur as he quitted the stage. "Lord love you, Sir!" said Billy Bawl, (who was

now reinstated in his proper station behind the regular scenes,) "they have no more colds than that kettle-drum: it is you they are coughing at." "Me!" exclaimed Thackeray, "if I thought the public meant to affront me, damme if I would not pull its nose." "The public has no nose," said a little dapper farce-writer at his elbow. "How do you know that, Sir?" fiercely demanded the captain. "Because," answered the author, "I have found by experience that it has no bowels: I therefore infer by parity of anatomy that it has no nose."

"The beautified Ophelia," as Shakspeare, foreseeing that Miss Foote would play the character, has aptly denominated her, was by this time dead and buried. Laertes had attended the funeral, and had jumped upon the coffin. "That is an act which I could never reconcile with decorum," said Lord Robert to the critical baronet. "Is it customary in Denmark to jump upon the coffin of the defunct?" "Yes, when a brother attends a funeral," valiantly rejoined Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant. Critics do not stand upon trifles. Lord Robert was silenced.

The spectacle of "a great man struggling with the storms of fate" was a most agreeable pastime to the gods of Greece. It still continues so to those of the upper gallery of our winter theatres. Thackeray was quizzed and tormented by those avenging deities, until the green curtain dropped

upon the fifth act. "There is a very noisy fellow in the upper gallery," said the amateur, as he rose from his fall, aided by two scene-shifters. "There is," answered the same little dapper damned author; "and he is like the late French republic, the whole house—one and indivisible."

The friends of the new actor, in front, behaved as new actors' friends usually do. Old Culpepper heartily wished the young man had turned his hand to some other trade. Lady Newbiggin and her plump daughter ascribed it all to those horrid radicals in the galleries: they knew who set them on: there was a man in a red night-cap, very like T———, that was particularly noisy: for their parts, they never could see the use of the water tank upon the roof, if it was not opened to duck discontent: but, upon the whole, they must say that they thought the performance but so so.

The subject of all this criticism, in the mean time, had retreated to his lodgings in Hart street, Bloomsbury, where he slept soundly, unconscious of his failure. It is the case in all the arts; there is not a humpbacked man, in all London and Westminster, who does not fancy himself an Adonis. Not that Thackeray was unaware of the discord in the house, but he ascribed it to every cause but the true one. Colds and hoarseness were never more common. Besides, there was evidently a party sent in: probably by Young or Macready: jealousy is proverbially a

green-room failing: for his part, he thought the proper reading was not "Beware of jealousy, it is a green-eyed monster." No! Shakspeare evidently wrote it "Green-room monster!" and so he would deliver it, when he should be put up for Iago.

With this valiant determination, out sallied Thackeray, and in passing through Newport market, saw, skewered upon the back of a dead sheep, a large play-bill, upon which "Theatre Royal Covent-garden—Macbeth," was imprinted in legible characters. The poor animal, even in death, seemed conscious of "the bloody business" of which it was the herald, its nose having marked the pavement below with a sympathetic crimson tint. "Oh! Macbeth!" ejaculated Thackeray, "that is my next part; but I wish they would not expect me to play upon opera-nights. Macbeth was a thorough gentleman; it is true, he killed his friend Banquo, and did not behave quite hospitably to King Duncan; but still he was a thorough gentleman: John Kemble was always too frigid in it, and Garrick wanted height: yes, Garrick was a punchy little fellow, and dressed the character in scarlet breeches: Macbeth is nothing without figure."

By this time the Thespian Captain had entered Portugal-street, where an old mirror, suspended in a broker's shop, "reflected him back to the skies," as the Reverend Bate Dudley has it

Thackeray was well pleased with the exhibition, and walked on, repeating, " Macbeth is nothing without figure."

On his return home, he found that the messenger, whose duty it is to distribute the parts of the play next in representation, had been at his residence, and had left a manuscript for his perusal. It lay upon his breakfast-table, and the word " Macbeth" was written in a fair legible hand upon the outside cover. " Oh, here it is," cried he, carelessly—

> " A happy prologue to the swelling act
> Of this imperial theme."

So saying, he opened the fly leaf, and read " Mr. Thackeray — Macbeth, *the Bleeding Captain.*" " What!" exclaimed the astonished débutant, when he was able to resume his breath ; " me—expect me to act the bleeding Captain? expect a perfect gentleman to stagger on with two cuts on his forehead, and one on his cheek, to tell that stupid old fool Duncan what a number of men his two generals had knocked on the head? I won't do it—there must be some mistake."

" Drive to Soho-square," cried the new actor, jumping into a hackney cabriolet. The manager received him *sy̆aviter in modo*, but, as touching the bleeding Captain, *fortiter in re:* he was cast for the part, and must perform it. " Never," ejaculated Thackeray : " when I engaged as an

actor, it was under an idea that I should act what I pleased and when I pleased."—" Add thereto, and at what salary you pleased," said the manager, " and you would make our profession ' a bed of roses.' As affairs now stand, however, I am afraid that you are under articles to play what and when the proprietors please, under a penalty of thirty pounds."

This reminiscence staggered the tragedian. " Have you any objection to give me up my articles?" inquired he. " None whatever," answered the other, delivering them up to him. " Cancel and tear in pieces this great bond," continued Thackeray, scattering the fragments of the document to the winds;—" and as for you, Sir," turning to the proprietor of the mansion, " allow me to say, that if I ever act again upon your boards, and you don't keep your audience in better order, damme if I don't call them *out*."—" Do but contrive to call them *in*," answered the manager, " and I will undertake to re-engage you for three years, at a rising salary."

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. X.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES.

WHO has not heard of the Duke of Buckingham, who was driven from London to Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, by the great plague? On the abatement of that scourge, in the autumn of the same year, the duke made preparations for returning to his favourite Mall in St. James's Park. His rural tenants waited upon him in a body to bewail his departure, and respectfully asked when they might hope to see him again. "Not till the next plague," answered his grace. The same duke, by the way, thus execrated a dog that had offended him: "Get along with you for a rascally cur! Ah, I wish you were married and settled in the country."

The late Duke of Queensberry must be well remembered by most middle-aged inhabitants of the metropolis. Often has my disembodied shade flitted under Lord William Gordon's wall, opposite the veteran's Piccadilly residence, to gaze upon him, with his straw hat, green parasol, and

nankeen trousers bleached by repeated ablutions. "Does not your grace find London very empty?" bawled a morning visitor in his soundest ear, on the fifteenth day of a hot September. "Yes," answered the duke; "but it is fuller than the country."

These are the only two men, of whom I ever heard, who pleaded a justification on being seen, like autumnal leaves, scattered about the streets of London during the fall of the year. Many others have pleaded a general justification. Doctor Johnson said, he who is tired of London is tired of existence. Charles Morris eulogizes "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," in strains which, like his favourite beverage, become the mellower for age; and Doctor Mosley used to say, "I am half distracted whenever I go into the country; there is such a noise of nothing." All these were celebrated men, who could brazen it out. The common herd of mortals invent excuses: they shuffle like a May-day sweep, and lie like the prospectus of a new magazine. They never saw the humours of Bartholomew Fair before: they could not, till last Sunday, get a ticket to hear the Reverend Edward Irving: they have a particular wish to see "the Great Unknown" in the Haymarket; or the pavement of St. James's Square is about to be Mac-adamised, and they are bent upon patronising the process.

Lord Robert Ranter is still sneaking about St.

James's Street. I call it sneaking, because, if his optics start any being near the palace, he backs up Bury Street; or, if hard pushed, he is intently eager upon deciphering the allusions in the caricature-shop. Dean Swift tells us that two of the brothers in the Tale of a Tub made great circuits to avoid meeting, whereby it usually happened that they encountered each other.

So it fell out last Wednesday with Lord Robert and Captain Augustus Thackeray. The former saw the dapper farce writer mentioned in my last skipping down St. James's Street, and the latter beheld young Culpepper swaggering up it. Both were, of course, ashamed of being autumnal leaves, and both, at the same moment, bolted into the pastrycook's shop on the right side as you walk from Pall Mall to Piccadilly. Each was, of course, surprised at meeting the other in London in September.

But the mischief did not end here. The farce writer was suddenly arrested in his brisk bobbing career by the odour of mock-turtle soup, and young Culpepper felt a *penchant* for a glass of cherry bounce. The consequence was, that all four met upon the floor of the confectioner. Now came the moment for the two pair of imaginations to come into play. Lord Robert was quite on the wing: he merely staid to see Madame Vestris commence her re-engagement. Captain

Thackeray was never more surprised in his life than in finding himself in town; but the fact was, that his gun burst last week at Sir Frank Featherspring's, and he had merely come to purchase a new one. Young Culpepper had been summoned from Margate to oppose the discharge of an insolvent debtor; and the dapper farce writer had sprained his ankle in stepping out of a box at the Brighton theatre, and was come to town for advice.—Four greater falsehoods were never uttered under the roof of Westminster Hall!

The usual question of "Who would have thought of meeting you in town at this time of the year?" having been reciprocally propounded, all four of our autumnal leaves grew wondrous loving. "Misery," says the proverb, "makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows." September may be said to generate associations equally extraordinary. Young Culpepper proposed a dinner at his father's house in Savage Gardens on the following day. The invitation was joyfully acceded to.

As the party separated, young Culpepper and the farce writer issued together up Jermyn Street. "I declare I am quite pleased with Lord Robert's manner," said the former; "I never knew him so gracious: what can it be owing to?" "The season," answered the dramatist: "people of fashion grow quite warm and

hearty when nobody of any note sees them. If the sun were but half as hot, it would be a capital thing for the harvest." "Well! that accounts for it," ejaculated the young citizen. "Old Mrs. Poppleton stopped her carriage yesterday in Russell Square, on purpose to ask me to dine with her. She reproached me quite tenderly for never coming near her; and lo and behold! I found that the foundation of the feast was her want of a fourth to make up a rubber. She was beating the highways and hedges, and luckily happened to alight upon me."

Old Culpepper received the party with great civility. He, too, was an autumnal leaf, and he, too, had his lie ready for being one. They could not get a house at Ramsgate; Broadstairs was too retired; and as for Margate, Mrs. Culpepper would not hear of it: so they meant next Saturday to try Brighton: he was aware there was a terrible mixture there, especially from Saturday to Monday; but the air might do Mrs. Culpepper's stomach good, and he himself had never seen a chain-pier.

After dinner, at which the "hot and hurried Jane" administered without being the authoress of any material catastrophe, Lord Robert Ranter expressed to Captain Thackeray his surprise at not having seen his name in the Covent Garden playbills, after the performance of Hamlet. "Why, the fact is," said the captain, "upon re-

flection, I did not think it quite a gentlemanly thing to supersede Kean or Macready; they enjoy a certain portion of popular favour, and, hang it, it would not be quite fair to clamber over their heads. No! I have lately been turning my mind toward writing plays, rather than acting them. Before dinner, I was looking over the life of Hayley, in Mr. Culpepper's window-seat yonder. I see that the poet, at his outset in life, speculated upon writing two plays per annum, which, at five hundred pounds each, (his estimated rate of profit,) would give him a thousand a year; a very gentlemanly addition to any man's income. I rather believe that, in point of fact, Hayley never got a thousand pence from the theatre, which I am rather surprised at, for he was unquestionably a gentleman; indeed, he behaved to both his wives in the highest style of fashion."

"At my dramatic outset," said the dapper farce writer, "my expectations were not less sanguine than those of the poet of Eartham. My first production was a comedy, and my last one a farce." "I should like to know the history of both of them," said old Culpepper, pushing the bottle to him at the same time. "I had once some taste for the drama myself. I shall never forget poor John Palmer at the Royalty. Ah! he was the man for Don Juan. I am told Lord Byron has failed lately in the part; and well he

may. Nobody will ever come up to John Palmer—there was a leg for you!"

"My first comedy," said the dramatist, "was called 'Love in Jeopardy:' it was accepted by the proprietors of Covent Garden theatre." "I am sorry for it," said the founder of the feast; "John Palmer was the man for comedy, and he was at Drury Lane. There was brown powder, poor fellow! and such a pair of blue silk stockings!"

"Nothing could equal my joy at seeing it advertised in the red bills of the day," continued the writer of farces. "Except your fear at the drawing up of the curtain," said Thackeray. "Egad! that is an awful moment; I felt it myself the other day in Hamlet. I slew whole squadrons at Waterloo, without a tenth of the trepidation I then felt."

"My piece was successful," continued the playwright; "and at that time authors received their remuneration by taking the profits of the third, sixth, and ninth nights. The celebrated Cumberland shook my hand, and dubbed me the modern Congreve. On the third night, an envious shower of rain fell at six o'clock, insomuch that the expenses did not enter the house." "The rain might have thinned the pit and galleries," observed the honest slopseller, "but that could not have kept the company away from the dress-boxes." "I beg your pardon, sir," retorted the follower of the Muses; "people of fashion in

those days did not like to expose their horses; coachmen then did not want Mr. Martin of Galway to teach them humanity. Well! the sixth night arrived, and a finer night I never witnessed. I looked out upon the chapel-leads from the window of my lodgings in Martlet Court, and they were as dry as a bone. Off I went to the theatre at a quarter before six, and stationed myself in what was then called the slips. The house was very respectably filled, and I calculated upon at least a hundred pounds beyond the expenses. At the close of the first music, however, to my great annoyance, Lewis, the manager, made his appearance, and informed the house that Mr. Middleton having been taken suddenly ill, Mr. Toms had kindly undertaken to read the part of Courtly, and hoped for their usual kind indulgence. You might have knocked me down with a feather! Happily, however, the audience did not seem to think there was much to choose between Mr. Middleton and Mr. Toms; they accordingly slightly clapped with their hands, as much as to say, 'Well, well, go on.' The music, accordingly, continued, and I was ready to dance to it for joy. The prompter now rang his bell, and the green curtain slowly rising, discovered a genteel drawing-room, with two red chairs, and a sofa of the same material painted in the flats. Lewis, at this juncture, once more issued upon the stage. My heart was in my mouth! 'Ladies

and gentlemen,' said the stage-manager, 'I am extremely sorry to appear again before you, to entreat your farther indulgence; but the fact is, that Mrs. E——, who was to have played the part of Eugenia, is taken so alarmingly ill, that her life is despaired of: under this awful visitation, Mrs. Twiselden has kindly undertaken—' The audience would hear no more: groans, hisses, catcalls, and sucked oranges, assailed the apologist from every quarter."

"I should like to see the sucked orange that dared fly at John Palmer," said old Culpepper; "ah! he was the man for an apology—such a white cambric handkerchief."

"Lewis retreated, of course," said the narrator, "and in two minutes reappeared, with a proposal couched in the following words: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I feel greatly concerned at having excited your displeasure, and have only to add that I am authorized by the proprietor to inform you, that whoever objects to this arrangement may again receive his money at the door.' 'Oh! very well,' exclaimed at least two hundred voices, and away stalked the utterers to the right and left, carrying away my property in their pockets. Scarcely knowing what I did, I rushed out of the house, and ran, as if the devil drove me, to Mrs. E——'s abode. The drawing-room windows of the lady glittered with lights, and ostrich feathers were waving in every direction. My thundering

appeal to the knocker brought to the door her mother. 'Good heavens! madam,' said I, 'I have left the theatre in the greatest confusion from the absence of your daughter.' 'Oh! sir,' whined the matron, 'such an alarming illness.'—'Illness, madam! what, with all these lamps and ostrich feathers!' 'Oh! only a few particular friends to keep up her spirits,' rejoined the old lady. Finding that nothing was to be gained in that quarter, I returned to Covent Garden, and discovered a 'beggarly account of empty boxes.' 'Really, sir,' said I to Lewis, 'I think that, under the circumstances, the theatre should allow me the money that *was* in it.'—'You may try 'em, if you please,' said Lewis, with his accustomed jerk of the head, 'but I think I can venture to say you won't catch them at it.'"

"Fill your glass, sir," said Culpepper; "I think I can venture to say that poor John Palmer would never have served you so. Ah, there was a leg! and such a pair of silver buckles! I see him now, starting back and making his hair-powder fly over the fiddlers' heads. Well, but your ninth night?"

"Oh! on the ninth night," said the poet, "the play was Fontainville Forest, a stupid ghost thing of Bowden's."—"I wonder you did not call Lewis out," observed Captain Thackeray; "there's nothing like a bullet for making people civil. So much for your first play; and now for your last farce."

"Not till you have tasted this cool bottle," said old Culpepper: "there, try that; you may be a very good poet, but you are a bad hand at passing the bottle. Ah, poor John Palmer! he was the man for passing the bottle; we shall never see the bottle passed again! But I beg pardon; you were going to tell us about your last farce."

"Why, the history of my last farce," said the bard, "is told in two words: it was neither more nor less than egregiously and unanimously damned. Not a single point told. They set off dully; and when once the audience are at fault, the very things that would otherwise delight are sure to disgust. In order to imbibe unbiassed opinions, I had stationed myself in the two-shilling gallery. How short-sighted an expedient! The people there were absolutely frantic with rage. The author was a villain: they only wished they had him there; might the devil fetch them, if they would not throw him over into the pit. Alarmed for my personal safety, I followed an orange-woman up the benches, and stole out of that populous pandemonium. Awhile I hesitated on the brink of the upper row. "Shall I stop here?" said I to myself, "or shall I stop at the stage-door?"

"Stop anything but the bottle," interrupted the founder of the feast.

"Well, at length I slowly paced down stairs, walked into Hart Street, and entered at the

stage-door. Afraid to face the pity of the actors in the green-room, I wandered amid the scenery at the back of the stage, among a motley assemblage of baronial castles, woods, cascades, butchers' shops, and Chinese pagodas: yet still the howls and hisses rang in my ears. While standing there, like Orestes tortured by the Furies, two scene-shifters saw and recognised me. 'Well, never mind, Dick,' said the one of them to the other, (affecting not to know me,) 'I'll bet you a pot of beer this farce looks up, after all.' Thus I commenced my dramatic career by being put upon a level with Congreve, and ended it by being pitied by a scene-shifter!"

"But, zounds!" exclaimed the Thespian captain, "you did not put up with it, did you? where were your pistols?"—"Put up with it!" said the poet, "to be sure I did: how could I help myself?"—"Very badly," said the slopseller, "if I may judge from your conduct here; the bottle has stood at your right elbow two minutes and a half, and you have not helped yourself yet."

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XI.

ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

"THE peculiar beauty of the British constitution, sir, consists in this," said an opposition member to M. Cottu; "every man, however humble his origin, may aspire to the highest honours of the state. Thus it is that industry and talents are excited: all men feel an interest in the fabric, and therefore no men league to overthrow it."

The senator might have extended his eulogium. This aptitude for high places is not confined in England to the senate, the pulpit, and the bar. The posts of fashion are as open to attack as the office of lord high chancellor; and it is not a little amusing to observe the straits to which people of ton are driven to avoid a contact with *les bourgeois*. Bath, in the days of Beau Nash, was a resort for the great: so was Tunbridge Wells:—the North Parade and the Pantiles are now deserted. "The Moor is at the gate," and no Christian can be seen there. Ranelagh, the *ci-devant* "third heaven" of beauties of high life, is levelled with the dust. In vain did the court

make it unfashionable to be seen there before eleven. The east outbid the west, and would not enter till half after that hour. Fashion withdrew in disgust, and Ranelagh perished.

A very few years ago, an autumn at Brighton was by no means an unfashionable affair. But, alas! in rushed all Cheapside, with the addition of Duke's-place. Coy Fashion took flight, and, when the coast was clear, resettled upon the Steine at Christmas. This had all the appearance of a decisive victory. But not so: hardly were her tents pitched, when the populous east "poured from her frozen loins" an army of brokers, brewers, and broad-cloth venders, to shiver for a month upon the East Cliff.

Old Dixon, of Savage-gardens, was destined to be added to the frost-bitten fraternity. His neighbour Culpepper, who must likewise follow the fashion, called upon the worthy citizen, and found him in a sorry nankeen kind of tenement, on the Marine Parade, gazing upon vacancy from out a bow-window which let in the winds from three points of the compass, until they inflated his carpet into the shape of a demi-balloon. "Well," said the visiter to his host, "I never thought you, of all people, would have chosen to put into Brighton at this time of the year."—"I did not choose to put in," answered Dixon; "I was driven in by stress of wife."

I really do not know what people of distinction are to do next; for if turkey, chine, plum-pud-

ding, galanti-show, and twelfth-cake will not keep citizens in town, nothing will. To what Libyan desert, what rocky island in the watery waste, is high life now to retreat? St. Helena may do, the distance is too great to allow of men of business frequenting it; they cannot well run down from Saturday to Tuesday: but I decidedly think that nothing short of it will be effectual. The Island of Ascension is too full of turtle: the whole court of aldermen would be there, to a dead certainty.

There is a dancing establishment in King Street, St. James's Square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection: consequently "their nods men and gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance: the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this *sanctum sanctorum*, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings: and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. I proceed to narrate the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's Head Ta-

vern in the Poultry, Lady Simms in the chair, it was resolved, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening; that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms; that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment; that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions.

In the delivering out of subscriptions, I have heard it whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors. Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say" that young men have but slender prospects of admission, if they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansion-house Street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger in Birchin Lane. I have never heard that he is open to corruption in the way of trade; but he and Lady Roberts have

six grown-up daughters, and the subscriber who fails to dance with them all in one night, may look in vain for a renewal of his subscription.

Mrs. Chambers's helpmate is a tailor. A rule has recently crept into the establishment that no gentleman shall be attired otherwise than in the old school of inexpressibles terminating at the knee. This regulation (which I believe originated with Mrs. Chambers) has been productive of much confusion. The common attire of most of the young men of the present day is trousers. These are uniformly stopped at the door, and the unhappy wearer is forced either to return home to re-dress, or to suffer himself to be sewed up by a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company, who attends in a private room for that purpose. This ceremony consists in doubling up the trousers under the knee, and stitching them in that position with black silk: the culprit is then allowed to enter the ball-room, with his lower man strongly resembling one of those broad immovable Dutch captains who ply in the long room at the Custom House.

It sometimes happens that the party thus acted upon by the needle, little anticipating such a process, has worn white under-stockings, and a pair of half black silk upper hose reaching but to the commencement of his calf. The metamorphosis, in these cases, is rather ludicrous, inasmuch as the subscriber re-appears with a pair of black and white magpie legs, and looks as if he had by

accident stepped ankle-deep into a couple of ink-bottles. These poor fellows are necessarily forced, by the following Friday, to furnish themselves with a new pair of *shorts*. I am afraid Mrs. Chambers is at the bottom of all this. I have never heard of any corrupt motive having been assigned to Mrs. Wells; and Miss Jones is a maiden lady of forty-four, living upon a genteel independence.

About eight o'clock on every Friday evening, during the season, (for I assure you the city has its seasons—(" a negro has a soul, your honour,") a large mass of hackney coaches may be seen plying about the purlieus of Cheapside, the same having been hired to convey our city fashionables to the scene of festivity.

Dancing commences precisely at nine, and the display of jewels would not discredit the parish of Marylebone. The large room with the mirror at the lower end is devoted to quadrilles. Waltzes were at first proscribed as foreign, and consequently indecent: but three of the six Miss Robertses discovered accidentally one morning, while two of the other three were tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating see-saw on the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. The rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. Yet still the practice is rather scouted by the more sober part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, and heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not confined to Paris; while Lady Simms thanks

God that *her* daughter never danced a single waltz in the *whole* course of her life. This instance of self-denial ought to be recorded, for Miss Simms's left leg is shorter than her right. Nature evidently meant her for a waltzer of the first water and magnitude, but philosophy has operated upon her as it did upon Socrates.

About three Fridays ago, an odd incident occurred. One Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter alighted at the outer door from a very clean hackney coach, delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and swept majestically past the grating up-stairs into the ball-room. On a more minute inspection of the document, it was discovered to be a forgery. What was to be done? The mother was sitting under the mirror, and the daughter was dancing for her life. Lady Simms, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, (three make a quorum,) laid their heads together, and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Ferguson, requesting her and her daughter to abdicate. Mrs. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "show fight," but, feeling the current too strong, had recourse to supplication. This was equally vain: the rule was imperative: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Roberts, as unalterable as the laws of the *Sweeds* and *Stertions*. The difference was at length split. A young stockbroker of fashion had just driven up from Capelcourt in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned to the pepper-and-salt coated driver of the vehicle; and Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance

her dance out, Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sound in Friday Street, in her way homeward, at the conclusion of the festivity.

It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning an incident, which, in the glorious days of immortal Rome, would have entitled our lady patronesses to six civic wreaths. The lord mayor of London, at the third meeting in last June, drove up to the door in his gorgeous private carriage, but, not having brought his ticket with him, his lordship was refused admittance, and was constrained to finish the evening at half-price at the Tottenham Street Theatre. I have already mentioned the generating of a mass of disaffection in the excluded fauxbourgs. Lady Pontop, the wife of Sir Peter Pontop, a coal-merchant in Tower Royal, is among the loudest of these malcontents. This lady, who has been nicknamed the city duchess, has been heard to utter threats about "knocking up Almack's," and mutters something about establishing a rival concern. The lady patronesses, however, laugh to scorn these symptoms of rebellion, and say that Cheapside has not lived to these days in comfort and credit, to be bearded by Tower Royal! A slight accident occurred last Friday se'nnight, which might have been attended with heavy effects. Young Carter, the broker, was quadrilling with Jemima Roberts: he had passed the ordeal of the Mount Ida step, wherein the shepherd is destined to foot it several seconds with

three rival goddesses, and had looked as stiff and as sheepish as young men usually do at that effort, when he came suddenly and unexpectedly *dos-à-dos* against huge Miss Jones, who, though denominated a single woman, would make three of the ordinary size of the softer part of the creation. The consequences were obvious: the lady, weighty and elastic, stood firm as a rock, and "the weakest went to the wall," young Carter, the slender broker, being precipitated head foremost against the wainscot.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XII.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale reside in Albemarle-street. The Colonel's movements may be said to form the two sides of an obtuse-angled triangle; that is to say, he rides into Hyde Park before dinner, and to the Opera-house in the Haymarket after it. Mrs. Nightingale reads the English poets: she possesses them all neatly bound, and placed upon a species of literary dumb-waiter. When tired of Sir Walter Scott, she has only to give her satin-wood machine a jerk, and "Cain, a Mystery," tumbles into her lap.

About two-and-thirty years ago, Jack Nightingale (as he was then called) quitted Westminster school. His most intimate crony at that establishment was George Withers, a fair round-faced boy with flaxen hair. Old General Nightingale, Jack's father, used to call him "the sweet little cherub," partly with reference to the chubby-cheeked ornaments of old tombstones, and partly to Dibdin's celebrated ballad, which introduces that bodiless personage at the close of every stanza. The cherub would often accompany young Nightingale to dine with the general in Hertford-street, May-fair.

Upon these occasions, the latter would take upon him to cross-examine his visitant in Latin. The general seldom advanced into the Roman territories beyond "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo;" but he continued, nevertheless, to make George Withers sit very uneasy upon his chair. Be that as it may, the friendship of the two boys was most exemplary. I am as fond of new quotations as the author of Saint Ronan's Well, and shall therefore satisfy myself with asserting, that

> "In infancy their hopes and fears
> Were to each other known."

Time makes terrible havoc with school friendships. Jack Nightingale quitted Westminster, and became a member of his father's profession: George Withers entered the church, and became curate of Scoresby, in Yorkshire. For the first

six months, nothing could be more constant than their correspondence. Many a one shilling and ninepence of theirs did my lords the joint postmasters pocket: after that periodthe attachment hung fire, like the New Post-office itself in St. Martin's le Grand. Something of importance was continnally occurring to abbreviate their epistles: Jack Nightingale had to try on a new hussar cap, and George Withers had to bury an old woman. "So no more at present from," &c. &c.

The case is by no means a singular one. Gibbon, when living at Lausanne, was always hammering out an excuse for not writing to his friend Lord Sheffield. The fault, in these cases, seems to consist in attempting to apologize. Why not boldly leave off writing at once, and imitate the man with a toothache, who, after being pestered with seven civil inquiries from a friend, couched in the accustomed phrase, "How do you find yourself *now*," at length answered, "When there is any alteration, I will let you know."

The revolutionary French war now broke out, and Cornet Nightingale joined his regiment in Flanders. Two letters, "like angel visits," (another new quotation,) were despatched by him to his clerical Orestes from before Valenciennes. In one of these the following phrase occurred, "Our troops have sat down before the town." George Withers, in his reply, observed, "I am very glad to hear it, for the poor fellows must have been sadly tired." Our military Pylades took this as

a joke, but I confidently believe that it was written in sober seriousness. George Withers had heard talk of camp-stools, and concluded that the Duke of York had provided his weary troops with a due assortment of them. Upon the firing of these two epistolary shots, both batteries were silenced.

After a lapse of upwards of thirty years, one fine Saturday afternoon, in the last variable month of March, when Colonel Nightingale had availed himself of a gleam of sunshine to take his canter in the Park, his lady, busied at her rotatory book-stand, heard a hard double rap at the street-door. The two heavy concussions made her think it was either a twopenny postman or a twopenny creditor. In either case the affair excited but little emotion. John, however, in a few seconds entered the drawing-room, and informed his mistress that a fat man wished particularly to see Colonel Nightingale or his lady. "Show him up," said Mrs. Nightingale, "but leave the door ajar, and remain within call."

The door was re-opened, and in walked the Reverend George Withers. He begged pardon for intruding; but, being summoned up to town to attend a trial, (here he produced the subpœna,) he could not for the life of him avoid calling upon his old friend and schoolfellow, whom he had not seen for thirty years or upwards. He had had a vast deal of trouble in finding him out: at the Horse Guards he was referred to the United Ser-

vice Club: he had turned, by mistake, into a large glass shop, in what used, thirty years ago, to be called Cockspur-street, but the name was now changed to Pall Mall East, why he could not devise. The man at the counter was very civil, that he must say for him, but could give him no information: the two sentinels fronting Carlton Palace had contented themselves with shaking their heads; but at length Mr. Sams the bookseller, at the corner of St. James's-street, had cast his eye over a little thick red book, called Boyle's Court Guide, and had directed him to the proper place. Mrs. Nightingale received Mr. Withers, notwithstanding the decided *mauvais ton* of his aspect, with great politeness. She intimated that she had often heard the colonel speak of his friend Withers, and how delighted he should be to meet with him again. The colonel was riding in Hyde Park, but she hoped and trusted that Mr. Withers would name an early day for partaking of a family dinner in Albemarle-street. Mr. Withers looked a little duller than usual at this *sine die* adjournment, and said that he must go back to Scoresby on the morrow. Mrs. Nightingale hereupon hoped that Mr. Withers would so far oblige them, as to partake of their humble fare to-day. The reverend gentleman acquiesced with alacrity; and after many bows, and backing against a frail mahogany table surmounted with a chess-board, where knights and pawns were precipitated to the ground, took his departure to the New Hummums.

"I have invited a friend to dine with you to-day," said Mrs. Nightingale, as her spouse with splashed boots entered the room. The brow of Colonel Nightingale lowered. "My dear, how could you be so dreadfully inconsiderate—Are you aware that it is Opera night?" "True," rejoined the lady, "but the gentleman is obliged to quit town to-morrow." "He must be a very extraordinary gentleman, if he induces me to postpone Catalani." "I think, notwithstanding, that that consequence will follow, when you learn who it is."—"And pray who is it?" "What do you think of George Withers?" "What, my old crony at Westminster?" "Yes, he." "My dear Augusta, you have acted with your accustomed good sense. George Withers! I shall be delighted to see him! Why, it is nearly twenty years since we last saw each other." "For nearly twenty read upwards of thirty," thought Mrs. Nightingale, but she was too good a wife to give the erratum utterance.

Precisely at half-past six, the same sort of heavy double rap at the door denoted that George Withers had arrived. The schoolfellows advanced with delight to accost each other, but in the act of shaking hands mutually gave a start of astonishment. Good heaven! said Nightingale to himself, is it possible that this can be Withers? and, Good heavens! said Withers to himself, is it possible that this can be Nightingale?—a sympathy of ejaculation, which could only proceed from friendship of such a long standing.

Dinner was immediately announced, and Mrs. Nightingale was destined to be *amused* by an eager recital of their mutual "hairbreadth scapes" at their ancient seminary. "Do you remember Sam Talbot?"—"To be sure I do. What is become of him?"—"He married a planter's daughter, and settled in Tobago."—"Where's Lawrence?"—"Which of them, Charles or Robert?"—"Robert, I meant."—"He is a barrack-master at Colchester."—"And what's become of Charles Enderby, who broke his leaping-pole, and fell into Drayton's ditch in Tothill-fields?"—"Oh, he has purchased half a million of swampy acres in the back settlements of America!"—"Indeed! well, he always had a turn that way. Do you remember his battle with Frank Parsons? he certainly would have scalped him, if he had not worn a wig."

Discourse like this is highly entertaining to the parties interested; but they are apt, in the hurry of colloquy, to keep all the entertainment to themselves. Mrs. Nightingale, independently of her dislike to these exclusive reminiscences, found serious internal fault with the Reverend George Withers's style of eating. The food unquestionably reached his mouth, but somehow it never got there as it should have done. His four-pronged silver fork lay idle upon the tablecloth, while his knife, doing all the duty which polite custom has thrown upon its silver associate, passed to and from his mouth to his plate with fearful im-

petuosity. " I have one chance yet," sighed the lady to herself; " he will cut his own tongue out in a minute—I plainly perceive that nothing else can check his garrulity."

Still the conversation ran in the same channel —" Do you remember this?" and " Do you remember that?" ushered in every speech. At length the Reverend Mr. Withers asked the friend of his heart, whether he remembered how he served the Italian image-men? Nightingale had forgotten it. " Oh, then I must recall it to your memory," said the divine. " There was a party of us, madam, (turning to the lady of the mansion,) at our window, when in came a man into Dean's-yard, with a set of plaster images upon a board balanced upon his head. These Italians are certainly admirable artists—such correct grouping of figures, such harmony! Let me see: there were Socrates, Mendoza, Necker, Lord Howe, Milton, a gilt lion, Count Cagliostro, Whitfield and a green parrot, all cheek-by-jowl together. The man—oh, you must remember it, Jack—walked under the window, crying, ' Image, image, who'll buy my image?' when you— O you must recollect—threw a basin of water upon his board. Away floated Whitfield and the green parrot: Mendoza gave Milton a knock-down blow; the gilt lion fell tooth and nail upon Count Cagliostro; and Necker could not find ways and means to keep his place—Lord Howe was the only officer who kept the deck."—" Yes, yes, now

I do remember it," exclaimed Colonel Nightingale, laughing heartily.

It would have been better if he had remained serious. The opening of his fauces set Mr. Withers's tongue afloat upon a very ticklish topic. " Why, Jack," exclaimed the relentless clergyman, " you have got a new tooth." The colonel reddened; but the ecclesiastic proceeded. " Well, that's droll enough: you certainly *had* lost a tooth; I think it was your left eye-tooth."—" Do *you* retain your wise ones?" inquired the caustic colonel. " Yes, both of them," replied the matter-of-fact divulger of secrets. " You must remember the loss of yours: it was on the left side. Frank Anderson knocked it out with a cricket-ball."

There are certain secrets which men keep even from their wives. For " twice ten tedious years " the colonel had been hugging himself in the certainty that the affair in question was confined to Chevalier Ruspini and himself. " Will you take a glass of champagne, sir?" said the master of the mansion. The movement was most dexterous. The Reverend Mr. Withers had made a " god of his belly " too long to allow the thoughts of any teeth, save his own, to cross his Bacchanalian devotion.

When the summons of " Coffee is ready" had induced the two school friends to rejoin Mrs. Nightingale in the drawing-room, all former incidents had been pretty well exhausted, and they

now proceeded to discuss " things as they are." But in this species of duet they by no means chimed harmoniously together. Withers thought Scoresby and its concerns were the concerns of all mankind; and Nightingale could not imagine that any body upon earth had anything to think of save Rossini and his prima donna of a wife, Lindley's violoncello, Garcia in Agorante, and Catalani in Il Fanatico per la Musica. " I have news to tell you," said the country parson to the frequenter of the Italian Opera, " which I am sure you will be glad to hear."—" Indeed, what is it?"—" My black sow has produced me seven of as pretty pigs as ever you saw in your life. Then I've another thing to tell you: I enlarged my pig-sty seven feet four inches: four inches? I really think it was five: yes, it certainly was five. This caused the building to project a little, and but a little, upon the footpath that leads to the back way, up town, from the Red Lion to Mrs. Marshall's meadow. Well, now, what do you think Tom Austin did? He told Richard Holloway that I had been guilty of a trespass: whereupon Holloway, by advice of Skinner, his attorney, pulled down four planks of the new part of the pig-sty, and let the whole litter out into the village! Little Johnny Mears caught one of them—it was the black and white one—and Smithers, the baker, contrived to get hold of five more; but I have never set eyes upon the seventh from that day to this! The poor black

sow took on sadly. Dick Holloway ought to be ashamed of himself. He is a fellow of very loose habits, and never sets out his tithes as he should do. But what can you expect from a Presbyterian?"

"This bald unjointed chat" made Colonel Nightingale fidget up and down like the right elbow of Mr. Lindley, pending the agony of his violoncello accompaniment to the "Batti Batti" of the now forgotten Mozart. The colonel had hitherto, with marvellous patience, from complaisance to his guest, forborne to mount his own hobby: finding, however, that the latter was in no hurry to dismount, he resolved, *coute qui coute*, to vault into his own proper saddle.

The following dialogue forthwith ensued. I copy it verbatim, as a model of school friendship standing firm, in its community of tastes, amid the wreck of thirty years and upwards. "I am, I own, extremely partial to Rossini's Ricciardo e Zoraide; Garcia in Agorante excels himself: the critics object to his excess of ornament; but I own this has always appeared to me to be his chief merit."—"When the black sow litters again, I shall keep a sharp look-out upon Master Holloway; and if he pulls down any more planks from my pig-sty, I mean to put him into the Spiritual Court."—"Catalani's spiritual concerts are not particularly well attended, and I am not sorry for it: Bochsa has started his oratorios with all the talent in town, and therefore ought to be

encouraged. By-the-bye, Madame Vestris is a woman of most versatile talent. Her mock Don Giovanni is admirable: not that I approve of any mockery of the Italian Opera; profaneness cannot be too steadily discouraged. But it is not a little surprising, that a woman who can act that sprightly comic extravaganza should be able to depict the jealous and indignant Princess Zomira."—"We have a club of clergymen who meet once a month at Kettering to shake hands and exchange sermons: last Friday month I gave one of mine to Doctor Pringle, whose grandfather was chaplain to the English factory at Lisbon, and received one of his in exchange. I intended to look it over on Sunday morning before church, but"—"How extremely well Madame Vestris, Camporese, and Garcia, execute that trio in the first act 'Sara l'alma delusa schernita:' when Madame Vestris comes in with her 'O l'indegno qui dove perir,' I declare she stands her ground most womanfully: the fact is, that the sweetness of Italian music"—"But Hannah and I were busy hunting the black sow out of the cucumber beds: we were so busy, crying, 'Hey tig! tig!' that we did not hear the bell toll: so up I walked into the pulpit without ever once looking at the sermon"—"Those orange-tawny stuff curtains are a disgrace to the Opera house."—"Well, I began reading it, and to my great surprise I found that it had been preached by Doctor Pringle's grandfather immediately after the great earthquake at Lisbon. I

therefore found myself under the disagreeable necessity of thus addressing my congregation at Kettering:—'When I look around me, and behold the effects of the late horrid devastation of nature: trees torn up by the roots: houses toppling to their foundation: men and cattle ingulphed in the earth, and the whole horizon rocking like the ocean in its most tempestuous moments.' You cannot imagine the sensation I excited: the women fanned themselves and fainted; and the men muttered to each other, 'Dear me! something unpleasant must have occurred since we entered the church!'—I never preached with so much effect either before or since."

The regular amble of the Rev. George Withers's hobby had now contrived to distance the curvature and prance of Colonel Nightingale's. The colonel pulled up, and lifting a small gold watch from his right waistcoat pocket, muttered to himself—"Ah, the wretch! it is half-past ten, and Catalani must have sung her second cavatina.—"Where do you lodge, Sir?" said the host, coldly to his guest—"At the New Hummums."—"Indeed! are you aware that they close their doors at a quarter past eleven?"—"You don't say so?"—"Yes, I do: but you may find very pretty accommodation at 'The Finish:' the street strollers and market gardeners speak of it in high terms." This hit told: the Rev. George Withers looked at his watch, and made a rapid retreat.

"Well!" cried the colonel the moment the door was closed, "so much for school friendship: did you ever see such a vulgar dog—such an idiot too—so blind to his own interest? if he had but held his tongue two minutes, I could have given him my opinion of 'Rossini's Zelmira.' I am one opera night out of pocket by him, and that is enough to make me detest him to my dying day. Such illiberality too—did you hear him say,—'What can you expect from a presbyterian!"—How I hate a man who vilifies a whole tribe for the faults of an individual!—I have long thought it, and I now know it—All men who live in the country are fools."

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XIII.

ADVISERS.

THERE is a family named Partington, that has lately commenced its residence in Upper Harley Street. It consists of a father, a mother, two sons, and two daughters. The father is a sturdy, red-faced, good sort of man, and the mother is a slender, sallow, good sort of woman. John, the elder son, is with his father in the wine and spirit line, in America Square: Charles, the younger

son, is in the law: the two girls expect to be married. There is at present a great deal of *Advice* stirring about London, and the Partingtons have given and received more than their due proportion of it. It has often astonished me why so much of that commodity has been, and continues to be, given: nobody thanks you for it: indeed, nine people out of ten tell you, in pretty plain terms, to keep your advice to yourself—yet still we continue to give it. Never was benevolence more gratuitous than ours!

Hardly was old Partington well settled in Upper Harley Street, in a most commodious situation, inasmuch as it commanded a corner view of the outside of the Diorama, with a peep at the little statue of the late Duke of Kent at the top of Portland Place, when he received a visit from his crony Mr. Chapman, of Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, who called to give him some advice as to his recent proceedings.

Mr. Chapman commenced his harangue in one of the accustomed forms: "Now, Mr. Partington, I am sure you have too much good sense to be offended at what I am about to say:" Mr. Partington assured him, in answer, that he had a great deal too much good sense; whereupon the adviser, in reply, began to descant upon the extreme folly of Mr. Partington in quitting his city residence to sojourn in Upper Harley Street. The adviser reminded the advisee of those happy days when, Bedlam being then standing upon

London Wall, they used to walk up and down Moorfields in front of the iron gates of that edifice, for half an hour before dinner, to get an appetite. A needless ceremony, but persisted in notwithstanding. Mr. Partington owned, with downcast eyes, that such had been their practice; but alleged in his defence, that nobody lived in the city at present,—"even Bedlam has deserted it," exclaimed he, with a sigh. "True," answered the adviser, "and if you had removed your quarters to St. George's Fields, I should not have so much wondered; but what the deuce could draw you to Upper Harley Street? Let me now advise you as a friend: if you have not yet signed and sealed, declare off, and come back again. We have dined with you once, in the way of friendship; but, my dear Jonathan, when you could have us all to dinner in a ring-fence, within one hundred yards of the Royal Exchange, what could put it into your head to drag us four miles off, to cut your mutton in Marybone parish?" Mr. Chapman now retired, and Mr. Partington took his advice as children take physic, by canting it out of the window the moment the apothecary's back is turned. The lease was executed that very morning, and Mr. Partington, notwithstanding a strong internal aversion to the hot chalky dusty corner of the Portland-road, became tenant of the house in Upper Harley Street for twenty-one years, from Christmas-day then last

past. Men in the spirit line are not to be advised with impunity.

Whilst this affair was transacting in the small back apartment behind the dining-room (the only one in the whole house which a married man can call his own, and even this is apt to be invaded by hats, canes, and umbrellas out of number,) advice was going on at a great rate in the front drawing-room up stairs. Mrs. Chambers was full tilt at Mrs. Partington, advising her how to manage her family. "My dear Mem, (for to this diminutive is our French Madame humbled since the Revolution)—my dear Mem," said this matronly Mentor, "only conceive that you should never have heard of Doctor Level. I've got three of my girls down under his hands, and I hope to get Julia down the moment she comes from school."—"Down! Mrs. Chambers, I don't quite understand you."—"No! only conceive how odd! By down, I mean down flat upon their backs upon three sofas. Doctor Level says it's the only way to bring up girls straight. All depends upon the spine: nerves, bile, tooth-ach, asthma, and everything of that kind: all springs from the spine."—"Well! but, Mrs. Chambers, is not horse exercise a better thing? my girls ride in St. James's Park now and then, with their brother Charles, as a make-weight. I can assure you, several young men of very considerable property ride there; and, according to

my calculation, men are more apt to fall in love on horseback than on foot."—"Horseback! only conceive how dreadful! Doctor Level won't hear of it: he says girls should be kept quiet—quite quiet: now you know Anna is short and rather thick in her figure: the poor girl burst into tears on reading that Lord Byron hated a dumpy woman: I was quite in despair about her: only conceive! no more figure than my thumb! I spoke to Doctor Level about it, and he said, 'It's no matter, she must have the *long gaiters.*'"—"Long gaiters, Mrs. Chambers? a very pretty appurtenance to a grenadier, but surely for a diminutive young lady—."—"Oh, Mem, I beg your pardon: it's the best thing in the world: let me advise you as a friend to try the long gaiters.* I'll venture to say, that in six years he would make little Crachami as long as the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. How he manages it I don't know: but there are two long straps that keep down the shoulders and flatten the ankles; then he turns a sort of screw, under the sofa, which sets the straps in motion, and pulls out the body just for all the world as if he were rolling out paste for a gooseberry pie-crust. Well, my dear Mem, would you believe it? we have already gained two inches; and Doctor Level promises me, if I keep Anna quite quiet for three years and seven months, she may get up quite a genteel figure—Jemima and Lucy are rather better

* Qu. Elongators?

figures: I hope to have them up and about in a twelvemonth."—"Poor girls, don't they find it very dull?"—"O no; I left them this morning with 'Irving's Four Orations,' and 'Southey's History of the Brazils.' Plenty of amusement, that's my maxim! Let me advise you as a friend to follow my example."

Mrs. Chambers was qualified to give all this advice from living in Lower Grosvenor Street, which gave her much more knowledge of the world (especially on a fine Sunday) than could be possessed by an inhabitant of Upper Harley Street. Mrs. Partington, for the same reason, was bound to take it in seeming thankfulness. Most fortunate was it for the two Misses Partington, that their mamma was "advised as a friend." But for those soul-revolting expressions, Mrs. Partington might have been induced to call in Doctor Level to bind her daughters' back-bones over to their good behaviour: and the two Misses Partington, in lieu of cantering under the back-wall of Marlborough House, and kicking up as much dust as a couple of countesses, might, at this present writing, have been flat on their backs, in the back drawing-room in Upper Harley Street, like a couple of Patiences on a monument, smiling at a whitewashed ceiling!

The trunk of the family-tree of the Partingtons is not the only part of that venerable fabric destined to be assailed by advice. The branches have suffered considerably by the same tempest.

John Partington, the eldest son, is suspected of entertaining a *penchant* for Fanny Smith, a figurante at the Coburg Theatre. The affair has been long whispered in the family, and his Aunt Isabella has lately thought it her duty to give him a little advice.

Aunt Isabella lives in Great George Street, Westminster: a celebrated beauty in her day, but that day was not this. The private nickname of Aunt Isabella in the family is Aunt *Was*-a-bella, but this has never come to her ears, as she has money to leave. Aunt Isabella now inserts red paint into the channels of her cheeks. With such an admirable specimen of "the florid gothic" under his very nose, how could Mr. Soane have clapped a Grecian court of justice upon the right flank of Westminster Hall? "Nephew John," said Aunt Isabella, "sit down by the fire, but don't put your feet upon that hearth-rug. Is not it pretty? I bought it of Mrs. Fry, who bought it of an interesting young woman in Newgate. John, you know I have your good at heart."

John fidgeted, and looked wistfully at his hat, which he had left unluckily out of reach. Mrs. Isabella, after the above stock prelude, poured forth her cornucopia of advice; which she assured him she should not have given, if she had not been sure of his having too much good sense to feel offended at what she was about to say. She begged to hint to him, in confidence, that his goings on were no secret: she pointed to

Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," a series of delicate engravings that adorned the walls of her boudoir: she then took down a volume of Bell's "British Theatre," which she opened at George Barnwell, and assured him that it was every word true: she proved to his conviction that virtue was a good thing, and vice a bad one; and concluded by intimating, that figurantes were, like tetotums, to be looked at, but not touched.

John Partington promised amendment, and, on the day following, drove Fanny Smith in his Stanhope to Epsom races, in a white satin pelisse and a Leghorn hat with an undulating brim. In so doing, John Partington, I fear, acted too hastily. He should first have consulted his biographical dictionary, wherein he might surely have found many instances of men who had given up a young mistress, because desired so to do by an old aunt. No such case occurs to me off hand, but many are doubtless to be met with in the books.

But, of all advisers, commend me to Charles Partington, the youngest son, who, as I before mentioned, is bred to the law. To be sure, the young man has suffered advice in his time, about giving up Lord Byron and sticking to the Term Reports, but that is no reason for his inflicting it so unmercifully upon others. His last advices are scattered upon his cousin Emily Green, who was courted by Captain Taper. Charles advised her by no means to think of him, and then trotted

all over London in quest of proofs. These did not extend beyond showing the lover to be a swindler, a drunkard, and a debauchee; but they seemed to answer every purpose. Emily cried; and, possessed by her adviser of all the captain's frailties in a focus, said she was now quite happy: she could never sufficiently thank her cousin Charles for the good advice he had given her: she begged he would take charge of a whole packet of love-letters, and deliver them to the captain, receiving hers in exchange. Charles snatched up the deposit, and ran across the Park to Arabella-row, Pimlico, as hard as he could lay leg to ground. He found the captain at home, and, after giving him a world of good advice with respect to paying his debts and leaving off wine and women, laid his budget of epistles upon the table. The captain, with sorrowful solemnity, gave up Emily's letters in return; and as a parting request, urged Charles Partington to deliver a final leavetaking letter to Emily. Charles (with a sagacity which hereafter must make him a Master in Chancery, at least) complied with the lover's request; and, on his return, advised Emily as a friend not to read it. Emily said she would not, but told him he might as well leave it on the table. Charles did leave it on the table. (A Master in Chancery? phoo! he will be a Master of the Rolls!) and, in a week, the Morning Post told the world that Captain Taper and Emily Green were man and wife.

With these, and many other examples that might be cited, surely it is high time to have done with advice altogether. Why should not a certain association prefix a syllable to the commodity they aim to crush, and dub themselves the Society for the Suppression of *Ad*-vice? Or why should not Mr. Rothschild institute a Grand Alliance Advice Company, into which every friend of every family might cast his stock of spare wisdom? This might be afterwards sold in shares. Individuals might apply at the office for advice when they wanted it, and state their respective cases with a fee of three guineas, "to advise as within." Nothing is worth having that is not paid for!

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XIV.

LOVE AMONG THE LAW BOOKS.

Mrs. Culpepper's "uncle, the sergeant," of whom reverential mention has been made in one of these immortal epistles, had arrived at the age of fifty-nine, heart-whole; his testamentary assets were therefore looked upon by Mrs. Culpepper as the unalienable property of her and hers. Speculations were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper as to the quantum. "I have no doubt he will cut up well," said Culpepper to his con-

sort. "I have my eye upon a charming villa in the Clapham-road. When your uncle, the sergeant, is tucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: it's a sweet spot, not a stone's throw from the Swan at Stockwell!"

Such were the Alnascar anticipations of Mr. Jonathan Culpepper. But, alas! as Dr. Johnson said some forty years ago, and even then the observation was far from new, "What are the hopes of man!" Legacy-hunting, like hunting of another sort, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and they who wait for dead men's shoes, now and then walk to the churchyard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole grew fat and kicked: he took a house in Tavistock-square, and he launched an olive-coloured chariot with iron-gray horses.

There is, as I am confidently told, an office in Holborn, where good matches are duly registered and assorted. Straightway under the letter N appears the following entry: "Nethersole, Nicholas, sergeant-at-law, Tavistock-square, bachelor, age 59. Income, 3,500*l.* Equipage, olive-green chariot and iron-gray horses.—Temper, talents, morals—blank!"

That numerous herd of old maidens and widows that feeds upon the lean pastures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Alfred-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel of the first water and magnitude to be set in the crown of Hymen, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The sergeant was at

no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the ratifia cakes which came in with the madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnests of future golden rings.

The poet Gay makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera thus chant in duet:

> A curse attends that woman's love,
> Who always would be pleasing.

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long, if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then allowed, and indeed necessitated, to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

> Cease then, fair one, cease to shun me,
> Here let all our difference cease;
> Half that rigour had undone me,
> All that rigour gives me peace.

Accordingly it may be observed, that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim, with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a

prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the *ultima Thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaims, "*Where* is he?"

Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive green chariot gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to prey upon some newer Benedict. Two only kept the field, Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow, both of whom hovered on the verge of forty.

"It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in Bedford-place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety: she is never out of Mr. Nethersole's house, and jangles that old harpsichord of his with her "Love among the roses," till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson, on the same day, to another particular friend at the bazaar in Soho-square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's goings on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there: I caught her in the act of screwing her pincushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethersole's mahogany table—what right has she to net him purses?"

The contest of work-table *versus* harpsichord now grew warm: betting even. Miss Jennings threw

in a crimson purse, and the odds were in her favour. The widow Jackson sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half a dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N, surmounted with a couple of red hearts: this was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpsichord a number of the Irish Melodies, and started off at score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza; and I am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time, Love, tired of his aromatic station "among the roses," of all places in the world began to take up his abode among the dusty law books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole's chambers. Certain amatory worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coifs and white wigs of the legal authors who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the aforesaid sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery, and mixed themselves with the decorous company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Naso, with his Art of Love in his pocket, presumed to shoulder Mr. Espinasse at Nisi Prius; Tibullus got astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone; Propertius lolled indolently against Bacon's Abridgment; and "the industrious Giles Jacob" could not keep his two

quartos together from the assurance of one Waller, who had taken post between them. In short, the sergeant was in love! Still, however, I am of opinion, that "youth and an excellent constitution," as the novelists have it, would have enabled the patient to struggle with the disease, if it had not been for the incident which I am about to relate.

The home circuit had now commenced, and Sergeant Nethersole had quitted London for Maidstone. Miss Jennings relied with confidence upon the occurrence of nothing particular till the assizes were over, and in that assurance had departed to spend a fortnight with a married sister at Kingston-upon-Thames. Poor innocent! she little knew what a widow is equal to. No sooner had the sergeant departed in his olive-green chariot, drawn by a couple of post-horses, than the widow Jackson, aided by Alice Green, packed her portmanteau, sent for a hackney-coach, and bade the driver adjourn to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross.

There was one vacant seat in the Maidstone coach: the widow occupied it at twelve at noon, and between five and six o'clock in the afternoon was quietly despatching a roasted fowl at the Star Inn, with one eye fixed upon the egg-sauce, and the other upon the Assize Hall opposite. The pretext for this step was double: the first count alleged that her beloved brother lived at Town

Malling, a mere step off; and the second averred an eager desire to hear the sergeant plead.

On the evening which followed that of the widow's arrival, the sergeant happened not to have any consultation to attend; and, what is more remarkable, happened to be above the affectation of pretending that he had. He proposed a walk into the country; the lady consented. They moralised a few minutes upon the *hic jacets* in the churchyard, and thence strolled into the adjoining fields, where certain labourers had piled the wooden props of the plant that feeds, or ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in conical (quære, comical) shapes, not unlike the spire of the new church in Langham Place. The rain now began to fall; one of these sloping recipients stood invitingly open to shelter them from the storm: "Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus." Ah, those pyramidal hop-poles! The widow's brother from Town Malling was serving upon the grand jury: his sister's reputation was dear to him as his own: "he'd call him brother, or he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nethersole and Amelia Jackson were joined together in holy matrimony.

The widow Jackson, now Mrs. Nethersole, was a prudent woman, and wished, as the phrase is, to have every body's good word. It was her advice that her husband should write to his niece Mrs. Culpepper to acquaint her with what had happened. She had, in fact, drawn up a letter for

his signature, in which she tendered several satisfactory apologies for the step: namely, that it is not good for man to be alone; but chiefly that he had met with a woman possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy.

"Why no, my dear," answered the sergeant; "with submission to you, (a phrase prophetic of the fact,) it has been my rule through life, whenever I had done a wrong or a foolish deed"—here the lady frowned—"never to own it; never to suffer judgment to go by default, and thus remain 'in mercy,' but boldly to plead a justification. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage: if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances. Leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said that lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward?" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable. A nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself. And as for his wife, she is no better than she should be."—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding."—"Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about brother Van and brother Bear."—"Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may possibly be no issue of the marriage."

Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends from

Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall Terrace in the Regent's Park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the Register-office, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony of Nethersole's, who, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nando's.

When the honeymoon of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole was on the wane,

> —— My sprite
> Popp'd through the key-hole, swift as light,

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of his library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak; and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were refitted to their upper shelf, the honeymoon was over, and love no longer nestled in the law books.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XV.

JOSHUA PINCHBECK.

You tell me, my dear Mr. Pinchbeck, that you have never yet explored the country beyond Stratford-le-Bow on the east, Hammersmith on the west, Holloway turnpike on the north, and the windmill upon Clapham Common on the south. You add, that you can now well afford to look a little about you, and you call upon the devil to fetch you, if you will take it as you have done. You conclude with intimating an intention of spending a fortnight, "somewhere or another," a hundred miles from town, and with doing me the honour of asking my advice as to the spot to be fixed upon for your rural sojourn.

Feeling as I do in my own mind a laudable impartiality upon that subject, all parts of the country being to me pretty much upon a par, let me advise you to pack your portmanteau, and mounting a hackney-coach, to desire the driver to convey you either to the Elephant and Castle in St. George's Fields, or to the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, whichsoever the said driver

pleaseth. A variety of importunate messengers, commonly called *cads*, will here have surrounded you, and will have been very urgent in their inquiries as to the coach by which you are going to quit London. If you possess the equitable feeling upon that subject which appertains to the writer of this letter, you will have told one of them to pitch your portmanteau into the first on the stand: 'wherever fate shall lead me,' as John Kemble used to say in the Stranger.

You have now, my dear Joshua Pinchbeck, alighted at the Roebuck, a decent-looking inn with a rough-cast coating, the gilt horns and hoofs of the animal which forms the sign being softened down and relieved by a pictured punch-bowl in its rear. I make no account of your landlord; gifted with a red waistcoat, and a nose of the same colour, his duty seems to be confined to smoking and gazing vacantly at the horses' heels: the real man of business is the wife.

The room into which you are shown has a faded and heel-worn Turkey-carpet in its centre; its extremities consist of plain deal boards. Over the sideboard is a sampler worked by the landlady's mother, subscribed "Fear the Lord. Jane Mills: 4 July, 1764." Your dinner being ordered, viz. mutton-chops, potatoes, and French beans, you make a tour of the rooms to survey the portraits that adorn its walls. These consist of the Marquess of Granby in cracked glass; a man in a scarlet hunting-frock, flying over a five-barred

gate, with seventeen hounds and a fox sweeping up the back-ground; Sky-scraper, belonging to his Grace of Queensberry, held by the bridle by a groom in a jockey-cap; his late Majesty, in the third position, engraved from a full-length portrait by Gainsborough; Queen Charlotte with a high toupee, from ditto; and Harry Bunbury's Country Club. There is also a map of the county, printed in the year 1779, suspended over the fire-place, rather yellow from age, and not hanging particularly straight.

After satisfying yourself with these curiosities, you look at your watch; and, finding that it wants an hour and a half to dinner-time, you determine to take a survey of the town. Standing on the threshold of the Roebuck, you cast your eyes to the left, and behold one of the projecting parts of the Town Hall, in St. Peter's Street. You then look toward the right, and you see the dwarf wall of the churchyard in St. Faith's Street. In the mean time, crockery-ware, intermixed with hay, adorns the pavement of the market-place in front; a grunting hog, with a rope tied to his left leg, is driven with difficulty past your footpath; and the barber in his white apron, and the butcher in his blue one, stand at their respective doors.

At this period, my dear Joshua, you are seized with a fit of moralizing. You say to yourself, "Alas! among all these busy crowds, what individual here cares a button for me? Is there a

man, woman, or child among them, who would give a sixpenny piece to prevent my tumbling down in an apoplectic fit?" In answer to this inquiry, I have only to say, in the words of Dr. Johnson to James Boswell, "My dear sir, clear your mind of cant." Only reflect, upon a moderate calculation, what a number of respectable hardware-men like yourself, my dear Joshua, quit London every September in quest of the coy goddess Hygeia. If every man, woman, and child, in every country town, were to care for every such civic emigrant, at the rate of sixpence a head, pray consider what a sum it would amount to at the year's end. My dear sir, they could not afford it: their means are too circumscribed. Besides, Joshua, have the goodness to reflect how many sixpenny-pieces *you* care for *them*. Plain-dealing is a jewel. Do not expect the reciprocity to be all on one side.

Passing the hatter's shop, where all the articles are ticketed with their respective prices, you now passed over a pretty smart new bridge, and had your coat well dusted by steering under the wake of a corn-mill. The blacksmith's forge shone bright on the opposite side of the way, and the proprietor had the hind-leg of a cart-horse in his leather-coated lap. The smart white house, with a polished door-plate, could only appertain to George Moss, attorney-at-law. The next range of old brick tenements consisted of

St. Leonard's Alms-houses, founded in 1628 by Gregory Robinson, citizen and usurer; his snub-nosed bust adorning the centre.

This holy foundation being passed, I see you enter the churchyard. The south door of the church is, as a matter of course, adorned on either side by a stone cherub, hunching up the small remnant of his shoulders, with a face expressive of pain; and no wonder, Joshua, pressed as he is with *peine fort et dure*, arising from a stone tablet on his chest, and the weight of the whole building on his back. You preferred not giving the sexton a shilling for looking at the interior of the edifice, and, therefore, strolled among the tombstones in the churchyard.

The first monumental inscription which you here encountered, was "Affliction sore long time I bore;" the second was, "Weep not for me, my parents dear," upon a wooden tombstone, (why not as well as a glass inkhorn?) much overgrown with nettles; the third was not legible, being appurtenant to a defunct mayor, enriched by smuggling, and consequently hemmed in by iron palisades from vulgar inspection. You now sat down, Joshua, upon the aforesaid dwarf wall which girded the cemetery, and you forthwith opened an additional vein of moralizing. You pondered, in good set sentiments, upon the frail tenure under which life is held; and you asked yourself of what use is the ceaseless toil which

men undergo in the acquisition of wealth, when, sooner or later, death must level all in the dust.

It grieves me much, Joshua, to check such fine feelings by mere computation: but do it I must. Your mathematician is a sore enemy to your moralizer: he is to him what the housemaid's broom is to the web of Arachne. If death were *not* common to all men, or, in other words, if all men who were ever born were permitted to continue to live, I have ascertained, Mr. Pinchbeck, by an arithmetical calculation, that long before the close of the year 1824, this whole globe would be peopled by natives as thickly stowed as the mob at the ensuing Brentford election. How such a mass of population is to be fed, clothed, and lodged, I leave it to Jeremy Bentham to ascertain. Until that philosopher has surmounted that difficulty, I am perfectly well satisfied to leave things as they are, and to let the dead make way for the living. Not that you and I, Joshua, mean to take our departure quite so early as the rest of mankind: no, there are two exceptions in our favour: I will allow you to reach the age of old Parr, 152: for myself, I mean to be considerably above par; my precedent is Henry Jenkins, who attained 169,—that's my span.

I heartily wish, Joshua, that the modern world produced one hundredth part of the number of kind fathers, indulgent husbands, virtuous wives,

and dutiful children, that one meets with in a churchyard. One's virtues have a strange knack of lying perdue till the sexton calls them forth. We are absolutely like so many potatoes, the best part of us is underground. After pondering for half an hour upon these monuments of departed excellence, I will now take you back toward the Roebuck with gilt hoofs and horns, in quest of your mutton chop and French beans. Upon casting, however, a "lingering look behind," at the church clock, (over which, by the way, you found the pole of the weathercock bent by time into the attitude of the Tower at Pisa,) you ascertained that it wanted half an hour to dinner-time. You, therefore, on re-arriving at the mill-dam, took a letter from your coat pocket, and tore it into divers little boats, which you set afloat on the east side of the bridge, and then stept across to see them make their re-appearance on the west. Some few of them arrived safe under the mill, but the majority were engulphed in the black, bubbling, and remorseless eddy. This pastime is much in vogue among regimental lieutenants in country quarters.

Whilst at dinner, Joshua, you asked the names of the two families who represented the borough, and found that one of them was in the Tory or blue interest, and the other in the Whig or yellow. The blues and the yellows you found were much at loggerheads about three years ago, when the town stood a contested election; but, for this

twelvemonth past, you ascertained that both those colours dwelt in contiguous harmony, as they are wont to do on the fly-leaf of the Edinburgh Review. The landlord had small beer, but could not venture to recommend it: his mild ale was alleged to be remarkably good.

Dinner despatched, your pint of port swallowed, and the devil's tattoo duly drummed by your left foot under the table, you began to cast your eyes about you in quest of amusement. Again you perused the sampler of Jane Mills, (the landlady's mother who feared the Lord on the 4th July, 1764,) the Marquess of Granby in cracked glass, the tally-ho man in scarlet flying over a five-barred gate, his Grace of Queensberry's Sky-scraper, his late Majesty in the third position, her late Majesty in a high toupee, and Harry Bunbury's Country Club.

You now alighted upon an old European Magazine, for the year 1786, crammed into a corner cupboard, wherein you found that, unmoved at the interference of the King of Prussia, and the complaints of the Stadtholder, the states of Holland and West Friezeland had declared that they did not find, either in the letters from Berlin, or in the Prince of Orange's manifesto, any argument that could in the least incline them to rescind the resolution complained of: which resolution they alleged themselves determined to put in force. This intelligence might have been highly palatable at the time, but politics may be

kept too long in bottle. You accordingly skipped the article, and alighted upon an Ode to Spring, commencing "Come, Fancy, Nature's pleasing child." This was tost aside to make way for "Leaves collected from the Piozzian wreath," and the leaves shortly withered to usher in a critique upon the "Comedy of the Heiress."

Flattening your nose against the window-pane, upon which you had previously deciphered "George Frost dined here to his cost, 4th April, 1819."—"What's that to us, you booby?"—and "How I love Arabella Clark!"—your eyes next encountered a huge play-bill skewered upon the back of a dead sheep pendent at the opposite butcher's shop, with red-ink capitals, denoting the performance on that very evening of "Macbeth, or the Scottish Murderer," with "The Farmer, or Jemmy Jumps in Jeopardy." You leaped, mast high, at the intelligence, and found the usual complement of six people in the boxes, and twenty-six in the pit. Mr. Truncheon, who performed Macbeth, and Mr. Gag, who personated the staymaker, appeared to you to be so very superior to Kemble and Edwin, in these parts, that you determined to write to Elliston to engage the one, and to Charles Kemble to snap up the other; it being your equitable intention to scatter your stars impartially over the two hemispheres. If your two letters be not already de-

spatched, I entreat you, Mr. Joshua Pinchbeck, to pause ere you commit them to the box at the grocer's bow-window, whereon the words "General post" are imprinted. Messieurs Truncheon and Gag are very great men where they are, (many men are very great men in their own county,) but, transplanted to the metropolis, I will wager a golden sovereign against one of those shining brass curtain-pins which I have observed to decorate the exterior of the brown-paper parcels in your shop-window in Monument-yard, that, in the shifting of a scene, Mr. Truncheon will sink down from Macbeth to Donalbain, and Mr. Gag will exchange Jemmy Jumps in the Farmer for Dubbs in the Wags of Windsor.

On returning to the Roebuck to sleep, the chambermaid (contracted by the waiter to chammaid) has made her appearance with your bed-candle. You have found her to possess one of those faces which Hogarth loved to paint, pert, pale, pugnacious: free from all Salvator Rosa traits of sublimity: still it was feminine; and if you had met it on the plains which trench upon Cape Coast Castle, where white women are scarce, you possibly might have reverenced it.

On entering your bed, you kept as quiet upon your back as the knight in Westminster Abbey who reposes upon a marble mattrass, not a hundred miles from Poets' Corner: for one false move would have proved your ruin: the upper

sheet would have burst its cerements, and for the whole of the ensuing night nothing but a rough blanket would have been left your bed to brag of.

Your uneasy slumber was broken by a rattle at your chamber-door, at half-past four, and a shrill exclamation of "Coach is ready, sir," intended for the man who sleeps in No. 6. At five o'clock you were again aroused by a heavy *clump*, and another shrill cry of "Your boots, sir," meant for the Birmingham rider, who reposes in No. 8; and at a quarter past six, a fat chirping sparrow gave you a twit, twit, twit, that kept you awake until it was time to arise. I know that sparrow of old. When absent from London, he never gives me a moment's quiet: he haunts me, when in quest of a mouthful of country air, as regularly, every morning at five, as the old woman in a box did him who was in quest of the talisman of Oromanes.

By the time of despatching your breakfast on the ensuing morning, Joshua, I know very well, though you may be rather shy of owning it, that you began to be heartily sick of your rural scheme, insomuch so, that taking advantage of the return coach from London, you were in seven hours and a half re-deposited with your portmanteau at the Elephant and Castle: a *da capo* most devoutly to be wished by ninety-nine traders out of a hundred.

Here then, Joshua, I find you, notwithstanding all the inducements to emigrate which the

absence of stair-carpets and the closing of your front windows in Guildford-street (your wife's doing) can hold forth; and here you will probably remain fashionably *incog.*; taking your exercise in the dusk up and down the interior steps of "London's column." I am aware that your wife is on a visit to her father at Hammersmith; and you tell me that you neither like your wife's father nor Hammersmith. Herein, Joshua, you are far from singular. Show me any man who likes either his wife's father or Hammersmith, and I will show you a tortoise-shell tom-cat!

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XVI.

MEETING THE SAME PEOPLE.

COLONEL NIGHTINGALE sat in deep meditation in his drawing-room in Albemarle-street, pondering over the Morning Chronicle. "And so it seems," said his lady, who at the same time perused the Morning Post, "that the annual expense of the Opera amounts to between sixty and eighty thousand pounds." "And dog-cheap too," answered the colonel. "I should not be surprised," said the lady, "if the Opera were not to open this season." "Impossible!" exclaimed the colonel with an involuntary shudder. "Sad

news from St. Petersburg!" said the lady, still perusing the Morning Post. "Very sad," answered the colonel, still intent upon the Morning Chronicle. "The Neva has risen forty feet," said the lady. "And opera-boxes forty pounds," said the colonel. "The loss of tallow is incalculable," said the lady. "The central chandelier is lighted by gas," said the colonel. "And what a loss of lives!" ejaculated the lady. "Poor Naldi!" sighed the colonel; "*he* lost *his* life by poking over a stew-pan." "It seems, the emperor has been most humanely attentive to the sufferers." "Yes, but where will he get such another Leporello?"

This sentimental colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who presented to Mrs. Nightingale, upon a silver waiter, with his thumb cautiously wound up in a napkin, the following document:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Wendover present their compliments to Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale, and request the honour of their company to dinner on Thursday the 13th instant, at six o'clock.

"Russell Square, Monday, 3rd January."

"What! at it again!" exclaimed Colonel Nightingale. "Well! those Wendovers are the most persevering people I ever encountered: they never will let us alone: they must have a comfortable notion of their own attractions, to suppose that we can find any delight in bowling all the way from Albemarle-street to Russell-square. I hate Russell-square, with its erect

bronze Duke of Bedford, looking up towards Bloomsbury-square after his recumbent bronzed friend Fox. Poor Charles! only think of making him, at his time of life, sit down on a white marble sofa bareheaded in the open air! The last time I saw him he had a lap full of snow."

"My dear," said Mrs. Nightingale, "the Wendovers are not responsible for what happened to be cast in metal ten years before they entered the square. You know I had no horses at Cheltenham, and Mrs. Wendover's carriage was always at my disposal."

"Ay, there it is," answered her helpmate: "Mrs. Wendover makes a good thing of that carriage: she is always lying in wait, seeking what people of fashion she may devour: no sooner is one's wife caught without one's horses, than in trots Mrs. Wendover with her two long-legged seducers. To my certain knowledge she has already curry combed herself into three houses in Berkeley-square, and now she is trotting up Albemarle-street: somebody ought to put a check-string on such doings—it's a shame thus to prey on the necessities of the great! But I have a still deeper-rooted objection to dining with the Wendovers. One always meets the same people there: I hate the same people: company is like fish—good for nothing after the first day."

Mrs. Nightingale was a prudent wife. Like the chain-pier at Brighton, she made it a rule never to oppose a storm. Look at the conse-

quence: that edifice has stood firm during the late gales, where Waterloo Bridge would have gone by the board; and Mrs. Nightingale, on the day which followed the above-recited colloquy, was authorised to write an answer to Mrs. Wendover, undertaking to accept the invitation, in a phraseology similar to that in which it was couched, with the omission of the "compliments," those articles, at that season of the year, being confined to watchmen and parish-beadles in quest of half-crowns.

The Wendover card stood palpable in the chimney-rack, and it was, rather unluckily, printed in huge bulbous characters, insomuch that it caught the colonel's eye every morning at breakfast. "I heartily wish," said the lord of the mansion, one morning, whilst in the act of spreading butter on a parallelogram of dried toast, "that among all these new joint-stock companies, some patriotic banker or disinterested solicitor would establish a New Grand Dining-out Company, with a capital of a few millions to purchase a gigantic lottery-wheel."—"A gigantic lottery-wheel, my dear! for heaven's sake, for what purpose?"—"Why, to shake London dinner-company in, that one might avoid the chance of meeting the same people twice. I am confident it would answer. I should have no objection to be 'standing-counsel' to the concern. I flatter myself I could give them some profitable hints."—"I doubt whether it *would* always an-

swer," said Mrs. Nightingale; "shuffle them as you will, dinner-people, like hands at whist, sometimes come together again in a most unaccountable way. You observed last night, at Lady Lumley's, I held the knave, ten, and four of diamonds. Before the next deal Sir Samuel Spadille shuffled the cards extremely well, and afterwards stuck them in, heads and feet, in a complete higglety-pigglety style; notwithstanding which, I held the very same knave, ten, and four, at the very next round."—"That I don't object to," resumed the husband; "that's all chance. I myself entered the pit of the opera three successive nights, and found Lindley screwing the same peg of his violoncello. But *inviting* one to meet the same people is *malice prepense*."—"They may now and then have casually dropped in," said the lady.—"Phu!" ejaculated the colonel, "nobody now-a-days drops casually into a gentleman's dining-room, unless it be a stray sweep that has mistaken his chimney."

On the appointed day, Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale set off from Albemarle Street towards Russell Square. "It's a long way for the same pair," said the colonel; "would it not be better to change horses in Tottenham Court Road? It's all very well"—a phrase uniformly adopted by the colonel when he meant that any event was in every particular decidedly bad—"it's all very well; but another time you won't catch me dining out so far north: these kind of expeditions

ought to be left to Captain Parry."—"True," answered his helpmate, endeavouring to combat his sentiments by burlesquing them; "I confess they do live a lamentable long way north. I should not be surprised if we met a parcel of Esquimaux, and were obliged to touch noses."—"I hope we shall," said the colonel; "*that*, at all events, will not be meeting the same people. Your mention of the Esquimaux," said the husband, as the carriage crossed Bedford Square, "reminds me of an anecdote of the late Lord Erskine. A lady was listening to that nobleman's account of the people at the North Pole, and when he had mentioned that the natives clothe themselves in the skins of the seals and eat their flesh—'What, live upon the *seals?*' exclaimed the lady, with a look of horror. 'Yes, madam,' answered Lord Erskine, 'and devilish good living too, if one could but keep them.'"

The colonel's monolaugh at his own facetiousness had barely subsided, when the carriage stopped at a mansion in Russell Square. "Really I don't think this is the house," said Mrs. Nightingale, as they entered the drawing-room; "the Wendovers' drawing-room furniture is blue."—"They may have changed it to crimson," said the colonel; it would be too much always to meet the same furniture with the same people."

Nobody happened to be in the room except a pretty dark-eyed little girl, of about eight years

of age, who sat upon the sofa in a diagonal position, with her legs coiled under her, reading Sandford and Merton. "Am I right, my dear," said Mrs. Nightingale, addressing the child; "what is your name?"—"Caroline, Ma'am."—"And what besides?"—"Stanfield."—"Is this your papa's house?"—"Yes."—"There," cried the lady, turning to her husband, "I thought we were wrong." At this moment Mrs. Stanfield entered the room. Suitable apologies were made and accepted; and Mrs. Stanfield informed the intruders that the Wendovers lived next door; adding, with a smile, "They are strangers to us; but we have both dinner-parties to-day, and I suppose our servants took it for granted that you were some of our guests."

"Ah, my dear Julia," said the mortified colonel, as they ascended the real genuine unadulterated staircase of Mr. and Mrs. Wendover, "what an opening have I let slip of passing a pleasant evening! one never thinks of things until it is too late. What a beautiful opportunity have I suffered to evaporate!"—"An opportunity for what?" inquired the anxious Mrs. Nightingale.—"For what!" ejaculated the colonel: "oh, heavens! I might have said to Mrs. Stanfield, 'Let Mrs. Nightingale and myself stay where we are: and do you, madam, order the first married couple that drives up, to take our place at the Wendover dinner-table. You don't visit in

the same circles; they will thus, as well as we, be able to escape the calamity of meeting the same people, and you will make two virtuous couples happy.'"

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XVII.

DARKNESS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Sir Mark Medium dined on Wednesday last with Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale in Albemarle-street. Having been born in the year 1775, he could not, with all his manœuvring, escape being fifty years of age in the present year. In fact, the decimals have sadly plagued him ever since the year 1806, when he attained the age of thirty. During the short Whig administration of that period he would still persist in calling himself twenty-seven. In the year 1815, he was not half so much piqued by the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte from the island of Elba as by the tormenting reflection that, however much he might persist in calling himself thirty-six, the fact was that he was forty; and not all the blessings of railways, patent milk-pails, floating-chapels, pearl fisheries, and soap-sud companies, which emanate from the present year 1825, can compensate Sir Mark Medium for the tyranny of Time in making

him half a century old. All that a middle-aged gentleman can do, however, in the way of fighting with the wielder of the scythe and hour-glass, Sir Mark does.

I have often heard people talk of the darkness of the middle ages. Mr. Hallam has written a book upon the subject; but to those who have no time for reading, it may be curious to see it exemplified by living instances. The fact is, that middle-aged people have a strong propensity to forget everything that happened in their youth. The censorious world is so apt to draw its own chronological conclusions, that folks, who are neither young nor old, are uniformly seized with a sable oblivion of all that occurred above twenty years back; and this I call the darkness of the middle ages.

Sir Mark Medium is by no means exempt from the general calamity. He has read about Ranelagh, but has not the most distant recollection of the existence of the rotundo. Miss Farren left the stage long before his time; John Wesley had ceased to preach at least ten years before he was born. He has often heard his father talk of Dodd the player, and the mutiny of the Nore happened when he was a very little boy.

Now and then, however, a ray of light shoots through the vast abyss. Some co-middle aged man starts up, who, having given up youth as a bad job, manfully sinks into a bald head, allows his ungirded intestines to wander where

fancy leads them, and takes to partridge brown shorts, white stockings, half gaiters, and a spencer. When such a man comes forward, he makes as great a merit of remembering as the opposite stamp of middle-aged gentlemen do of forgetting. Mr. Mullens is a man of this sort, and was invited on Wednesday to meet Sir Mark Medium at Colonel Nightingale's. "Sir Mark will be delighted to meet him," said the lady of the mansion;—"they were fellow collegians at Pembroke."

Before the cloth was removed, Sir Mark was questioned as to his knowledge of the celebrated Lord Mansfield; he shook his head—he remembered Lord Kenyon faintly, but as for Lord Mansfield, he was gone long before his time; whereupon in darted Mullens the meteor, and the middle ages were a blaze of light. "Not remember Lord Mansfield!" said the meteor. "My dear Medium, what *are* you talking about?—Don't you remember when you and I stood at the gate of Highgate chapel one Sunday morning immediately after the service? There are two gates to the churchyard; it was that nearest to London: you had on a new pair of jockey boots, one of which had nearly annihilated your tendon Achilles; and as his lordship stepped into his carriage, you cast a glance at his square-toed shoe and mottled worsted stocking; and then eyeing the tight and polished leather that deco-

rated your own matchless limb, you exclaimed, "A pretty fellow for a lord chief justice!"

All this was wormwood in the teeth of the tenebrose Visigoth of the middle ages, but prudence forbad a reply. A little man in black, famous for peeling an orange, and deluging it with white wine and sugar, now took advantage of a momentary silence to mention Bowden's Life of John Kemble; and to express his regret, that, being a member of a book-club, he knew nothing of the matter till it came to his turn. "You have seen John Kemble of course?" said the little orange-peeler, turning to Sir Mark Medium. "Only in his decline," said he of the tight waist. "I don't know what you call his decline," exclaimed the inexorable Mullens; "but I perfectly remember when you and I went to see him in Rover, in his own alteration of Mrs. Behn's play of that name. He called it Love in many Masks:—he was dressed in blue velvet, and Jack Bannister played John Blunt, an Essex squire: it was in the year 1790: you and I came from Pembroke on purpose. At that period Kemble had a strange fancy to be a fine gentleman: he took to Charles Surface and Don Felix, of which latter personation George Colman said, it possessed too much of the Don, and too little of the Felix. Only in his *decline* indeed! why, he had not been on the London boards more than four years."

Colonel Nightingale's knocker now began to beat double-quick time. "What's all this about?" inquired Mr. Thomas Willoughby, helping himself to a glass of water as a symptom of retreat upwards. "Nothing but my wife's evening visitors," answered the colonel. "I flatter myself there is not a more industrious knocker than mine in the whole parish of St. James's. It is never idle from nine to twelve o'clock. At first it struck rather discordantly upon my ear, (which by the way is become more nice since my acquaintance with Madame Pasta.) But I have now so well drilled the footmen of all my acquaintance, (or, more properly speaking, my wife's,) that they keep excellent time with the grand piano above. We tried them last night with Der Freischutz; and I can assure you, their rat tat-a-tat, tat-a-tat, chimed in with "hark, follow hark, follow hark," quite harmoniously."

Mr. Willoughby now passed through the parlour door-way into the hall, and took advantage of a momentary cessation of silk rustling to skip up stairs, cautiously avoiding contact with the balustres, that he might not damage the pile of shawls that overhung them. "I'll tell you a good story about Willoughby," said Sir Mark Medium, thinking it highly expedient that s›mebody besides himself should be made ridiculous. "Willoughby's wife is evangelic; they have been married seven years, and have no family. Women, in that case, always take to old china,

geology, charity, poodle dogs, or evangelism. Mrs. Willoughby has selected the last. Willoughby would not take to the collar for a long time; but wives are always victorious in the end. Tom straightway mended his manners: cautiously abstained from rapping out an oath; did not go to one of Catalani's concerts; ('Poor fellow!' ejaculated Colonel Nightingale,) and deposed Swift's Tale of a Tub from his book-shelf, that Cunningham's Velvet Cushion might reign in its stead. Well, affairs were in this state, when, happening to be walking very disconsolately in the Green Park, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and whistling, 'I sigh and lament me in vain!' he popped upon Jack Hammersley—by no means one of 'the Elect'—so far from it, quite the *re-werse*, as Mat the Fulham coachman expresses himself. Well, Hammersley seizes him by the elbow, and exclaims, 'Damme, Tom, how d'ye do?' Upon which, Tom Willoughby, quite forgetting the new part he had to play, answered, 'Thank ye—that's comfortable—that's the first oath I've heard these six months."

What happened up stairs—how our semi-centenarian tried it on at the piano, and found that it would not fit; and how, disdaining to join the old people at whist, he hung suspended in the door-way of communication between the two drawing-rooms, must be the subject of a future epistle.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XVIII.

MEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

My last letter left Sir Mark Medium rising from the dinner-table of Colonel Nightingale, in Albemarle Street, ready to adjourn to coffee, and intending to do execution upon the hearts of the numerous young ladies, of whose advent the street-door knocker had recently given audible notice. Hardly had our bosom-piercer reached the half landing-place, when the sound of the pianoforte struck upon his ears. "Ah! luckless Damocles!" ejaculated to himself the compassionate baronet, "little dreamest thou of him who is upon the stairs! The arrow of Cupid is suspended over thy heart by a single thread. Open the door, and thou diest! Let me consider—shall I be merciful to thee, and merely take the bass of 'When shall we three meet again?' Shall I slightly wound thee by taking a second in the 'Manly heart?' Shall I inveigle thy youthful affections beyond hopes of extrication by 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms?' or shall I drop a mildew upon thy

opening expectations by 'I have sworn to love no more?'" Thus pondering between mercy and justice (like Richardson doubting whether he should slay Lovelace or let him live to repent—vide Mrs. Barbauld's Letters) Sir Mark Medium reached the first floor of Colonel Nightingale's dwelling.

Every landing-place of every first floor of every mansion in decent repute, amid the votaries of ton, from York Gate, Regent's Park, down to Welbeck Street, ("and really, gentlemen, I can go no lower,") exhibits to the evening visitor, as he swerves slightly to his right, two white painted doors, that on his right conducting him to music and juvenility in the back drawing-room, and that on his left to cards and the middle ages, mixed with antiquity, in the front drawing-room. The baronet was too intent on slaughter to consider what he was about. He was, therefore, in the impious Tartarus of clubs, odd tricks, and rubbers, before he knew where he was. "What, one of *us* at last?" exclaimed old Mrs. Griffiths; "come, cut in, you're just in time. Well, now, Sir Mark, that's comfortable, that's rational; leave the young ones to amuse themselves, and let us amuse ourselves. Only conceive, two card-tables are all we can muster. Ah! you and I remember the time when evening parties were something like."—"Something like what, madam? Everything is like something."—"I mean some-

thing like what they should be. When Mrs. Fitzherbert lived in Pall Mall—let me see—about the year '95—ay, that was the time—you and I might count twenty card-tables in the two rooms. Young women then amused themselves rationally, by sitting at the edge of the table and seeing their mammas deal; but now-a-days they whisk to the pianoforte, or set up a quadrille, and put the whole house into such a see-saw, that it's actually enough to make us old ones as giddy as themselves."

"Heavens! what a spiteful old hag!" muttered Sir Mark to himself, as with a polite bow and a smile he declined the proffered nine of diamonds, and walked into the land of harmony. Miss Boodle had just been prevailed upon to draw off her gloves. Her father was rich enough to afford Garcia; nobody, therefore, could doubt her abilities. Much music was, in due course, turned over before the proper article could be pitched upon. She should be very happy, she was sure, to sing anything—anything in the world: that was to say, anything not English: *Il maestro* would never forgive her if he heard her singing English. "And hear of it he undoubtedly would, my dear," said the wife of the man who was rich enough to afford Garcia. "Don't you remember, Harriet, when Sir Mark Medium prevailed upon you to take a part in 'Fair Aurora?' your mouth did tolerably well, considering the language it had to articulate, till you came to 'Think what

anguish!' when that unhappy final syllable *guish* gave your mouth such a wrench, that it required six Roman love-songs and two Venetian canzonettes to put it straight again."

"I remember it well, madam," said Sir Mark Medium. "Unfortunately, when Artaxerxes was written, our poetry went along bumping like Brentford pavement. The author of the Irish Melodies has since Macadamized our metre in a very masterly manner. He has picked out the big consonants and broken the five vowels into little bits, so that the voice now runs over them like a Stanhope down Portland-place. If Miss Boodle could but be prevailed upon to try 'Go where glory waits thee,' I shall be too happy to ——" "O no," interrupted the daughter of the man who was rich enough to afford Garcia, "if the Signor were to catch me at English a second time, I am sure he never would enter the house again." Many music-books were again tumbled over, until "Di piacer" was fixed upon, and Miss Boodle squared her elbows for action.

"Enough," said Sir Mark to himself, when the formal and frigid daughter of him who was rich enough to afford Garcia had concluded her bravura, "I suspected it before she began. Whenever I see a girl with freckles and flaxen eyelashes attempt to do anything, I know beforehand that it won't do?"

The daughter of the man who was rich enough to afford Garcia now descended from her red-

morocco throne, and straightway a dark hollow-chested daughter of Euterpe seized the reins of empire. Any want of strength or spirit which might have been exhibited by her predecessor was now amply compensated by the muscular organ of Miss Simms. "Home, sweet home," was dwelt upon most emphatically. "I never knew the value of domestic felicity," said Mrs. Lumm, "until I heard that song. It is always sure to make me wish myself back in Bruton-street, or indeed anywhere but where I am when I hear it."

"This," said Medium, "is enough to try a man's fortitude." "It should have done that ten years ago," answered the tormentor. "At present it must try your *fifty*-tude. Come, "let you and I show them what music is;" so saying, off the two semi-centenarians started with a duet. I cannot speak highly of either of their voices. Sir Mark, however, helped out his tenor by wrinkling his forehead, and Mullens strengthened his bass by making a double chin. The duet ran as follows:—

With a friend and a wife,
Those blessings of life,
What on earth can our envied condition amend?
Should sweet offspring be ours,
Grant this, O ye powers!
Be the girls like my wife, and the boys like my friend.

"And the boys like your what, sir?" asked old

Mrs. Griffiths, who had now quitted the card-room fifteen shillings the better. "Like my friend, ma'am," answered Mullens. "Humph," ejaculated the lady; "it will occasionally happen in the best regulated families; but it 's an odd thing to pray for."

Colonel Nightingale, the lord of the mansion, now made his appearance from below with the few remaining Bacchanalians whom he had at length estranged from the glass-handled decanter. Straightway all was Italian, and Sir Mark Medium and his Irish Melodies were voted *hors de combat*. The baronet accordingly sauntered toward the other drawing-room; but, disdaining the imputation of whist, sat in the door-way, suspended in the manner narrated in my last epistle.

Several lions now made their appearance, whom Mrs. Nightingale, *leonum arida nutrix*, had summoned on the occasion, consisting of a North-west voyager, a Scotch writer on the corn-laws, a physician who knew all about magnetism, a piping bull-finch, and an abolisher of negro slavery. Mrs. Lumm took this opportunity also of opening a new edition, by Mr. Roscoe, of the works of one Alexander Pope, an obscure poet of the last century, and began to entertain the company by reciting the Dunciad: and Mrs. Willoughby, the evangelical anti-breeder, talked of a discourse at which she had been present at the Rotundo in Blackfriars-road.

Sir Mark Medium, from his central position,

was, like the Public Ledger, "open to all parties, but influenced by none?" His ears in consequence drank in the following sounds. "Double, single, and the rubber! Well, I never saw such a run since I first beheld the Great Mogul." "Who led the club?" "Batti, batti, o bel Masetto!" "I can assure you, ma'am, Rowland Hill gave us a most excellent sermon. I never knew a man with half his humour!" "Humour, madam, in a preacher?" "Yes; he set a psalm to the Irish air of 'Drops of Brandy,' saying that he did not see, for his part, why the devil should have all the good tunes."

Not a little annoyed by a Babel, of which not a single brick was his own, Sir Mark Medium now made a sullen and sudden retreat. He has lately been paying his addresses to a young woman of eighteen, tall, well shaped, and in quest of an establishment. Ghost as I am, I expect, before I am resummoned to Phlegethon, tosee him united in the bands of wedlock—the cradle-rocked Tithonus of a Guildford-street Aurora. Till then I bid him farewell.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XIX.

NEWS FROM BRIGHTON.

(In a Letter from Miss Louisa Thompson.)

PAPA had a notion that we all began to look pale with raking to the Temple Gardens, the Royal Circus, and the Hackney Assembly; so nothing would suit him but going to the sea. For my part, I hate the sea; one wave is so like another: they all come rolling till they arrive at the beach, and then they break into a huge white bush, like the late Doctor Rees's wig, and come bang upon the shore, bringing with them pebbles enough to give the *coup de grace* to ninety-nine Saint Stephens.

We have got a nice lodging in North-street, commanding a romantic view of all the passengers, inside and out, as they alight from the New Dart Safety Coach. All the beauty and fashion of Brighton pass our door. Munden went by yesterday leaning on his stick, and Incledon this morning. The latter talks of leaving us, because Mr. Munn, of the Golden Cross Inn

here, would not let him amuse the Royal Catch and Glee Club by singing all the parts in "Glorious Apollo." Mr. Munn offered him either treble, second, or bass, but the veteran determined to have all or none.

If we do not all return with a stock of health, which, properly invested, shall last us for life, it will be no fault of papa's. Before it is well daylight he thumps at our chamber-doors with his stick, and calls out, "Come, girls, come, girls, nobody lies a-bed at the sea-side." No sooner are we dressed than he walks us off up the East cliff as hard as we can trot, and in the course of our walk is sure to encounter three or four fat red-faced men of his acquaintance (all papa's acquaintance are fat and red-faced); and when the elderly worthies have arrived opposite the Snake Houses, they stand open-mouthed to catch the sea-air, for all the world as if they were singing "Come if you dare," to those horrid Roman Catholics the French, on the opposite coast, at a place they call Dip, because people go there to bathe.

By the way, the bathing here is shocking. My brother Bob tells me that he tried it last Wednesday. He took a plunge out of the machine, head first, as he usually does at the River Lea Lock in the Clapton Marshes: but it seems the sea had in the mean time given him the slip, so that he found himself hands and knees on the bare pebbles. Hardly had he time to congratulate

himself that it was no worse, when back came the ocean roaring in a terrible passion about something or other, sent him bang against the steps, mounted the machine before him without saying with your leave or by your leave, and rushed out again, carrying away with it his new nankeen Cossacks, with seventeen and sixpence in the right pocket, and the key of his portmanteau in the left. Tom has since taken the hint, and quietly sneaked into the warm-bath.

Talking of keys reminds me of locks. The locks here are shocking. When you shut your chamber-door, it opens of itself in half a minute, until you give it a good drive with your shoulder, and then it won't open again at all, out of pure spite. It is precisely the same with the drawers. When you push one side of them in, the other end comes out, like a widow's fat, under the dominion of Mrs. Thompson's (late Bailey's) stays. Well, but to return to papa. As soon as he has us up in the clouds opposite the Snake Houses, he beckons to some young donkey-monger, and bargains for the hire of a brace of Jerusalem ponies, upon which he sees Selina and me fairly mounted, and then sends us off to scour the country, that we may "earn our breakfast." Last Thursday our two beasts of burden were in an exploring humour, and as we knew they would be deaf to all remonstrances, we even let them take their own way. They accordingly took us down a romantic dell, where we met Jack Ap-

pleby, who is in the tape and pin line on Ludgate-hill, and where we found our further progress impeded by a swing-gate leading to a narrow muddy road. There was some poetry chalked upon a board affixed to a post on the left side of the gate, which Selina copied into her album. It was as follows:—

> This road is not passable,
> Not even jack-ass-able:
> When this way you do travel,
> Pray bring your own gravel.

We took the hint, and by dint of pinching the left ears of our beasts, induced them to go back to the Old Steyne.

No sooner is our breakfast swallowed, with an accompaniment of eggs and Brobdignag shrimps, which papa makes us eat whether we will or no, merely because they grow in the sea, than we are walked off to the Chain Pier, because exercise is good for us. This is a pretty kind of a thing enough: it sticks into the ocean without seeming to have any business there, like the bowsprit of my uncle Simon's ship, the Charming Sally, which you remember pokes across the High Street, Wapping, into the garret window of Donaldson, the chandler. How old Neptune puts up with such impertinent intrusion, is his affair, not mine. But, my dear, there is one dreadful inconvenience in the Chain Pier: you must come back the way you came; so that it is impracticable to cut any vulgar people whom you may see approaching.

There are, to be sure, two or three little side shops where they sell ginger-beer, into which you may bolt; but these are far too small and too few for the occasion.

Yesterday I was walking upon the pier in my new broad-brimmed straw hat, remarkably convenient for the sea-side in a high wind, as the brim at one moment quite covers your face and flaps down to your chin, and at another takes such a sudden tilt backward, that you are well nigh strangled by the ribbons that fasten it round your throat. Well, who should join us on the pier but Christopher Withers, a remarkably genteel young man, who curls his whiskers with hot irons into the shape of corkscrews. Papa has nicknamed him Kit Corkscrew; but that I don't mind. Mr. Withers is a great favourite of mine: such a man for anticipating all one's wants! Last Tuesday he bought for me, at Stefanoni's, a blue glass monkey with emerald eyes. His acquaintance here is quite among the tip-tops. He knows a Polishing lancer who wears a cap at the top of his helmet, that he may use one if he loses the other. My brother Bob, who affects the military, ventured to hint that a lancer could not be of much service in modern warfare; but Withers set him right in that particular, exclaiming, "My dear sir, you may depend upon it that a lancer with that long instrument would poke you about, and make you very unhappy."

This settled the controversy; and Withers, Bob, Selina, and I, were just turning to go back along

the pier, when who should I see approaching but Jack Appleby, with that horrid vulgar mother and sister of his. You might have knocked me down with a feather. We hurried into one of the little recess shops to avoid them, and stood with our noses touching the wall, fearing to look round, and half stifled with the smell of radishes and cucumbers, until we concluded that they must have passed, when on peeping abroad to see if the coast was clear, we came plump upon them. It seems the wretches had halted to regale themselves at the adjoining recess, as Jack Appleby roared out, "O ho! been doing like us, I see; *fantiguing* the spruce." Was there ever such a hound! That's the only objection I have to Brighton; you are sure to meet so many people you wish at Jericho. One thinks of nothing but cutting from morning to night. Bob calls it leading the life of a dragoon: I don't see the wit. Only fancy Nancy Appleby: nankeen pelisse, cotton stockings, black shoes, green veil, and sand-coloured hair, crossed on the forehead, and fastened with a yellow brooch, looking for all the world like a lump of sucked barley-sugar; talking of coming down by Crosweller's coach, and being frightened as they drove through the tunnel at Reigate, and a parcel of such-like trumpery, and all in the hearing of young Withers. I cannot express how I felt.

I had flattered myself with the hope of seeing your brother Frederick here, thinking that the

recent trike among the haberdashers' apprentices, to enable them to improve their minds, would have given poor Frederick an opportunity of coming again to the York hotel, and playing billiards with the waiter. Your letter of yesterday, which I received this morning at breakfast, dissipated the flattering illusion. I was upon the point of carrying my tea to my mouth when I read the fatal paragraph; I could not help exclaiming, "My cup indeed is a bitter one:" upon which that civil, smirking, toad-eating Mrs. Anderson said, "Is it, my love? then why not take another lump of sugar?"

Papa asked young Withers to dine with us to-day. We had some music before dinner. But only think how unlucky. You know I have two music-books, one for show, and one for use: the first consists of Beethoven, Rossini, Mozart, and all that sort of unattainable stuff; the other is for every-day use. I had put the show-book at top, but young Withers most unaccountably opened the wrong book, and to my infinite confusion pored for at least twenty minutes over "The Hours of Love," "Tom Bowling," "When you tell me your heart is another's," "Whistle, and I will come to you, my love," "God save the king," and "Won't you, Mr. Mugg."

Withers drove up in such a dashing fly! The dinner was very bad: a sprawling bit of bacon upon a tumbled bed of greens; two gigantic antediluvian fowls, bedaubed with parsley and butter,

a brace of soles, that perished from original inability to flounder into the ark, and the fossil remains of a dead sirloin of beef. I had no appetite, and had just impressed our visiter with a notion of the delicacy of my stomach, when Mrs. Anderson bawled out from the bottom of the table, "Sir, you should have seen her at luncheon peg away at the prawns!" If this is not hanging matter, it is high time for Mr. Martin to bring in a bill to make it so.

You should see Kemp Town. It is built by the Rev. Mr. Kemp. They say he is a seceder: I don't know why they call him so. Papa says it is because you see the sea from his new buildings. For my part, I don't like the place. It is a terrible long way off—half way to Rottingdean; a sad drag when you want to go to Lucombe's to take out what you have won at loo. At present it is at a stand-still: a parcel of carcases of houses, like the living skeleton, only people don't pay three shillings a-head for looking at them.

Here are those eternal Applebys coming down the street, with the addition of their horrid father in his gamboge-coloured slippers, which he walks all about the town in. I must run to tell Mary to say we are not at home. So in haste I subscribe myself unalterably yours,

LOUISA THOMPSON.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XX.

DIGNUM AND HIS TIMES.

THE luminous and voluminous Gibbon, in his Memoirs, "hesitates, from an apprehension of ridicule, in detailing the particulars of his early love." My attachment to Charles Dignum excites not any such bashfulness. "Come along with me, young gentleman, to Drury-lane Theatre this evening," said my French and Italian tutor, "and I will show you what acting is." It was Garrick's theatre, and Dignum played Captain Sightly, in Bickerstaff's afterpiece, "The Romp."

The green curtain rose majestically to exhibit the opening scene of Bickerstaff's farce. Let the reader fancy a grocer's shop with the glass windows in the back scene, looking as towards the street; an actress named Jordan played Priscilla Tomboy, and sat upon a stool working at her needle, and singing "Hail, London, noblest mart on earth," in chorus with the shopmen. Young Cockney, the son of the head of the firm, "in love with her, but not beloved in return," was acted by a man named Dodd—not habited in Welling-

tons and white ducks, like the modern mind-improving race, but dressed in brown powder, a scarlet coat, black satin shorts, blue silk stockings, and paste knee and shoe-buckles, as a shopman should be. Old Cockney was acted by Fawcett, the father of the present acting manager of Covent-Garden Theatre; and Barnacle, the money-saving uncle, was performed by a man whose name, I think, was Suett.

The grand feature of the piece, Captain Sightly, (the feature, I may say, speaking as a copyist, "upon which the whole question hinged,") fell to the lot of Dignum. When he entered, you might have heard a pin drop. Everybody heard everybody's watch tick. Priscilla Tomboy, to avoid marrying a man she detests, determines on an elopement with the captain. She thus lyrically expresses her aversion to her friend Penelope, Young Cockney's sister,

> "I'm sick when I think of your brother;
> And were there on earth ne'er another,
> He should not my mind subdue."

The phrase, "I'm sick," was well calculated to express the feelings of a high-spirited young woman sent home in a merchantman from Jamaica to Gracechurch-street for polite education; and the determination subsequently expressed to cause "Chaos to come again," by a non-continuation of the human species, in the event therein predicated, could only drop from the pen of a true poet.

I must own that I am sufficiently a "*laudator temporis acti*," to dislike the modern mode of dressing military men on the stage in overalls, boots, and spurs. It betokens a disrespect to the audience. Dignum knew better. Captain Sightly is a gentleman by profession: he is a captain in the trainbands, occasionally exercising in the Artillery-ground, at the back of Moor-place, which now forms the west side of Finsbury-square, and should therefore not hide his leg under a bushel. Dignum dressed the character in a scarlet coat, cocked hat, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, and blue silk stockings, and shoes, the latter twain of which habiliments showed his leg and foot to great advantage, and to the proportionate detriment of John Palmer.

Priscilla meets her lover by appointment at the eastern corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, near the trunkmaker's, whose hammering I hope and trust does not disturb the young gentlemen in their study of the *bonas literas*, five doors lower down on the coach side of that majestic cathedral. Young Cockney comes pop upon the lovers: Miss La Blonde, a French milliner, Old Cockney, Barnacle, and Penelope, happen to drop in at the time, and a sestetto is the consequence. Let me indulge myself in an extract:

Priscilla. They may lock me up in prison—
But I don't mind that a straw.
Young C. Her'n the fault is more than his'n.
Penelope. Uncle, brother, pray withdraw.

Priscilla (*to Young C.*)—If that here you longer tarry,
You may chance away to carry
What you will not like to bear,
You'll well be beaten.—
Young C. What! you threaten?
Priscilla. Captain, draw your sword and swear—
Captain S. (*drawing.*) 'S blood and thunder!
Miss La Blonde. Stand asunder!
Young C. Let him touch me if he dare!

All the Captain Sightlys that I have seen, since Dignum, when they exclaim, "'S blood and thunder!" assume a look of real rage. Dignum only smiled and half drew his sword from the scabbard. He felt the situation as described by the poet to be one of peculiar delicacy: it was not for him to assassinate the son of his mistress's guardian: he was only to appear in earnest. Indeed, Young Cockney's rejoinder, "Let him touch me if he dare!" shows that he did not conceive himself to be in any very imminent peril.

I owe my introduction to our great vocalist to a happy chance. I sat next to him at an anniversary dinner of the Deaf and Dumb; Hodgson, the jocular Smithfield apothecary, sat on his other side. "Sit higher, Diggy," exclaimed the son of Galen, giving him at the same time a shove which drove him with gentle violence against the writer of this memoir. "Ah! now, my dear Mr. Daub," exclaimed our hero, (he had seen my name written upon a card on my soup-plate,) "I

really beg your pardon: 'pon my life I do—I don't know."

It was Dignum's constant custom to finish his sentences by this asseveration, thinking with the philosopher of old, that all we know is that we know nothing. I assured him that he had given me no offence, and won his heart by keeping a second plate of giblet-soup in reserve for him, until he should have devoured his first. He thus expressed his miscellaneous gratitude: "Ah! now, there's a dear good soul. You're a real—— Waiter, some cayenne—did you ever hear such a noise?—I never did. I don't know. Lord love you, my dear Daub, do keep your eye upon that plate: I have two gizzards yet to despatch here; do look sharp—those waiters whip things away terribly. What shall I sing? I don't know—do you? Do you know a steward? do, my dear Daub, club three port tickets, and call for a bottle of claret: 'pon my life I won't tell. Waiter, some" —"What, Sir?"—"I don't know." The foregoing may give a slight notion of the matter, but the manner is no more transferable than is that of Mademoiselle Mars.

The manager, possessed of such a prize, was not long in turning it to further account. "The Devil to Pay" was revived to exhibit Dignum in Sir John Loverule. His scarlet frock, leather breeches, topped boots, and riding whip, were unexceptionable, and might have qualified him,

could he have ridden, to join the Belvoir hunt. His first song, "Ye gods, ye gave to me a wife," was tenderly sarcastic, as the author intended. In the duet, "Was ever man possessed of so sweet, so pretty a wife?" he still preserved his placid smile; but his "Bright Phœbus hath mounted the chariot of day," electrified the audience. There has been nothing like it since Raymond's Daggerwood. In the same piece Mrs. Jordan made a respectable stand in Nell.

My mention of the Belvoir hunt reminds me of an anecdote which I will relate, although chronologically premature. Dignum was, not long ago, on his tuneful travels in the Duke of Rutland's neighbourhood, and was invited over to the castle by his Grace, to eat his dinner and sing "The lass that loves a sailor." Hardly was the soup swallowed, when our vocalist began to ejaculate as follows: "Came from London last Wednesday, my Lord Duke—saw your dear good mother—glorious creature still—'pon my life she is—I don't know." But to return to our theatricals.

When Dignum's Sir John Loverule ceased to draw houses, Cobb brought out his Haunted Tower, to exhibit the subject of this memoir in Robert. His animated mode of leading the hunting chorus,

> "Hark, the sweet horn proclaims afar
> Against the stag the mimic war,"

will not soon be forgotten. I have heard the adjective "mimic" in the above couplet criticised

as being improper. The war, it has been said, as touching the stag, is real downright belligerence. But Cobb had the Easter hunt in his eye, where hounds, hunters, whipper-in, and stag, are *hic et ubique*. The latter makes a regular joke of it.

Dignum once joined that hunt, and verified my assertion. The hounds threw off at Woodford Wells, and his roan mare threw off in a ditch at Wanstead; I found him sitting on a reversed milk-pail, and singing "The twins of Latona so kind to my bosom."

The Crop, of Prince Hoare's "No Song no Supper," exhibits an honest unsophisticated English miller, plain in his manners, but hearty in his hospitalities; in short, blue in his coat, clear in his falsetto, red in his waistcoat, and drab in his breeches and half-gaiters. To such a character who could do justice but Charles Dignum? De Wilde has taken him to the life. The portrait is "extant" in Mathews's Gallery at Ivy Cottage; "and had I met it on the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it." The piece was triumphantly successful; and I must record an instance of retribution proceeding from Endless, a lawyer and (by a consequence not easily avoided by a dramatic author) a rogue. Endless is detected in an amour with Crop's wife, concealed in a flour-sack. He is drawn out covered with white dust, with a fist full of meal. "I have some property of yours in my hands," he says to the miller.

"Have you? then give it me," answered the latter. "Here it is," retorts the lawyer, flinging a handful of flour in Dignum's face. The audience laughed; and I am afraid Dignum did not much like it.

In "The Prisoner," Dignum and Sedgwick were two friends in love with two ladies. The former, in a Spanish suit of cut velvet, sang as follows:—

> Whene'er she bade me cease to plead,
> Her breast would gently heave,
> And prove her lip beguiled a heart
> Ill practised to deceive.

In all love-songs (except those ending with tol de roll loll) it is customary for the singer to press the right hand upon the heart. In order to effect this movement, the hand must cross the body; but my great friend's increasing bulk now began to render this a matter easy in theory, but difficult in practice. He therefore petitioned Mr. Aaron Graham, at that time on the committee of management, to be allowed to press his left hand upon his heart. "Be it as prayed, and hereof give notice forthwith," said the little magistrate. I observe that Pelissier, at the French theatre in Tottenham-street, has since adopted the improvement.

About this time our great vocalist introduced me behind the scenes of Drury-lane Theatre: the green-room of that edifice was constituted differently from that of the present one. You entered

at the bottom of the room. As we passed toward the fire-place, Miss Mellon thus greeted the subject of this memoir: "Diggy, my darling, how do you do?" We shall see hereafter what a frail and fatal edifice was erected by our hero upon this verbal foundation.

At this period Dignum was everybody at Vauxhall-gardens. Miss Leary, afterwards Mrs. Franklin, with her white gloves and three ostrich feathers, did much; neither am I at all disposed to undervalue the attraction of the arrack punch; but Dignum and his cocked hat were the staple commodity of the establishment. I wrote a song for him, of which I only remember what follows:—

Round Hebe flutters like a moth;
But now 's the time to cram,
Fair Venus spreads the supper-cloth,
And Cupid calls for ham.

I wrote it to encourage the waiters, who complained that the company stole off, at twelve, to eat and drink in Cumberland-gardens, at a cheaper rate.

All the Vauxhall pastorals were dependent at this period upon Dignum for support. Many a Fanny have I known him convert into a blushing bride: many an Emma has he roguishly besought not to mind mamma: and with many a Phillis has he hied away to the church in the grove. Happy man!

Dignum made an odd mistake one night at

supper at Vauxhall; the mention of the waiters reminds me of the fact. One of the party, enlivened by arrack, gave the following toast, "A speedy death to all *who hate us*." Dignum filled his glass and exclaimed, "With all my heart—a speedy death to all the *waiters*." There must have been a recent quarrel at the bar: he was not blood-thirsty by nature.

An actor is like a piece of Indian rubber. Leave him chilled, for two seasons, without an engagement, and he becomes hard and useless: but place him in the sunshine of public favour, and he becomes supple and able to lick up all the black lead that "the brethren of the broad sheet" can bestow upon him. Dignum now began to experience the hardening process, and time forbade him to indulge any expectation of the return of sunshine. He lost his engagement about the time when he found his grandson. "Ah, my dear Daub!" exclaimed he to me, at an accidental rencontre at the corner of Brydges-street, "it's all over with me at Vauxhall; they have engaged Charles Taylor over my head. I'm sure of it. I don't know!" Vauxhall without Dignum! the thing appeared to me impossible. I could not separate the two ideas. They clung together like Helen and Judith. But the fact proved to be as he represented it. I have never set foot in the gardens since!

In this decay of his scenic glories, it suddenly occurred to the mind of the hero whose life I

have feebly endeavoured to portray, that Miss Mellon's ci-devant "Diggy my darling" might be turned to connubial account. The fair utterer of that phrase had since become a wealthy widow, and had recently greeted our hero with a smile, and a "How do you do, Dignum?" from her dining-room bow-window in Piccadilly. "I should not wonder if she wants to become Mrs. Lump," said Emery, in "The Wags of Windsor." Dignum determined to pop the question, but the banker's residuary legatee declined the honour. I am sorry for it. Dignum and duke both begin with a D, and Dignum is by one syllable the longer. But widows are ticklish things, as I told him beforehand. "O for that matter," said Dignum, "I'm ticklish too." I did hope that, independently of this rib-sympathy, an attachment had "grown with their growth;" but it seems I was mistaken.

Dignum never recovered this disappointment. One voyage indeed I took with him last summer in a steam-vessel to Twickenham. We sailed majestically on the bosom of the Thames, leaving the Duke of Northumberland on our right and the Duchess of Buccleuch on our left, and our vessel discharged its numerous and motley freight on the Eel-pie Island, Dignum having previously amused the company by singing "The Lass of Richmond Hill," as we passed under the centre arch of Richmond bridge. The Admiralty barge, rowed by eight men in red stockings, shortly after

our arrival on the island, brought a party of ladies and gentlemen in quest of refreshment upon the same insular spot, consisting of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Mr. Croker and family, Colonel Shawe, Mr. Theodore Hook, Mr. James Smith, and two other gentlemen whose names I have not ascertained. This party dined under a canvass awning in a remote part of the island, and on the signal for the steam-vessel company to prepare for re-embarking, the tenants of the Admiralty barge left their tent to amuse themselves by surveying the miscellaneous crew. The vocal veteran and myself were strolling on the island, and happened to arrive under the vacant awning, where two half glasses of Burgundy met our view, I seized one of the glasses, and asked Dignum for a toast. "The Duke of Clarence and the Navy!" exclaimed the veteran, tossing off the contents of the other glass. I felt the delicacy of the compliment, considering under whose awning we were, and pledged him with enthusiasm. He had eaten three eel-pies, half a duck, and six flounders, which made me hope that he was better. Alas, what are the hopes of man! He died within six weeks afterwards, and was deposited in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent-garden, on the eastern side, not six feet from his great prototype Edwin. "Dear Tom, this brown jug," harmonized for four voices, was well sung over his grave by Messrs. Bellamy, Pyne, Isaacs, and Tinney.

I omitted to mention, in its proper place, that Dignum, being a Roman Catholic, attended, on the invitation of Mr. Cobbett, to enliven that gentleman's Catholic dinner-party at Kensington. His first song, "And ye shall walk in silk attire," was observed particularly to gratify Mr. O'Connell, prophetic as it appeared to be of the counsellor's forensic exaltation. Dignum after this dozed. The Catholic question was discussed, and when the "two wings" were noisily talked of, Dignum, starting from his slumber, exclaimed, "Yes, if you please, and some tongue: wings are nothing without tongue."

That a man so immersed as Dignum was in his profession, should not be very accurately informed in matters of political history, will not be a source of much surprise. Thus, he imagined the Diet of Worms to mean the vault of all the Capulets. When asked whether he approved of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, he answered, "Yes, certainly; brandy cannot be too cheap." The *Pasco*-Peruvian mine shares were, according to his conception, monopolized by the member for Penryn. On hearing that Mr. Calvert had determined to *canvass* the borough, he exclaimed, "I'm glad of it. I only wish he had done it before; I got wet through yesterday between Guy's Hospital and Tooley Street:" and learning from the Morning Chronicle that Mr. Sugden had something to do with the Rape of Bamber,

he ejaculated, "And a married man too: what a shame!" These, however, are trifles, and ought not to detract from his merit as a singer.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

NO. XXI.

TABLE-TALK ABOUT SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Lum, whose "Readings" were commemorated in one of my letters, has removed into Berners Street. I cannot say that I admire the street, frowned upon as it is by the Middlesex Hospital: however, there she is; and her first dinner-party was composed of Lord Robert Ranter, Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale, Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant and his lady, Augustus Thackeray, and Mr. and Mrs. Mudford.

Mrs. Lum, who is a very intellectual woman, had rather not give dinners at all; but people won't be read to upon any other terms. "Now I am going to be sung at," said Madame Vestris, with a distasteful air, as she walked upon the stage to encounter "Water parted from the sea." For myself, I would rather be sung at than read at on any day in the year, especially when Madame Vestris is the singer—but every one to his liking. The first course passed away without any accident; but, between its disappearance and

the advent of the second, there occurred one of those hitches in the scenery, which, when they take place at either of our winter theatres, are honoured by a hiss. How cooks manage as they do, is to me a miracle. To bring so many dishes to bear upon one given moment, notwithstanding the irregularity of guests in arriving at the place of appointment, appears to me a feat that may cope in merit with the skill of a Marlborough or a Wellington in bringing armies into the field. Upon the occasion in question, however, the cook, like General Mack, was at fault.

Lord Robert Ranter saw Mrs. Lum's distress, and gallantly stepped forward with a story about Sheridan to relieve her. "Did I not see Moore's life of Sheridan in the drawing-room?" inquired his lordship. "You did," answered the lady: "I mean to read it to you this evening, provided we get through Southey's Book of the Church in tolerable time." Lord Robert bowed his gratitude, and continued: "I am surprised that so clever a man as Mr. Moore should have omitted the story of Sheridan and the plate-warmer. Your servant's recent rencontre with that machine reminds me of the anecdote." Mrs. Lum looked towards the door, and finding it still closed against the second course, smilingly requested to hear it. "Sheridan," resumed Lord Robert, "was dining at Peter Moore's with his son Tom"—"Whose son Tom?" inquired Mr. Mudford. "Sheridan's, of course," answered his lordship. "Oh! I did

not know," said Mr. Mudford; "I thought Peter Moore might have a son Tom—he was your last antecedent." "Well," resumed Lord Robert, "poor Tom was at that time in a very nervous, debilitated state. The servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, struck down the plate-warmer. This made a deuce of a rattle, and caused Tom Sheridan to start and tremble. Peter Moore, provoked at this, rebuked the servant, and added, 'I suppose you have broken all the plates?' 'No, sir,' said the servant, 'not one.' 'No!' exclaimed Sheridan; 'then, damn it, you have made all that noise for nothing.'"

Lord Robert, while narrating this anecdote, like a skilful general, kept his eye upon the door, which opened with a boiled turkey as he uttered the words "nervous, debilitated state." The narrator spoke in slow time, to allow of the deposit of the partridges and sweetbreads: came to "start and tremble" on the arrival of the trifle and plover's eggs; and concluded the anecdote with "noise for nothing" as the last dish was placed upon the table. "What kindness and humanity!" ejaculated Mrs. Lum to herself, "thus to draw off the attention of the company from an empty tablecloth. But his talents shall not go unrewarded. I will give him an extra evening's reading; he shall have M'Culloch's 'Political Economy' all to himself."

Every guest at the table secretly determined

to make the most of this story; but, from lack of Lord Robert's *tact*, they none of them produced any effect from repeating it. Augustus Thackeray carried it off on the next evening into the city, to a dinner given by a Blackwell Hall factor in King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street; and, aiming to extend Lord Robert Ranter's two-act piece into a five-act comedy, completely spoiled it. He thus prefaced it:—"Your mention, sir, of Harley's peeping Tom reminds me of poor Tom Sheridan. My first acquaintance with him was on the coming out of Caractacus, a serious pantomime, at the late Drury Lane Theatre. I believe Tom wrote the wrestling scene between Wallack and Miss Bristowe—then two children—but of this I am not certain."

At this period of his narrative, Thackeray had obtained the "ear of the court," as the phrase is in Westminster Hall, and had he "got over the ground," he might have "obtained his rule." "Mr. Dunder," said the late Lord Ellenborough to a barrister of the overlaying species, "the court is already with you, unless, by persevering to plead, you wish that it should be against you." A hint like this would have been of immense service to Thackeray, who thus went on:—

"On the night before its representation, Tom Sheridan was in the green-room, and so was I. Tom was engaged to sup with Sir John Carr in the temple, and asked me if I knew whereabouts his chambers were. 'Yes,' said I, 'in Garden

Court. I am going that way, and will show you.' 'Thank you,' said he. Poor fellow! I never saw him afterwards. Let me see, where was I?'" "In Garden Court, sir," said a complaisant bill-broker who sat on Thackeray's left hand. But by this time, from the length of his prologue, his audience had dwindled away, one by one, until, to adopt the Rev. Sidney Smith's phrase, "he had preached himself bare to the very sexton." Still, however, he proceeded, and was in the act of enlightening his solitary listening bill-broker upon the subject of Sheridan and the plate-warmer, when a rival annalist set the table in a roar, and effectually drowned poor Tom Sheridan by the following story:—

"You all knew Charles Tessier? (*omnes*, "All, all.") "Well! after living some years in Austin Friars, he took to high life, and went up to Grosvenor Street. He was invited one day to dine with a dandy colonel (whose promissory note he had indorsed) in Upper Brook Street. In stalked little Charles, at seven; and meaning to do a bit of grandeur, exclaimed, 'I can't think what could be the matter with my horses just now. The coachman could hardly manage them. He was obliged to drive them three times round Grosvenor Square to make them quiet.' 'Why, the fact is, Tessier,' said Dawes the banker, 'they were frightened—they did not know where they were. If they had been in Finsbury Square, they would have been quiet enough.'"

This sally fell so harmoniously upon the ears of a set of dwellers in Old Bethlem, Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, and Savage Gardens, that poor Thackeray was regularly floored.

Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant went away from Mrs. Lum's with the anecdote in his sensorium, and thought himself perfectly sure of an audience in Lady Bromley, (a very quiet deaf old woman, who will listen to anything,) in a private box at Covent Garden Theatre. Unluckily, Miss Paton performed Mandane; and Sir Hans, who has no taste for anything but Shakspeare, was telling the story, while that lady was singing "Fly, soft ideas, fly." The state of Lady Bromley's auriculars rendered it necessary that Sir Hans should tell his tale rather in alt; this the audience, who have got a knack of being attentive when Miss Paton sings, took in dudgeon; and accordingly cries of "Silence, turn him out, throw him over," put Sir Hans's soft ideas to the rout, and Sheridan's plate-warmer was once more thrown prostrate.

Mr. Mudford took the anecdote to the table of a "serious" family at Gravesend; but being in the act of moulting his profane feathers, (he has been since regularly evangelized by his wife,) he told Sheridan's retort without the oath, and consequently "missed stays."—Colonel Nightingale conveyed it to a house dinner at the United Service Club; but unfortunately the company, jointly and severally, had gotten into that vile trick of

telling a parcel of stories, one after the other, about Sheridan, consisting of the old hash of composer of wine and importer of music; making a creditor trot his horse up and down Clarges Street, while he bolted into May Fair; Cumberland and his new tragedy; the Forty Thieves, which was nicknamed, at the time, Sheridan and his Thirty-nine Thieves; *et hoc genus omne.* In the midst of all this the poor plate-warmer could only "take its turn, and be forgotten."

Mind I am not blaming the story-tellers: every man, especially at a club, has a right to tell his own story; but for myself, where conversation, or rather narration, takes that turn at table, I make it a rule to call for my hat. There is no enduring it. I really believe I know every story that ever was told. What would I not give to be possessed of less wisdom! Whenever a man asks me at table, "Did you ever hear the anecdote of"—I constantly interrupt him with "Yes," without waiting for his noun substantive.

Shakspeare talks of evil deeds, which "return to plague the inventor." It is the same with stories. Lord Robert Ranter, on the day se'nnight which succeeded his narrative, actually had his own story told to him at table by a dull man from Dundee, who would not be stopped, do what his lordship would. "Did your lordship ever hear a remarkably good story about Sheridan?" "Yes, sir, I have heard them all."—"It happened at Peter Moore's. You must know poor Tom

Sheridan was far from well, and"—"I'd thank you for some bread."—"So, sir, the servant in going too near the"—"A glass of water, if you please."—"Fire-place, knocked down"—"Lady Somers, shall I have the pleasure of"—"The plate-warmer."—Here Lord Robert called out the whole *posse comitatûs*, and the narrative danced on to the following miscellaneous tune. "Upon which Peter Moore said"—"No potatoes"—"Feeling for Tom Sheridan"—"Sherry for me, but take which you like"—"I suppose you have broken all the"—"Champagne, by all means"—"No gravy, but I'll trouble Captain Watts"—"No, sir," said the servant—"But"—"Peter Moore"—"More brocoli, and no butter." To such casualties will the most undaunted narrator be subject, who tells his stories when people are hungry!

After all, the pleasantest people at table are those who never tell stories at all. The merest trifle that springs from the occasion is worth a hundred of the best jokes or narratives that ever were transplanted. It is the same upon the stage. The moment when Mr. A. says to Mr. B., "Pray be seated," and sprawling out his legs, commences with, "It is now fifteen years since I first became acquainted with your father, then on foreign service. At the commencement of our friendship an incident occurred"—From that epoch I date a buz of inattention from pit, box, and galleries.

Not that I would banish story-telling from all

places. There are several dull streets where they may be resorted to with propriety. Old Burlington Street and Stratford Place are very good story-telling streets, especially when the opera house is not open. When that seat of song is accessible, people are plaguily apt to ring for their carriages, and leave you in the middle of your catastrophe. A friend of mine, in fact, out of the opera season, was cut short in the midst of a lamentable fire of his, that happened at Birmingham, by seven men jumping up from table to go and hear "Cherry ripe" at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Ever since he has looked at the play-bill beforehand.

The dinner-hour in London is now so late, and there are so many music lions and lionesses prowling about upstairs in the two drawing-rooms, seeking what of Mozart or Rossini they may devour, that it requires the agility of Mazurier himself to whip in an anecdote at table. I have two very good stories of my own, that I have been trying to tell these seven years without success. It is as difficult as getting a writership to India. One of them, however, I contrived to fire off in Drury Lane green-room, under the bust of Mrs. Siddons. I knew my cue as well as the actors who heard me. The play was the "School for Scandal," and I knew myself sure of Mrs. Candour, Lady Sneerwell, Sir Benjamin Backbite, Crabtree, and Maria. The call-boy, I was aware, would leave them alone for three long

acts; they had nowhere but the green-room to go to. The story was as follows:—Old Wewitzer was joking and laughing at rehearsal, instead of minding the business of the scene. Raymond, who was then stage-manager, took him to task for this, and said, "Come, Mr. Wewitzer, I wish you would pay a little attention."—"Well, sir," answered Wewitzer, "so I am: I'm paying as little as I can."

My other story is about Sheridan and Delpini the clown, the man who, on the Prince of Wales's refusal to ask Harris to give him a benefit, said, "Very well, sir, den I must go to your papa's Bench." This, however, is not the story in question. What I have been dining out so long to tell, relates to a quarrel between Sheridan and Delpini. There is no time like the present: I will tell it now. Sheridan and Delpini fell into high words relative to an arrear of salary due to the latter, as Man Friday in the "Robinson Crusoe" of the former. Sheridan, provoked at what he deemed the insolence of the pantomimist, told him that he had forgotten his station. "No, indeed, Monsieur Sheridan, I have not," retorted Delpini; "I know the difference between us perfectly well. In birth, parentage, and education, you are superior to me; but in life, character, and behaviour, I am superior to you!"

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

THE BOW WINDOW.

BENEATH the Piazza two wags chanced to pass,
Where a shop was adorned by an acre of glass.
Quoth Tom, *sotto voce*, "Hail, Burnett and Co.!
Success now-a-days is dependent on show,"
"Not so," answered Richard, "here industry reigns;
Success is dependent on using great *panes*."

BEER SHOPS.

"THESE beer shops," quoth Barnabas, speaking in alt,
"Are ruinous—down with the growers of malt!"
"Too true," answers Ben, with a shake of the head,
"Wherever they congregate, honesty's dead.
That beer breeds dishonesty causes no wonder,
'Tis nurtured in crime—'tis concocted in plunder;
In Kent, while surrounded by flourishing crops,
I saw a rogue picking a pocket of hops."

TO A WEALTHY VINEGAR MERCHANT.

LET Hannibal boast of his conquering sway,
Thy liquid achievements spread wider and quicker;
By vinegar he through the *Alps* made his way,
But thou through the *World* by the very same liquor.

EDMUND BURKE.

THE sage of Beaconsfield, who wrote
The crimes of Gaul's degenerate crew,
But little thought his name would note
The murd'rous deeds his pencil drew.

His anti-jacobinic work
Still lives—his name preserves it still;
And—verb impassable—" to Burke,"
Implies to kidnap and to kill.

ON CERTAIN PRINTED "CONVERSATIONS" BETWEEN A VISCOUNT AND A COUNTESS.

IN *letters*, these colloquies make us all see
That women are equal to men:
The titles of either begin with a B,
And each of them ends with an N.

What he says to her, the whole Town understand
As the impulse of spleen or of whim;
But the Bane has an Antidote ready at hand,
In the Sense of what she says to him.

ON THE SAME VISCOUNT.

"He flatter'd in youth, he lampoon'd in his prime,"
Quoth Memory's Bard of our poet;
But the fault was not his, 'twas a deed done by Time,
My very next stanza shall show it.

Whoever has sported on Tempe's green lawn,
Has found out the truth of the matter;
'Tis plain that, by law mythologic, a Faun
In process of time grows a Satyr.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Good Monsieur Brunel,
Let misanthropy tell
That your work, half complete, is begun ill;
Heed them not, bore away
Through gravel and clay,
Nor doubt the success of your Tunnel.

That very mishap,
When Thames forced a gap,
And made it fit haunt for an otter,
Has proved that your scheme
Is no catchpenny dream;—
They can't say, "'twill never hold water."

CRAVEN STREET, STRAND.

In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moor'd at its base.
Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat;
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF JUPITER AND DANAE.

Fair Maid of Argos! dry thy tears, nor shun
The bright embrace of Saturn's amorous son.
Pour'd from high Heaven, athwart thy brazen tower,
Jove bends propitious in a glittering shower.
Take, gladly take, the boon the Fates impart;
Press the gilt treasure to thy panting heart;
And to thy venal sex this truth unfold—
How few, like Danae, clasp both god and gold!

HERALDRY.

Where'er a hatchment we discern,
(A truth before ne'er started,)
The motto makes us surely learn
The sex of the departed.
If 'tis the husband sleeps, he deems
Death's day a "felix dies"
Of unaccustom'd quiet dreams,
And cries—*In cælo Quies.*

But if the wife, she from the tomb
Wounds, Parthian like, "post tergum,"
Hints to her spouse his future doom,
And threatening cries—*Resurgam?*

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

As late the Trades' Unions, by way of a show,
O'er Westminster Bridge strutted five in a row,
"I feel for the bridge," whisper'd Dick, with a shiver,
"Thus tried by the mob, it may sink in the river."
Quoth Tom, a crown lawyer, "Abandon your fears;
As a bridge, it can only be tried by its piers."

MORE HERALDRY.

DARBY and Joan, years twenty-six,
Played conjugal attachment—
They seemed devoted, constant, true;
But Joan declared she never knew
The happiness a match meant;
Till when, as sole executrix,
She put up Darby's hatchment.

MISS DUNCAN AND MRS. JORDAN.

WHEN Jordan, foremost of Thalia's train,
Slept in the straw awhile in Drury-lane,
Duncan, the novice, seized the chair of state,
And play'd the cobbler's metamorphosed mate,

But soon to health restored by Warren's art,
Thalia's favourite re-assumed the part;
When lo! a gallery wag, (one Andrew Page,)
Who heard the glad announcement from the stage,
Gave the fair substitute this loud farewell—
"Hear it not, Duncan, for it *is* a Nell."

ALLITERATIVE TRIBUTE TO THE ORIGINAL PERFORMERS IN "SIMPSON AND CO."

GIFTED with Gallic gabble and grimace,
Laugh, leer, and lollop, lauding lots of lace,
Orger's odd onset—opportune, *outré*,
Pours pungent pepper o'er the pointed play.
Though *Cooper's* courtships kept continual cheer,
Droll *Davison* disdains to doubt her dear;
But, blandly bountiful, in blindness blest,
Won't wonder what he wants with widow *West*.
No gleam of glory gladdens *Glover's* gloom;
Ripe for revolt, she rambles round the room;
While, wondering what can wake the woman's woe,
Trim *Terry* treads the traps on tottering toe,
Cross'd and confounded by his cozening Co.
These freaks and frolics—freak without offence—
Pleasing the pit, put poet *Poole* in pence.

CHARADE.

PRONE from our grasp an outstretched wing to burst,
Even while I speak my second is my first.
Use well that second; nourish self-control,
And in pursuing wisdom find my whole.

THE RICHMOND TAVERNS.

The Star and Garter'd Knight of old,
When adverse Fate debarr'd him,
High on a rock contrived to hold,
" A castle's " strength to guard him.
But here war's chief in vain would try
To check a martial sally,—
The Star and Garter towers on high,
The Castle's in the valley.

HACKNEY COACHMEN.

When injury they suffer, what
Opprobrium they inherit?
Unconscionable call them not;
Their conscience is their merit.
'Twere well if they, at anger's beck,
Who load them with detractions,
Possess'd, like them, an inward check
Upon their outward actions.

THE TWO AGITATORS, WRITTEN AT A BALL AT BRAMBLEBURG.

Great Daniel O'Connell is gone to the North:
His tongue a remonstrance indignant pours forth,
And eloquence flows from his mouth.
But you, pretty Jane, with a pair of black eyes,
Come over the natives of Kent to surprise,
And agitate hearts in the South.
He fires with a word, and you with a look,—
Head and heart thus invaded, what mortal can brook?

Alas! there's no end to our woes.
He agitates old, and you agitate young:
Till you close your peepers, and he holds his tongue,
Poor Britain will ne'er find repose.

A CAUTION ADDRESSED TO LADY H——N.

On reading the following Advertisement in the "Morning Herald:' "Colosseum — Various Exhibitions,—Sports and Fights, in which the visiters will partake."

THOSE Colosseum fights eschew,
Avoid the fierce attack:
Else, going there with eyes of blue,
You 'll come away with black.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DOCTOR PARIS ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

NAMESAKE of Helen's favourite boy,
Who shunn'd the martial fray,
May all your days be days of joy,
Like this, your natal day.
My votive glass—not pledg'd by stealth,
I fill at Bacchus' shrine;
And thus, convivial, drink your health,
Whose skill establish'd mine.

RETAIL VERACITY.

A DAME bought a comb for the crown of her head,
And thus to the shopwoman cautiously said—

" Well, here is the money, and send it me home;
But are you quite sure 'tis a *Tortoise*-shell comb?"
" O yes, 'tis the fellow of those on the shelf—
My husband, ma'am, bought it from *Torty* himself."

ON THE PROJECTED NEW HOUSE.

Ye sons of Inigo and Wren,
Exhaust not satire's quiver,
By proving to unlearned men
Which house should front the river.
I hope that both may 'scape the flames,
And live through countless years;
But that which trenches on the Thames,
Must be the house of *Piers*.

NEAT WINES.

At Brompton I, when winter reigns,
Great-coated quaff my wine,
But when red Phœbus tans the plains,
I under *canvass* dine.
My glass I to each season shape,
Nor keep, in either, Lent.
My drink, when winter frowns, is *Cape*,
My summer beverage *Tent*.

LAMENTATIONS ON THE COAST OF AFRICA,
1st JANUARY, 1836.

Alas! we're undone,
Our season of fun
All doleful and wintry appears;

The lord of misrule
May to-night play the fool,
But where is our Day of All-jeers?

TO AN IRISH BOOKSELLER.

VESUVIUS and you should be bound in a yoke,
Both *craters* are sending out volumes of smoke.

THE POET'S PATE. ADDRESSED TO MRS. M.

I CANNOT join you, valued friend,
To Leamington—I therefore send
My portrait in my stead;
You've often seen my head in print,
And now engraved in mezzotint,
I tender you my head.

I, gay and careless in my prime,
Ne'er by the forelock caught old Time
By chance or by design;
Survey my front, and you'll agree,
That now (whate'er his malice,) he
Will ne'er catch me by mine.

THE NEW COOK ON TRIAL AT FLEMING HOUSE.

MY lord, an objection I've plump'd on;
Your sentence must yet be delay'd;
The hearing can't take place at Brompton,
The venue 's improperly laid.

Then nonsuit this case; be impartial,
And send it to Portsmouth instead;
In trying a *cook* by court-martial,
The court must be held at *Spithead*.

BLUE INK.

You ask me, Edward, what I think
Of this new fashionable ink?
I'll answer briefly, Ned.
Methinks it will be always blue;
At all events, when used by you,
It never will be *red.*

PIUS ÆNEAS.

Virgil, whose epic song enthrals,
(And who in song is greater?)
·oughout, his Trojan hero calls
Now "pius," and now "pater."

But when, the worst intent to brave,
With sentiments that pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him "Dux Trojanus."

And well he alters there the word:
For, in this station, sure,
"Pius" Æneas were absurd,
And "Pater" premature.

RICHMOND BRIDGE.

Waste lands may at Twick'nam be seen,
And Barnes hath its wilderness too:
Where Thames rolls its waters between,
Tall Richmond uprises to view.

Her bridge, from its summit, unfolds
A prospect that loyalty cheers—

Those Commons at distance it holds,
And leans for support on the Piers.

THE NEW BARONETS' CLUB.

Ye valorous Sirs, in your armour and spurs,
Whose crest is a hand red and gory;
I prithee adhere to the sword and the spear,
A club cannot add to your glory.

COLMAN'S EPITAPH.

Within this monumental bed
Apollo's favourite rests his head:
Ye, Muses, cease your grieving.
A son the father's loss supplies,
Be comforted, though Colman dies,
His "Heir at Law" is living.

SLAVERY—AN IMPROMPTU, WRITTEN AT GORE HOUSE.

Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once own'd this hallow'd spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fetter'd Negro's lot.
Yet here still slavery attacks
Whom B——n invites;
The chains from which he freed the Blacks,
She rivets on the Whites.

ACTOR AND FISHMONGER.

An actor one day, at a fishmonger's shop
In the city, stood kicking his heels,

And cried, " I espy an indifferent crop;
You've nothing but turbot and eels.
Your benefit brings you a bumper, my lad,
But still it must give you the spleen;
I find in your house not a *plaice* to be had,
And yet not a *sole* to be seen.

TO AN ACTOR.

I VENTURE this advice to U.;
On entering O. P., mind your Q.;
Strive to X. L.; or men of spirit
Will quickly W. in merit.
If these my hints are rightly prized,
You'll on your shoulders keep A. Y. Z.

GENERAL PHIPPS'S BIRTH-DAY, APRIL 7, 1837.

Too soon, by a month, you were born upon earth,
Folks allege—ne'er heed what they say;
Tho' tear-dropping April lays claim to your birth,
With you to extinguish her sadness by Mirth,
She comes as the Herald of May.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

No mortal, of voters, e'er met with a rummer set;
Your hopes at Bridgewater have met with a summerset.
Return the electors your thanks for their bounty,
You're out for the borough, but in for the county.

IMPROMPTU UNDER A MARQUEE AT FLEMING HOUSE.

WHEN Parliament-people petition their friends,
The state of the poll on the canvass depends;
But here we submit to a diff'rent control,
The state of the canvass depends on the pole!

TO A LADY.

HOWELL and James, in taste correct,
Unfold their silken pack,
From which a pattern I select
Of Lavender and Black.
If you dislike it, you'll not press
Your lip to Lethe's cup;
For, should you quarrel with the dress,
You'll never make it up.

THE TANNER.

A BERMONDSEY tanner would often engage
In a long *tête-à-tête* with his dame,
While trotting to town in the Kennington stage,
About giving their villa a name.

A neighbour, thus hearing the skin-dresser talk,
Stole out, half an hour after dark,
Pick'd up in the roadway a fragment of chalk,
And wrote on the palings—"*Hide* Park!"

THE RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

"I AM not changed, yet Henry flies"—
"Not changed?—O sadly changed thou art!
When Flavia prompted Henry's sighs,
Her virtue form'd her fairest part.

"Then, Flavia, cease this idle rant,
One solemn truth let Reason speak—
When woman has no more to grant,
Her lover has no more to seek."

THANKS FOR A PLACE.

AN old Borough-reeve served a politic Duke,
And proved, by so doing, a wise man;
For the politic Duke opportunity took
To make his friend's son an exciseman.

Dick, led by his father, the nobleman saw,
And certainly well to behave meant;
With many a bow he put out his fore paw,
And scraped his hind leg on the pavement.

"I'm come, Sir, to thank you, but feel here a burr;
At speaking I be but a fresh un:"
The Borough-reeve whispered, "Boy, don't call him Sir,
Your Grace is the proper expression."

"When feyther, Sir, told me I'd gotten the place,
I skipt like a colt in a paddock;"—

"Sir, again?" cried the father,—"you fool! say your
Grace—
Say your Grace—you 're as deaf as a haddock!

Thus tutor'd, the son of the old Borough-reeve
Cried out, with a pious endeavour,—
"For what we are going this day to receive,
The Lord make us thankful for ever!"

THE SHOWER BATH.

Quoth Dermot (a lodger at Mrs. O'Flynn's,)
"How queerly my shower bath feels!
It shocks like a posse of needles and pins,
Or a shoal of electrical eels.

Quoth Murphy, "Then mend it, and I'll tell you how:
It 's all your own fault, my good fellow:
I used to be bother d as you are, but now
I'm wiser—I take my umbrella."

MacAdam's motto.

"My Essay on Roads," quoth MacAdam, "lies there,
Result of a life's lucubration:
But does not the title-page look rather bare?
I long for a Latin quotation!"

A Delphin edition of Virgil stood nigh,
To second his classic desire:
Where the road-maker hit on the shepherd's reply—
"*Miror magis*"—"I rather add mire!"

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

In England rivers all are males—
For instance, Father Thames—
Whoever in Columbia sails,
Finds them ma'amselles or dames.

Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Souri.

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF UGOLINO.

"This Ugolino? psha," says Will,
"He's painted much too skinny,"
"Prithee," replied his friend, "be still—
You find fault like a ninny;

Were you imprison'd three long days,
With nought your teeth between-o,
When on the fourth you go your ways,
I'll warrant—'*You-go-lean-o!*'"

DAYS AND NIGHTS.

"Dear god of day, come down on earth,"
Thus spoke the queen of night,
"Leave heav'n to Him who gave us birth,
And give the world new light.

On Malta's rock I'll take my stand,
To calm the seaman's fears;
And you shall radiantly command
O'er barbarous Algiers."

Each godhead straight on earth alights
With such a potent blaze,
That Malta long was ruled by *knights*,
And Algiers still by *deys*.

THE THREE BLIND DEITIES.

My heart adored three powers above,
And bow'd to Justice, Fortune, Love;
I sought their smiles, but sigh'd to find
That Justice, Fortune, Love, were blind.

O would the powers that stole their sight
In sympathy their souls unite,
Then might the three display to view
Charms that the Graces never knew!

Justice the smiles of Fortune prove,
And Fortune gild the smiles of Love.

THE PONTE-FRACT M.P.

You ask me why Ponte-fract borough should sully
Its fame, by returning to parliament Gully;
The etymological cause I suppose is,
His breaking the bridges of so many noses.

TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

We every day bards may "*anonymous*" sign;
That Refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light;
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth,
The bad own their *edge*, and the good own their *worth*.

EPIGRAM.

Quoth Tom at Leigh's play, "The poor bard must
look wan,
I don't think the public will clap it all,
For in the fourth act all the *interest's* gone."
Quoth Dick, "Then the fifth must be *capital*."

TIME LIMITED.

O Time! 'twere folly to dissemble
Thy power the Thespian corps among;
Yet, dotard, hear this truth and tremble—
Though thou may'st ripen Young to Kemble,
Thou never canst make Kemble *Young!*

THE INVOLUNTARY CONJUROR.

As strong in the fist as a ditcher and hedger,
Tom lifts single-handed a counting-house ledger
Says Dick, "That is mere slight of hand, it is plain,
You only can do it by *leger-de-main*."

WRITTEN ON MR. KEMBLE'S DOUBLE WINDOW IN RUSSELL STREET.

Rheumatic pains make Kemble halt,
He, fretting in amazement,
To counteract the dire assault,
Erects a double casement.

Ah! who from fell disease can run?
With added ills he's troubled,
For, when the glazier's task is done,
He finds his *panes* are doubled.

ON A LATE RACING NOBLEMAN

Here lies of quadrupeds the slave,
Of woman-kind the gay deceiver,
Unskill'd a favourite race to save,
He lost a heat—and gain'd a fever.

To those who doubt that life's a span,
His lordship's fate will plainly show it—
Once *on* the turf a living man,
But now a skeleton *below it*.

THE RAILROAD ENGINEER.*

THOUGH a railroad, learned Rector,
Passes near your parish spire,
Think not, sir, your Sunday lecture
E'er will overwhelm d expire.

Put not then your hopes in weepers,
Solid work my road secures,
Preach whate'er you will—*my* sleepers †
Never will awaken *yours*.

* These lines will be read with deep interest, as being literally *the last ever written* by their highly-gifted and deeply-lamented author.

† The supporters of the iron rails are technically termed *sleepers*.

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

MODERN CRITICISM IN ENGLAND (1809.)

NO. I.

CRITICISM in modern England may be called the art of cutting jokes at other people's expense. I am told it was formerly the custom here to judge of plays and players by rules drawn from nature: they are now not judged, but condemned, in epigrams manufactured by art, and poet and player are treated like a couple of whetstones, upon which the periodical critic sharpens the edge of his wit. There is a quarterly review published in North Britain, which was, I believe, the harbinger of this sort of warfare. The principles upon which that journal is conducted, are extremely simple. If the author is to be opposed, these Caledonian critics peep into the Encyclopedia to get some ideas on the other side of the question. They then set up an opposing hypothesis of their own, flourish away through a dozen octavo pages, in the front of the stage, elbowing the poor writer to the very side-wing, and in the concluding paragraph inform their readers that

he is of a different opinion, and of course is a blockhead. But if a man publish a book, containing truths all but self-evident, his case is yet more mortifying; they pilfer his foolscap to encircle their own pates, adopt his sentiments, appropriate his witticisms, nay, incorporate his very diction, and finish by telling the public, not that they are of his opinion, but that he is of theirs. These northern jays then take wing to pluck the plumage from some other poor peacock, and leave him, without a single feather, to the consolation of screaming reproaches in an expostulating pamphlet. All this, my dear Ambrose, is sufficiently preposterous, but the scheme has nevertheless been found to answer. The success of these northern invaders has generated a herd of imitators, who join in the pursuit, in hopes of partaking the plunder; and now, from one end of the town to the other, to be pleased with nothing is looked upon as proof of genius.

A Sunday newspaper is in London a plant of modern growth. At first it made its appearance like the sober yew-tree in a country churchyard, and its leading article was a lecture suitable to the solemnity of the day. Such an article, however, was soon found not to answer the author's purpose, namely, to promote the sale of the paper. The grave citizen and sober mechanic, who went to church to hear a sermon for the sake of decorum, thought it "righteous overmuch" to pay sixpence to read one. A lucky

votary of the quill then bethought himself of criticising the players. This was a fortunate hit! To write sermons on a day when churches were open, was evidently superfluous: to scribble critiques on plays, on a day when theatres were shut, was obviously a more profitable speculation. In vain did the weary children of Thespis hope to fulfil at least *one* of the commandments by "resting on the seventh day;" — no, it was ordered that the town should be amused six days with their talents, and on the seventh with their defects. In this grave country, Sunday is a day dedicated to general repose: *actors* and *post-horses* are the only animals allowed to be lashed on the Sabbath.

These Sunday-critics are, in one respect, of the Quaker race; they think it possible for both outward and inward man to attain perfection; and in author and actor nothing short of perfection will satisfy the fervour of their zeal. Reynolds is reproved for not rivalling Congreve, and Colman is reminded that a bard once lived whose name was Shakspeare. Reasoning and good advice give place to banter and sarcasm. Joe Miller and Tom Brown are substituted for Dacier and Aristotle, and, by an odd coincidence, the press is teaching us to hate our friends, while the pulpit is instructing us to love our enemies. A writer of this stamp ought to spread his goose quills, and wing his flight to another planet. *Man as he is*, is an animal totally unworthy his notice.

Thou knowest, my dear friend, that I am six feet in height, and being so, I naturally, when I walk the streets of London, consider myself a tall man. Suppose some short, jaundice-eyed fellow should accost me in the Strand, and tax me with littleness, because I cannot measure height with the Irish giant. How do you think I ought to answer my yellow dwarf? Why, to this effect. "My good little soul, it matters not to me whether the Irish giant be in altitude eight feet or eighteen. He is a man of a million. I am six inches taller that the race of man in general, and twelve inches taller than you who take me to task. That is quite sufficient for my purpose. Get some laundry-maid to squeeze you in a mangle till you are dilated to my dimensions, and then we may talk upon equal terms."—If ever, Ambrose, you commit your thoughts to the press, remember this precept,—*Litera scripta manet.* Be as careless and as facetious as you please round a table: there a joke may be explained, or a charge retracted, but what has once passed the press cannot be recalled. The pen is a weapon that may wound to distant ages: both policy and humanity require it to be wielded with caution.

Remember, too, that there are barking critics ever on the watch to snap at the blunders of authors, as curs snap at flies. Dryden, a great English poet, and Blackmore, a little one, were alike subject to their attacks.

The press may be compared to a mouse-trap,

and a good joke is the toasted cheese with which it is baited. The nibbling scribe scrambles in, and relishes his own wit with uncommon *gout*. He soon, however, finds that he has brought himself into a scrape, and then endeavours to escape. The effort is vain, and he only pricks his nose against the wires in the attempt.

MODERN CRITICISM IN ENGLAND (1809).

NO. II.

When a man writes a book here, there is generally as much clamour excited against him, as if he had roasted a child. He is looked upon as such a Julius Cæsar in the republic of letters, that every *Brute* who can wield a quill, thinks it meritorious to have a thrust at him.

That this should be the case, on the appearance of a work of imagination, the experience of our own behaviour would prevent us from being surprised: we are extremely loath to allow others to be wittier than ourselves: it is a mark of prodigious wisdom to be dissatisfied, and the cut and dry jokes upon these occasions are in such ready preservation, that it requires no ordinary good-nature to abstain from the use of them. For instance, the blank-verse lines of a sacred poem are mere segments cut out of the Bible, and placed in parallel order, like the steps of a ladder, by means whereof the bard hopes to work

miracles, like Peter in the "Tale of a Tub," and to endow himself with poetical inspiration. Pastorals are mere narcotics. Amaryllis reclines her head in slumber under a beech-tree, and her reader reposes his on a mahogany table. If the writer, according to the old customs, presumes to invoke the muse, he is reminded by the reviewer that he has done nothing more than leaving his card at her door, and that the intimacy is not likely to extend further; and if, like the poet Gray, he rushes, *sans ceremonie*, into the thick of the battle, he is informed that Aganippe is not always a cold bath, to invigorate by a single plunge, but that it occasionally emasculates the swimmer, like the streamlet recorded in Ovid. All this, my dear Ambrose, is indubitably funny, and generally gives pleasure to the reader, in proportion as it gives pain to the poet, resembling (to borrow a simile from Fielding) "one of those punches in the stomach exchanged in a boxing-match, which, though they give such exquisite delight to the spectator, are the source of little or no pleasure to the receiver." But when a man publishes a mathematical truth, telling the world that the three angles of a triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles; or when he broaches an arithmetical truism, such, for instance, as that four multiplied by four produces a greater quantity than when merely added to the same number, it might be supposed that calumny and declamation would be silent, and that ridicule, if awakened at all, would

be employed, not in denying the truth of those assertions, but in laughing at the credulity of a writer who should think it necessary to compose two octavo volumes in proving such self-evident propositions. A late fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, has found out that a newly-married couple, possessed of a small farm, may, in the course of five or six years, be blessed with five or six children; and that if the farm be only adequate to the support of the wedded pair, their offspring must either starve or wander forth in quest of subsistence elsewhere. He then supposes the golden age, so confidently predicted by English philosophers, to have arrived, and the hitherto trackless wilderness to be parcelled out in farms of the above description, in which case the command of seeking a subsistence elsewhere will be liable to this inconvenience, that there will be no subsistence elsewhere to be found. Thus circumstanced, the five or six little unfortunates will share the fate of Ugolino's bantlings. It cannot be denied, that it had been better not to have been born, than to die from want of food. The inference of the philosopher is this:—the source of all evil is the folly, not to say criminality, of marrying without a fair chance of supporting a family.

I have thus compressed into a few lines the contents of two octavo volumes: and one would suppose that the position they aim at establishing, namely, the certain increase of expense incurred

by an increasing family, and the certain limitation of means to meet that expense, are positions too palpable to be contradicted. "My muse," says a lively dramatic writer, of the reign of Queen Anne, "produces me a play every year, and my wife a child; but I find the latter much more disposed to live than the former." I should deem this a secret well worth knowing; and yet, O the ingratitude of man! were I to detail half the outcry that has been raised against this unfortunate late fellow of Jesus College, I should pester you with letters, rivalling in length those of the voluminous Richardson. He has been attacked in weekly publications by apostates, bearded and beardless; he is assailed by the cloudy anarchist, whose novels are dull philosophy, and whose philosophy is dull novelty: he is pounced upon by ravens, and condemned by revelations: grave divines who have theories, and grave matrons who have daughters to establish, join in anathemas against the profane intruder, who has thus dared to lift the sacred veil that covers the altar of Hymen! "What!" cry they, speaking all at once, "shall an ugly fellow, of one of the ugliest colleges in Cambridge, with feelings as sluggish as his own Cam, presume to control the impulse of nature? shall our daughters, whose complexion, natural or acquired, vie with the lily and the rose, be checked in their endeavours to engraft upon the marigold, and thrown back to wither, an encumbrance on their native stalk?

Shall our dear boys, whom we are training up to wed an adjoining freehold, and for whom the pious founder of our new national theatre has provided a tier of private boxes, to snatch them from the contagion above and below, be taught presumptuously to look before they leap? Shall domestic happiness, which our own dear Mr. Cowper has called, the "only bliss which has survived the fall," be cut up by the roots, and the garden of Eden converted into a wilderness, by a sceptic who presumes to judge and decide, where orthodox piety believes and trembles?" "Alas! ladies and gentlemen," replies the alarmed and modest author, "I pretend not to judge and decide—to decide and judge are doughty attributes, and I leave them to my opponents. I am not the manufacturer of the system, I aim only at being its expounder. When they who so loudly talk of the duty of entering into the married state, prove to me that their own marriages were contracted from that motive, and that a new treaty or an old heiress was not the *primum mobile* that introduced them to Hymen, I will bow my head in silence. At present, I have merely to repeat in my appendix what I have asserted in the body of my work: 'Eating and drinking are necessaries, but marriage is a luxury; a refined and a laudable one I allow, but still a luxury, and as such, not to be encouraged without a reasonable chance of ability to support it.'" The mildness of the reply is vain—the outcry is

renewed, and, by a consequence as old as the days of Socrates, his motives are arraigned because his arguments are unanswerable.

Such, Ambrose, is the philosopher, and such are his antagonists. Every bob-wigged citizen, who, as president at a public meeting, strings a bead-roll of silly and disaffected propositions, is thanked for his able and impartial conduct in the chair; but when a grave mathematician expends his nightly oil in enlightening the public, and shows that abstinence from marriage is a more desirable check to population than vice or misery, he is called a prodigal, a misanthrope, a deist, and fifty hard names beside. The British public is like a sick child. It is not enough that the medicine you proffer be conducive to its health, it must also be agreeable to its palate, otherwise you stand a very excellent chance of having the contents of the chalice thrown back into your own face. For my part, had I twenty times the talents of the late fellow of Jesus, I feel too little regard for my species to employ them unsolicited in their behalf. No; my motto is, "Qui vult decipi, decipiatur." Before I would turn oculist to such a race of moles, I would let them grope their own way through mud and mire, like the merchant Abudah in the mountains of Tasgi.

ENGLISH COURTS OF LAW.

Thou sayest true, Ambrose. In all my perambulations, I may well take shame to myself for having ômitted to visit the English courts of law. Thy letter, however, no sooner reached me, than I determined to atone for my negligence in that particular. English law, as thou hast well observed, is the envy and admiration of the Continent, whose natives can only gaze at so costly a commodity at a distance. Yet where, my friend, shall I begin, and how give you any insight into the principles and practice of such an intricate science. If, after marching to the extremity of Westminster Hall, I take the right-hand road, I there find it laid down as a principle of *equity* that men may give written evidence in their own cause. If I prefer the sinister path, I enter a court where it is held as a principle of law, that no man shall speak in his own cause, and that all evidence shall be *vivâ voce*. If, like the Captain in the opera, I determine to have nothing to say to either of these beauties, but steer between both, behold me at the door of St. Stephen's Chapel. In short, my friend, the ways of the law are well exemplified by the puzzling inlets and outlets of the huge mansion under whose roof it is administered. Ariadne complimented her beloved Theseus with a clue to guide him

out of the labyrinth; and I would advise every man who is enamoured of his solicitor, to adopt a similar expedient in Westminster Hall. What with dark passages, zig-zag alleys, coffee-houses, and custos breviums, it is almost as impossible to get into a court of law as to get out of one. If you wish to peep at an Exchequer baron in his ermine, 'tis odds but you encounter an old woman selling apples; and if the gallery of the House of Commons be the object in view, I will lay thee a wager that thou breakest thy nose against a pillar in the Court of Common Pleas, with no other remedy for the wound than the black patch of a king's serjeant.

Fraught with these reflections, and sipping a tumbler of lemonade in the Exchequer Coffee-house, one Mr. Hilary, by proffering the Times newspaper and a pinch of snuff, introduced himself to my acquaintance, and finding me as ignorant of modern courts and practitioners as old Canute in his arm-chair by the sea-side, insisted upon ushering me into the courts as a dilettante spectator, previously to my appearing in the more imposing character of plaintiff or defendant. I will introduce thee to this jackall of John Doe with as little ceremony as he introduced himself to me. Mr. Hilary is as smart, spruce, smirking a Term-trotter as ever paraded Westminster Hall in black stockings and white buckles, with a bag of combustibles under his arm. He is by far too discreet ever to give a

decided opinion—dissents by a shrug, and assents by a nod. He is *induced to think* that ink is black, and supposing the case of one man being kicked by another from the top of the Monument, is *rather of opinion* that such a casualty would endanger the necks of both parties. In short, Hilary is so prudent a man, that though he has carried a blue bag these twenty years, he was never once known to let the cat out of it. Why this gentleman should offer any service to me, who could not even pay for the service of a *latitat*, I must leave it to wiser heads to guess. Perhaps he inherited the feelings of the Lombard-street banker, who, to bring grist to the mill, was wont to give a book gratis, and lend a man five shillings to open an account in it.

My new acquaintance was in the very act of extending his snuff-box a second time for my use, when his clerk entered in a great hurry, and informed him that the cause of *Wrangle* v. *Tollman* stood next. "Odso," cried Hilary, "we must be off then. Come along, Mr. What-dy'e-call-'em, I'll get you a seat, I'll warrant." So saying, he snatched up his bag of tools, and, followed by me, scampered across the hall to the Court of King's Bench. When we had squeezed our way in, we found that two previous sufferers were yet unexecuted; so Mr. Hilary had time to arrange his budget, and informed me in a whisper, while so doing, that he was concerned for the plaintiff in an action of detenue (that, I think, was the

name) for a cart-horse, which the defendant, a turnpike man, had thought fit to detain for toll. I cast my eye over the paper containing the alleged grievance, and found that the defendant was a monstrous offender indeed! he having seized, taken, and detained divers, to wit, five hundred horses, mares, and geldings. "Mon Dieu!" said I to Hilary. "Why, I question whether the Prince of Conde's stables at Chantilly could have contained all this plunder! Why, the fellow has pocketed a whole regiment of cavalry!" "Pooh! answered Hilary, "we only go for one mare, and a poor sorry animal it is." "That may be," replied I, "but if such be the multiplication table of the law, I think your client will soon be as poor and as sorry as the mare." I was now interrupted by the rattling of parchment, and looking upward, beheld the judge perusing an extent of parchment, of a size big enough to make a very pretty carpet for thy mother's sitting-room: soon after which the cause began. Mr. Wrangle's first evidence, to prove the detention of the mare, appeared in the shape of a knife-grinder, who told a tale which, to a simpleton like me, appeared as round as his own wheel, and as unvarnished as the hob-nailed shoe of the narrator.

And now it was, my dear Ambrose, that I had to admire a *vivâ voce* cross-examination, in the course of which it was made to appear that the aforesaid knife-grinder was not only present at

the detention of the mare, but that he was also born in Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street; that his father was a man of dark complexion, and a potato merchant in Kent-street; his grandfather a porter in the India House; and that his daughter was the *chere amie* of an Irish officer at Truro, in Cornwall. Nay, so weak are the pillars of sophistry, when shaken by one of these Samsons in silk gowns, the grinder of scissors was at last fain to confess that his sister Molly enjoyed the sinecure office of laundress to an old Scotch lady of quality. All this family biography would have been lost to the cause and to the world, if the suit had been in the Court of Chancery. The poor knife-grinder, with a head as giddy as his own wheel, contradicted himself twenty times, and the plaintiff was nonsuited. Hilary, too accustomed to the lottery of the law to look blank on the occasion, contented himself with damning the knife-grinder, and swearing that he would have at them again next term.

In our walk from the hall, Wrangle made inquiry after at least a dozen suits in which he was engaged, and was told of the last of them that the proceedings were in error. Ay, thought I, and so are the proceedings in all the rest. However, I said nothing, and we parted; Mr. Hilary shaking me by the hand, and saying he should be glad to see me in Chancery-lane.

From these specimens, Ambrose, thou mayest form some notion of Mr. Wrangle, who is de-

lighted to dance through the courts of law to a tune, for every note of which he is sure to pay the piper. He who misses his mark as often as he hits it, is half his powder and shot out of pocket. This equilibrium of suits and nonsuits, (the plus and minus of law algebra,) balances a man like Mahomet in his leaden balloon. Throw the costs of suit into the scale, and poor Wrangle's coffers will kick the beam. Thus it appears that a litigious fellow in England resembles a young rustic in a barn, on his first introduction to a flail, with which he belabours his own ears, more than the ears that lie scattered around him, giving himself a good threshing, and the corn a bad one.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON.

I NEED not tell thee, who wert born and wilt probably die on the banks of the Seine, that it is the foible of our countrymen to give mountainous names to mole-hill objects. Thou and I, my dear Ambrose, have often shaken our sides in sympathy, at the gasconade of Sterne's Parisian barber; who, by way of recommending the buckle of a new wig to the intended purchaser, exclaimed, "You may immerse it in the ocean, and it will stand." The builders of Paris have given to

certain enclosures, in and about that city, the imposing titles of *Campus Martius* and *Elysian Fields;* and yet I must confess to thee, in a whisper, that a Roman emperor would, during life, have felt himself and his army rather cramped in a drilling-ground like the one, and after death, with Virgil's hexameters yet floating in his memory, would have experienced something far short of eternal happiness in a retreat like the other.

The sponsors who superintended the baptism of London acted a more manly part. Those elegant public promenades towards the west, not to be equalled in Europe, are simply called The Parks; whilst the squares and public buildings, in general, are known by the most simple and uninviting epithets, as though the builders had determined to bestow on those strangers who do not choose to visit them, the most unequivocal permission to go elsewhere. Their Chelsea Hospital is a noble structure, and might be called a palace; but candour obliges me to add, that their St. James's Palace is an ignoble structure, and might be called an hospital. I was lately much struck, in my rambles through the city, with a magnificent Grecian building. I asked a young man in embroidered pantaloons, who was issuing from under the portico, its name, and he told me it was the India House. "You must be mistaken," Sir," answered I; "this is no Indian pagoda, it is more like a Grecian temple."—"I

cannot possibly be wrong," replied the youth of many seams, making me a bow, "for I am a clerk in it at a salary of one hundred pounds per annum."

The building, it must be confessed, whether Indian or Grecian, forcibly strikes the eye of a stranger, and, I have no doubt, would be a source of permanent admiration to any man, who, being honoured with an acquaintance with a perruque-maker opposite, could command a view of it from the first floor. A stranger in the land, like myself, placed in the midst of Leadenhall Street, and elbowed by a deluge of people, could not raise his eyes without compromising the safety of his nose.

I was in the act of gazing at that structure, and admiring the allegorical figure of his ambi-dextrous majesty at the top, when a tawny vender of Italian images tilted his board, with its motley freight, against my shoulder, and in a moment thy Endymion lay sprawling in the mud, in unison with Bonaparte, Wesley, Belcher, a black poodle, and a green squirrel.

From the India House the transition is but short to the Mansion House, whose Egyptian hall is decorated with multitudes of stuffed mummies on the annual election of the Lord Mayor. This "laboured quarry above ground" was reared by an architect celebrated for making heavy churches and sprightly comedies—a sure way, in either case, to build for immortality. As to the

celebrated Bank of England, it bears the appearance of a congress of stones, met, heads and tails, to congratulate each other on their escape from the perils of chaos. Talleyrand calls it a huge mausoleum, sacred to the memory of departed bullion; but as he is an interested witness, his testimony must be taken *cum grano salis.*

Having alluded to Sir John Vanbrugh's churches, allow me to enlarge upon that topic. The pious Queen Anne built I do not know how many of them, to give to all her good subjects of London an equal chance of reaching heaven; and, with a laudable partiality, scattered her steeples in such irregular masses, and such odd holes and corners, that an inhabitant of London may visit the altar twice in every Sunday throughout his life, without letting his neighbour know anything of the matter. If he be religious and ashamed to own it, (no uncommon character here,) and has no dislike to the discord of bell-clappers, he has only to sally forth on a Sunday morning, and after looking about him to see if the coast is clear, pop down the next blind alley, and it is ten to one he finds himself in a magnificent Gothic church, at first inspired by a jig from the organ-loft, and afterwards exhorted by a guttural curate and a nasal clerk. Does not this remind thee of the Arabian Tales, where we sometimes read of a black slave, and a dark passage, leading the lover to a splendid saloon, adorned with emeralds, houris, coffee, and wax candles?

Such was the religious benevolence of good Queen Anne, who, in the words of a cotemporary poet, seemed resolved to "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;" and I am led to believe that the fashion of building churches expired with that venerable lady. Not that I would have thee suppose the good people of this city to be devoid of all clerical conveniences. On the contrary, there are chapels of ease, and Quaker, Presbyterian, and Methodist meetings, enough in all conscience: but none of these are possessed of that old-fashioned ornament, a steeple.

The celebrated John Bunyan is said to have styled that excrescence "the devil's extinguisher to put out the taper of true faith;" and from so seldom finding it on modern houses of religion, I am led to suppose the opinion prevalent at this day. For my own part, I feel a sort of penchant for a steeple. It often guides the pilgrim in his progress through woody and perplexed districts, and I think (with all deference to the author of the Pilgrim's Progress) that it will not much impede his journey to another world.

A stranger who enters London from the county of Surrey finds himself, before he reaches the turnpike in St. George's Fields, near a Methodist chapel, on which these words, "The House of God," are inscribed in large characters. If he be such an irreligious Levite as to slight this intimation, and crosses over the way to pursue his journey to the metropolis, he finds, on passing

the turnpike, an octagon chapel on the right, frowning defiance on the Royal Circus opposite, and warning stray souls not to prefer stage to pulpit pantomime. I am credibly informed that the founder of this tenement, who is a man of education and some humour, intends to invite classical countrymen to his conventicle, by inscribing the following lines from Virgil on the gates of the aforesaid turnpike:—

> " Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas:
> *Dextera*, quæ Ditis magni sub mœnia tendit;
> Hâc iter Elysium nobis: at *læva* malorum
> Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit."*

Do not, my dear Ambrose, contract thy sable brows, and cry "nonsense" at these irregular remarks, for they serve to beguile the solitude to which my inability to keep pace with the expensive amusements of this great city sometimes condemns me. A lank purse is an evil, but, in my opinion, a lank countenance is a greater. Moreover, I am but an insignificant performer in the seven act farce of life: then why shouldst thou wish to make me dance in the fetters of Aristotle? The unities of time and place have

> * 'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
> The right to fields Elysian safely guides;
> The left to that unhappy region tends,
> Which to the depth of Tartarus descends—
> The seat of night profound and punish'd fiends.
>
> DRYDEN.

been so sadly violated in the history of thy banished friend, that surely he may be permitted now and then to overlook them in his letters.

AN ENGLISH DINNER PARTY.

In that happy union of instruments which produces the harmony of life, I now begin to look upon the trumpet of Fame as a mere "tinkling cymbal;" and I also begin to find that, in the secret of happiness, the English are not quite such adepts as the French. It is true the wealth of the former gives them corn, wine, and oil, in abundance; but as, according to the schoolmen, nothing can be received otherwise than in proportion to the recipient, we must take into account the indigestive stomachs into which the aforesaid corn, wine, and oil, are so frequently poured. Nine Frenchmen in ten dance from morning to night to no other tune than black bread, onion soup, and salad; the same proportion of Englishmen fret themselves to suicide over the fumes of venison and mock turtle.

Sir Charles Meagrim did me the honour to notice me at Lady V——'s *déjeúner*: he understood that I was an emigrant who had snatched a small pittance from the maw of the revolution, and concluded that I must be in a fit state of

mind to condole with him, who was suffering with the accumulated pressure of birth, health, a beautiful wife, and a landed property of seven thousand pounds per annum. The worthy baronet gave me a seat in his curricle, and entertained me all the way from Chiswick to London with a history of his own grievances.

"My dear sir," said he, with a look of despondence, "you don't know what a Briton endures. In this very carriage I drove last Saturday to dine with Tom Tipple at Barnes Terrace: and, would you believe it? on my way thither I was blinded with dust, and on my return soaked with rain."

"Doubtless," answered I, "the former produced an ophthalmia, and the latter a sore throat."

"Why no," replied the baronet, "not so bad as that."

"Then," rejoined I, "your misfortune was not of that terrific magnitude I imagined. If you had, like me, endured"—

I was about to sing my own dirge, when we arrived at the corner of Panton Street. I alighted at this place, and the worthy baronet, having invited me to dinner on the following Monday, proceeded to his abode in Baker Street.

On the appointed afternoon, I was ushered through a lane of lackeys to Sir Charles's drawing-room, where I was graciously received by the

handsome Lady Meagrim, at whose side sat a young female of interesting and fashionable appearance. In about half an hour the dinner party had assembled, consisting of a young man of fashion, with grey eyes and a pimpled face, two slender officers of the guards, whose red doublets and white faces brought to my memory the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and an old swearing sea captain, with nothing polished about him except his wooden leg.

At dinner I was fortunate enough to be seated next to the young lady whose first appearance had so interested me, and in her agreeable conversation found a celestial reward for the martyrdom of being obliged to swallow large portions of madeira every second minute. The dinner was superb, and from the accurate knowledge of cookery displayed by Sir Charles and the two officers, I had little doubt of their having superintended the preparation of it in the kitchen. I can assure thee, that our Parisian *gourmands* are mere hermits to the epicures of London. The sea captain, in an interval, (made *lucid* by a glass of sparkling champagne,) cast his eyes towards me, and exclaimed, "Mounseer Endymion, I do suppose this a *maigre* day with you, because Sir Charles has no frogs at table."

"My dear Endymion," said Sir Charles, "upon my soul I beg your pardon—I quite forgot.—Lady Meagrim, my dear, how could you be so careless? If we had but thought of it on our

return from Greenwich, we might have laid in a stock at Tower ditch."

"My dear sir," answered I, blushing through my dark beard, like Sir Solomon in the song, "frogs are not to my taste. If you had as many as king Pharaoh, I could not touch one."

"Talking of Faro," squeaked the emaciated ensign on my right, "what do you think I won at Lady Shuffle's last night?"

"What do you think I lost?" vociferated the leader of squadrons.

"Capital venison, 'pon my soul!" cried the youth with grey eyes.

"What an infernal shower!" ejaculated the baronet, as the rain pettered against his plate glass.

"Red or white," answered the sea captain.

With these cross volleys, peculiar to the English, was the conversation conducted for some time, each man shutting his eyes to his neighbour's attacks, and discharging his piece at random, like Gil Blas among the robbers.

When the cloth was removed, all the male eyes, except those of thy Endymion, began to sparkle in unison with the half-pint glasses which were arranged on the table for the reception of claret. I had soon the mortification to observe Sir Charles cast a significant glance at his lady, who rose from the table, and, with her lovely associate, quitted the room.

Bumpers and politics were now the order of

the night; claret became as plentiful as water, sense and amusement as scarce as liqueurs, and all the conversation, by degrees, centered in hunting and contested elections. My fate has too nearly resembled that of Actæon to allow me much pleasure from the former topic; my ignorance of borough mysteries rendered me unequal to the latter.

Luckily, at this period, a contest of the fist, entered into in the street, by a Bermondsey tanner and a Goswell-street drayman, drew every man from the table. Even Bacchus is, in this town, unable to withstand Gully, and, in the general sympathy created by the contest, I withdrew unperceived.

On my joining Lady Meagrim, she expressed surprise as well as pleasure at seeing me so soon. "Had you lived in Paris, madam," said I, "where the myrtle is more fashionable than the vine, you would not have expressed wonder at so ordinary an occurrence."

The conversation I now enjoyed with this amiable and spouse-neglected woman, is not to be spoilt by a pen like mine. Her lovely friend gained every moment on my affections, and was in the very act of giving new charms to that impressive air, "O Giove onnipotente," in "Il Ratto di Proserpina," when, on casting my eyes downward upon a hand that emulated in whiteness the ivory over which it moved, I had the mortification to perceive—a wedding-ring! In-

stantly my eyes grew dim, the shade of Hymen in his saffron robe rose between me and the object of my affections, and poor Cupid found that his labour had been thrown away.

Alas, poor Endymion! it was always thus—looking one way and rowing another—steady topsails, and shifting ballast! But what was it to me, whether married or unmarried? Who ever saw a scarecrow like me in the garden of Eden? I am now resolved to learn wisdom. I will, like these islanders, henceforth weigh all proffered pleasures in the scales of philosophy,—I will analyse everything, and be pleased with—nothing.

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE.

MISCELLANIES IN PROSE.

THE TWO DINING-ROOMS.

Up to the 24th day of December, 1825, there was no house in London (at least not one with whose interior I am acquainted) that could vie in pleasantness of dinner-parties with George Talbot's. The mansion, not a hundred miles from a street branching from Park-lane, was one of those numerous edifices in that neighbourhood that have been successively tenanted by widows, ancient maidens, and others of that stamp, whose object in life it is to make a great show with little means. Hence a bow was thrown out of the back drawing-room window so as to overshadow the dwarf dining-rooom below, and at the same time to command a sidelong view of Lord Grosvenor's trees, together with part of the back front of his lordship's house. Upon this back front the

substitution of new iron palisades for an old brick wall has recently enabled the public to sit in judgment: and I think their sittings need not to be of an equal length with that of the inquest on the Brunswick Theatre to enable them to deliver their verdict. The exterior of the picture-gallery ought to be a deodand.

In tenements of a stamp similar to that of George Talbot, in proportion as the drawing-rooms are expanded, the dining-room is pinched. Widows and ancient maidens count more upon silver tea-spoons than upon silver dining-forks. In fact, George Talbot could not well accommodate more than eight at dinner. This circumstance was to him a source of constant lamentation. I have seen him, at least twenty times, sorrowfully measuring the dimensions of the room with his own expanded arms. "I am just six feet high," would George say upon these occasions, "and a well-made man can exactly stretch his own height, from the tips of his two fore-fingers." George, who was a well-made man in his own esteem (I should like to see the man who is not) would, thereupon, kick three or four comfortable red morocco chairs from their station against the stucco, and would go on measuring with his nose against the wall, bidding his wife note the dimensions of the apartment, like Figaro and Susanna in Mozart's opening duet, "Six, that's one stretch; twelve, that's two; eighteen, that's three. (My dear, do

take away the skreen; it's always in my way;) well, well,—never mind, I'll measure the next with my fingers." The rest measured, according to George's calculation, just eighteen inches more. So that, with a sigh, George would ejaculate, "There, I told you so. It's only eighteen feet eighteen inches long—allowing for the dwarf cupboard in the recess, it is nineteen feet six inches—call it twenty feet at the outside."

Having thus proved, mathematically, that the apartment did not exceed twenty feet in length, Talbot would next set himself sorrowfully to work to delineate its breadth. This, after stretching himself in a similar manner, roasting his knees at the fireplace, and inhaling at his nostrils the dust from the cocked-hat of a little bronze Bonaparte on the mantelpiece, was proved not to exceed sixteen feet. Twenty by sixteen; it was lamentable: he ought to apologise for inviting me to take my dinner in such an apartment; but it could not at present be helped: his lease would fall in soon, and then, if he and his landlord could agree upon terms, he would extend the apartment into the garden, and show me a dining-room as it should be.

George Talbot is a gentleman by birth, a man of talents by nature, and a scholar by art. He has, moreover, the knack of getting the best society at his table. There were generally two dummies, myself and another; for talkers with-

out listeners would be like the Savoyard and his monkey without an audience. In this humble dining-room, twenty feet by sixteen, I have sat down to dinner with Sir James Mackintosh, Rogers, William Spencer, and Jekyll, with an occasional intermixture of Luttrell, Moore, and Sidney Smith. After this enumeration, it would be superfluous to add that no pleasanter dinners were to be met with within the Bills of Mortality. In fact, they were proverbial. "Am I to meet you at the *Spotted Dog* next Wednesday?" would William Spencer say, in his careless jocose way, (a nickname of his for our host, *quasi* Talbot,) and the question was a prelude to festivity.

Still George Talbot was not satisfied. He could not deny that everything went off well: he must confess it did. "Sidney Smith talked," would he say to me, "and you held your tongue: all this was as it should be: nothing could be more proper and agreeable. But, notwithstanding, I wish the dining-room were a few feet longer and wider. Well, well, the lease will soon fall in, and then," &c. &c. *da-capo*-ing from "landlord" to "room as it should be."

Thus it habitually fared not only with me but my betters. He would take Spencer aside, and pour similar griefs into his ear. Moore had to sympathise with him on the same score. Jekyll recommended four elastic walls for that night only, by particular desire; and Sidney Smith

reminded him of the consolation of Diogenes. The last ejaculation from George, to which I was an ear-witness, occurred in the spring of 1825. He had met a man, whom I knew to be a dummy, by his open mouth, and was inviting him, interchangeably, to dinner. The north-east wind wafted into my left ear the words "Only accommodate eight," whereupon I turned round the corner of New-street, Spring-gardens, to avoid the conclusion of the sentence.

At Christmas, 1825, the old lease expired, and George bargained with his landlord for a renewed one for twenty-one years, he the said George consenting to build a new room on the basement floor, the length thereof to be thirty-five feet at the least, and the breadth twenty-five feet at the least. George brought me, with an air of great triumph, the "document," as he called it, signed and sealed. It consisted of three skins of parchment, and I was condemned to hear him read the whole of it, not omitting cellars, sollars, sinks, gutters, and wye-draughts, together with the schedule of fixtures.

"This bodes us no good," said Spencer one morning as, at an accidental rencontre, we looked through the iron railings and saw the new dining-room, yet an infant skeleton, projecting its awful bowed front into the back garden of the edifice. "The *Spotted Dog* will be over-kennelled—mark my words, he will invite the *genus*

omne from Harewood-place to Bryanstone-square, and his dinners will be like other people's."

While we were communing, Talbot joined us. This is a catastrophe which I always deplore. Never look at improvements in the presence of the improver. If you do, exit candid criticism, and enter cuckoo-noted eulogium. George, accordingly, paraded us over rafters guiltless of floors, picking our paces as though we were proving our chastity amid red-hot ploughshares; whilst he himself stretched his arms, in his wonted manner, along the naked walls, anointing the tip of his nose with moist mortar, and exclaiming, "Six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, thirty, thirty-six—no, not quite—yes it is: thirty-six feet four inches;—and now for the breadth." The latter was ascertained to be twenty-six feet: and George exclaimed, with an air like that of a man who has achieved a battle of Waterloo, "Now I shall be able to give a dinner."

I had the honour to be invited to the very first dinner that was given in the new apartment. Jekyll, Rogers, and Spencer were of the party. "Very good milk," said I to myself, "but I dread the inundation of water." Accordingly the knocker began to reverberate with sounds that actually startled the lean courser of a solitary dandy who was yet braving the north-easter in Hyde-park, although all sober Christians had long since ridden home to dress. Then came Lord and Lady Walross—Mrs. and the two

Misses Stubbs—The Wentworths—Tom Asgill in tight pantaloons—Mr. and Mrs. Wood, or Hood, or Gude, I never could ascertain which —there was also a fat red-faced Major Meredith, —and a tall man in blue, with a cork leg! In short, we were gathered together to the number of twenty-one. Talbot, full of glee at the immense army which he had brought into the field, handed down Lady Walross, on the announcement of dinner; and I brought up the rear with the junior Miss Stubbs.

I should have observed, that while Talbot could only accommodate eight, he had eight as comfortable morocco chairs as man could wish to sit upon. These were now discarded in order to accommodate twenty-two, and a set of miserable tottering narrow cane-backed concerns were substituted, which I can only compare to those tall unhappy perpendicular articles, upon which (Orpheus alone knows why) growing girls are condemned to sit at the piano. I tried to preserve my balance, and succeeded, but not until I had fallen into the lap of Mrs. Stubbs; while Mr. Wood, or Hood, or Gude, paid a similar compliment to the tall man in blue with the cork leg.

How the dinner went off I need not say. There was a confused talk about turbot, Madame Pasta, champagne, Zuchelli, hock, Rossini, Sir Walter Scott, brown bread ice, and the new buildings in the Regent's-park; but as for

Jekyll, Rogers, and Spencer, they might as well have been immured in the Catacombs.

This has now happened, to my experimental knowledge, half-a-dozen times with the same result. The best part of the joke, or rather the worst part of the tragedy, is, that George Talbot regularly finds the "quantum mutatus" of the concern. He will repeatedly say:—"Moore shines most in a small party; Jekyll ought to lead in a select few; Spencer was overtalked by that stupid Lord Walross, with his everlasting improvements at Rosehill-park. Twenty-two is too many for them," &c. &c.; and yet he regularly falls again into the same wilful error.

For myself, dummy as I am, I must say, that unless Talbot contracts the dimensions of his eating-room, as Elliston did those of Drury Lane theatre, I don't care how seldom I repeat my visits.

MISS POPE—A PORTRAIT.

When I first saw Miss Pope, she was performing Mrs. Candour in the School for Scandal. Her fellow-labourers in the theatrical vineyard were Miss Farren as Lady Teazle, and King as Sir Peter; Parsons and Dodd performed Crabtree and Backbite; Baddeley personated Moses; Smith, Charles; and John Palmer, Joseph. Here was a galaxy which the dramatic hemisphere will

not again present in one night. I have heard people wonder why the good actors in our days will not pull together in one piece, as they did when the School for Scandal first came out: meaning, I presume, as they habitually did at that period. I take the liberty to doubt the fact.

If the School for Scandal had been brought to the Theatre by "some starved hackney sonneteer or me," Parsons would not have acted Crabtree, and Dodd would have "fined" rather than perform Backbite. I even doubt whether Baddeley would have taken to the Jew. Miss Pope would unquestionably have demurred about Mrs. Candour. Not that those parts are bad ones in themselves, but there is too great an interval between the first and last appearance of the "scandalous club." They get out of the sight, and consequently out of the mind, of the audience. Moreover (which is an inexpiable sin in the perception of a player) there are better parts in the play. Why then, it may be asked, did those eminent performers act these characters? I answer, because the play was written by a manager. When, many years afterwards, Miss Pope attended the rehearsal of Frederick Reynolds's play, "The Will," I beheld her (for the first and last time I ever witnessed it) a little out of humour. "O, Mr. Reynolds," exclaimed the lady, turning over the leaves of her manuscript, "this is a very bad part." "Very, Ma'am," was the answer; "but, bad as it is, I can't make it

better." Now, be it remembered, that Reynolds was not a manager, and moreover, that he was not a regular writer for Drury-lane Theatre. His movements thither were eccentric. The Will, Cheap Living, and The Caravan, were the only wares he ever carried to that market. This may account for the lady's petulance, and may perhaps excuse it.

Nicknames are often given at hazard. Miss Pope's private alias, in certain theatrical circles, was Mrs. Candour; originating partly from her playing that part, and partly from her readiness to undertake the defence of any person who happened to be run down. I owe it to truth to declare my conviction that, in adopting that course, not a particle of irony or sarcasm was mingled with her encomiums. I never heard her speak ill of any human being. This, in a theatre, where there is so much ill, and so many people disposed to speak it, is surely no faint praise. I have sometimes been even exasperated by her benevolence. In cases of the most open delinquency, I could never entice her into indignation. "I adore my profession," I have heard her say more than once. She might, therefore, think it policy, at all events, to uphold the professors, in the same way as the sex uphold each other in the article of marriage. You never can prevail upon female A to admit that female B has become an old maid from want of offers. It is constantly a matter of choice. She has bad health: she was

attached to a young man who died at Monmouth: she is devoted to her sister's children: or she won't quit her father. Anything rather than the fact.

I saw Miss Pope, for the second time, in the year 1790, in the character of Flippanta, in Sir John Vanbrugh's licentious comedy, The Confederacy. Miss Farren was the City Wife, Clarissa; Moody, the husband; John Palmer, the Dick Amlet; John Bannister, the roguish servant Brisk; and Mrs. Jordan, the Corinna. The last-mentioned part was formerly, however, personated by Miss Pope: witness the encomium of Churchill in the Rosciad.

> "With all the native vigour of sixteen,
> Among the merry troops conspicuous seen,
> See lively Pope advance in jig and trip,
> Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
> Not without art, but yet to nature true,
> She charms the town with humour just yet new.
> Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
> The fatal time when Clive shall be no more."

This poem was published in the year 1761; and when "the fatal time" which it prognosticated had arrived, Miss Pope wrote Poor Kitty Clive's Epitaph. It may be seen on a mural tablet in Twickenham churchyard, commencing as follows:—

> "Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim."

"She was one of my earliest and best friends," said Miss Pope, "I usually spent a month with her during the summer recess, at her cottage adjoining to Horace Walpole's villa at Strawberry-hill. One fine morning I set off in the Twicken-

ham passage-boat to pay her a visit. When we came to Vauxhall, I took out a book and began to read." "O, Ma'am," said one of the watermen, "I hoped we were to have the pleasure of hearing you talk." "I took the hint," added the benevolent lady, "and put up my book." She asked me if I remembered Horace Walpole. I could only say, as Pope said of Dryden, "Virgilium tantum vidi." The only time I ever beheld him was when I went, about the year 1793, in Undy's passage-boat to Twickenham. He was standing upon the lawn in front of his house. "He *could* be very pleasant," said Miss Pope. "He often came to drink tea with us at Mrs. Clive's cottage; and he could be very unpleasant." "In what way?" said I. "O, very snarling and sarcastic," was the answer.

When young people look at old people, they find a great difficulty in imagining that the latter were formerly as young as themselves. When I first became acquainted with the lady in question, namely, about the year 1807, she had passed her grand climacteric, and was consequently gifted with a bulky person, and a duplicity of chin. "Is it possible," said I to myself, "that this old woman could ever have verified Churchill's assertion 'Native vigour of sixteen?' Ridiculous!" And yet the matter is mathematically a fact: nay more, Miss Pope was once in love! I had "the soft confession" from her own lips; and as I was not sworn to secrecy, and the lady has long since joined the Capulets, the reader shall have it too.

The scene of the acknowledgment lay in Miss Pope's back drawing-room, at her house in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields, situate within two doors of the Freemasons' Tavern, on the Lincoln's-inn Fields side. She had then lived there for a period of forty years. The room was hung round with portraits of people who had been gathered to their fathers half a century before. "Who is this, Madam?" said I, pointing to a three-quarters as large as life. "That is the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield," answered Miss Pope. I stood up to look at that once high-prized beauty, and repeated from Pope's Imitation of Horace's Second Satire, (I firmly believe the imitation to be his, though he denied it,)

> "The tribe of templers, players, apothecaries,
> Pimps, poets, wits, Lord Fannys, Lady Marys,
> And all the court in tears, and half the town,
> Lament dear charming Oldfield dead and gone.
> Engaging Oldfield! who with grace and ease
> Could join the Arts to ruin and to please."

"Ah, well, we must not believe all that Pope said of her," answered the companion of Kitty Clive. "See what a fine marked tragic brow she has! I myself believe she was a very good woman." "And who is that little child upon whose head her right hand rests?" inquired I. "Did you never see," answered the lady, "a very old man walking about town named General Churchill?" "I have." "Well, that child is he!" Here was another surprise to my then

juvenile imagination. General Churchill, aged eighty, once a little boy in petticoats! Miracles will never cease! In the hurry of business I quite omitted to ask Miss Pope how "a very good woman," named Oldfield, could have a son named Churchill.

Over the sofa hung an engraved likeness of a gentleman, whose ponderous quantum of hair was buckled up behind, like the tails of my old maiden aunt Leonora's coach-horses. "That is Baron Newnham, the present Earl of Harcourt," said the owner of the mansion. I bowed acquiescence. "And pray who is this?" said I, turning to a portly gentleman in pearl-coloured dittos, with a laced cocked-hat under his arm. "Oh, that," said the lady, in a hesitating sort of a flurry, "that is Mr. Holland!" I thought it rather odd that Holland should be the only *Mister* of the party: and I said to myself, as Gibbett said when he heard that Aimwell had gone to church, "that looks suspicious."

I gradually obtained the contents of the old lady's heart upon the subject of the said Holland, who, as the reader will find on consulting Tom Davies's Life of Garrick, was an actor of celebrity in his day. The ugly curly-pated lap-dog having been now silenced by several flirts from a scented cambric handkerchief, Miss Pope confessed her early love and her early disappointment. "Mr. Holland and myself," said the fair sexagenarian, "were mutually attached. I had reason to expect

that he would soon make me an offer of his hand. Mr. Garrick (*here* was a second Mister, but this proceeded from the posthumous awe inspired by the shade of a manager and sole proprietor,) "Mr. Garrick warned me of his levities and his gallantries; but I had read that a reformed rake makes the best husband, and I hoped that I should find it to be so. One day I went to visit Mrs. Clive in the Richmond coach. The coach stopped to bait at Mortlake, when, whom should I see pass me rapidly in a post-chaise but Mr. Holland, in company with a lady! I could not discern who the lady was; but I felt a pang of jealousy which kept me silent for the rest of the journey. I got out of the coach at the King's Head, near the present bridge, and, with my little wicker basket in my hand, I set off to walk along Twickenham meadows to Strawberry Hill. When I came opposite the Eel-pie Island, I saw the same parties in a boat together; and I then discovered that Mr. Holland's companion was the notorious Mrs. Baddeley. He looked confused when he saw me, and tried to row across to the Richmond side; but the weeds prevented him. I met him on the Tuesday following at a rehearsal. He had done wrong, and he knew it; but he tried to veil his degradation by an air of *hauteur*. I was as proud as he; and from that time we never exchanged a word. He afterwards made love to this, that, and t'other woman; but I have reason to know that he never was really happy." Here the old lady wiped away a tear, which the remem-

brance of what happened forty years before had caused to trickle down her cheek.

I cannot despatch this fickle Mr. Holland without relating an anecdote in which he was posthumously concerned. I sat in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre one evening about twenty years ago, when one of Shakspeare's historical plays was performed, embracing "all the strength of the house," accompanied by the usual portion of its weakness. Two worthies sat within earshot of me, between whom an exchange of play-bills produced a temporary intimacy. They conversed to the following effect:—"Do you often come here, sir?" "Yes, sir, now and then. I see by this bill that almost all their actors are engaged." "Yes, sir." "Actors live to a great age, sir." "Yes, sir, some of them." "Now here, sir," said the first speaker, "here, sir, is Holland: he was an actor, sir, in Garrick's time, and yet we have him in the bill for to-night." "True, sir," answered the second speaker, "and here is another of the Garrick school—Mr. Powell: he's in the bill too; he must be no chicken by this time." I thought at the moment of proving to both speakers, as Partridge says, "that this Mr. Jones was not that Mr. Jones," and that of the two Garrick contemporaries whom they had named, the one, if living, would be now ninety-six years of age, and the other a hundred and four. But I left them in the thick of their error. People in the pit of Drury Lane "conceive better than they combine."

The Widow Racket in Mrs. Cowley's "Belle's Stratagem" was one of Miss Pope's best parts. It is difficult to describe action in words. Miss Pope's usual manner of exhibiting piquant carelessness consisted in tossing her head from right to left, and striking the palm of each hand with the back of its fellow, at the same moment casting her eyes upward with an air of *nonchalance*. Miss Mellon, who came after her, came nearest to her in this manner; but still it was "*haud passibus æquis*."

One morning, on turning the corner of Great Queen Street, with the intention of making a visit, I beheld the carriage of Lord Harcourt, (his lordship's official vehicle as Master of the Horse to the Queen,) standing at the door. The chariot was blood-red, the horses were coal-black, and the coachman and footman were in a complete armour of gold lace. Venturing in was out of the question; so I passed the door, and loitered in front of a broker's shop about seven doors nearer to Lincoln's-inn Fields, and close abutting upon the chapel.

In a few minutes the royal carriage departed, and I knocked at the door. I walked upstairs, and on entering the drawing-room, I found Miss Pope still in the attitude of graceful deference in which his lordship had left her. Her hands were crossed upon her stomacher, and her eyes were modestly bent towards the earth. She still felt the influence of the patrician deity,

although he had corporeally ceased to fill the vacant blue-damask arm-chair, which fronted her on the opposite side of the fire-place.

I attended the last appearance of this estimable woman in public. It was on the 26th of May, 1808; the character was Deborah Dowlas, in the "Heir at Law." A week before, she had talked with me about the manner in which she should dress the character, and I answered, In black bombazeen. Miss Pope stared; but I proved to her that not only Deborah Dowlas, but all the rest of the dramatis personæ, ought, properly speaking, to assume suits of sable. "Attend," said I, while her sister Susan counted them up on her fingers. "All the Dowlases should wear black as relatives of the deceased Lord Duberly. Henry Moreland should do the same as his son; and Steadfast as a friend of the family. Clerical custom requires Doctor Pangloss to be attired in black. Caroline Dormer has recently lost her father, and so have Zekiel and Cicely Homespun: Caroline Dormer's first servant Kenrick," added I, "must of course do as his mistress does: and this makes up the whole of the party."

Susan, who was a matter-of-fact personage, thought me right; but Miss Pope, notwithstanding, was not "fondly overcome" by my argument, but dressed Deborah Dowlas as her predecessors had done. This leave-taking was in character and in rhyme, both of which I thought objectionable. The character, Audrey, that of a female fool,

should, at all events, not have been assumed. The last line of the farewell address still dwells in my memory. "And now poor Audrey bids you all farewell." The example of Miss Pope's friend and patron, Garrick, in a similar situation, might have taught her better. He expressed himself as follows:—"The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction, would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed." This was as it should be.

Miss Pope ended her days in a house in Newman-street. I felt grieved when she quitted Queen-street, and so I believe did she. The pictures had in a measure grown to the walls; and though the mansion was rather too near to the Freemasons' Tavern, whence, on a summer evening when windows are per force kept open, the sounds of "Prosperity to the deaf and dumb charity," sent forth a corresponding clatter of glasses, which made every body in Miss Pope's back drawing-room, for the moment, fit objects of that benevolent institution; still a residence of forty years and upwards is not to be parted from without regret.

Miss Pope gave an evening party at her new residence, about a twelvemonth after her retreat from the stage, at which, I remember, the late Mr. Justice Grose was present, as well as a great

number of other highly respectable persons of either sex; many of them, as I then learned, from the purlieus of St. James's Palace. Here I beheld her in society for the last time. She shortly afterwards was attacked by a stupor of the brain: and this once lively and amiable woman, who had entertained me repeatedly with anecdotes of people of note in her earlier days, sat quietly and calmly in an arm-chair by the fire-side, patting the head of her poodle-dog, and smiling at what passed in conversation, without being at all conscious of the meaning of what was uttered.

Upon a candid review of my pursuits and feelings at the period above described, it appears to me that I was a much happier man then than I now am. Upon recollection I find that, about that time Lewis the comedian let me, by anticipation, into the cause of this. We were walking homeward from the Keep-the-line club, then held at the British coffee-house. Lewis asked me my age, and I answered "thirty." "Stick to that, my dear boy," said the veteran, "and you will do. I myself was thirty once. I was fool enough to let it go by; and I have regretted it ever since."

CIVIC SPORTS.—NO. I.

(Extracted from the Journal of Simon Swandown.)

Shooting.

"The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes." GAY.

MONDAY, Sept. 1. 9 A. M.—Took down from back attic my legacy gun, so called because it became mine under the will of Sir Diggory Drysalt, my maternal uncle. Used by him, with tremendous effect, when a grenadier in Colonel Birch's first Loyal London, in the battles of Shad Thames and Primrose-hill. Thought it prudent to ascertain the death of this Gunpowder Percy: drew out the ramrod, and thrust it down the barrel; felt a soft substance at bottom, and trembled; screwed up my courage and the soft substance, and found the latter to be a doll's pincushion, probably pushed in by little Sally. Borrowed Bob's duster and Molly's scouring-paper, and rubbed off the rust. Looked about for a game-bag, and luckily alighted upon my uncle's haversack, in which I moreover found seventeen old cartridges. Put on my shooting-dress, viz. my white hat, my stone-blue coat and black velvet collar, my white Marcella waistcoat, my India dimity under ditto, my nankeen trousers, and my ditto gaiters, not forgetting my military boots and brass spurs. Jammed down ramrod till it rang again, to the

great terror of Mrs. Swandown, of whom I took leave, singing—

> "Adieu, adieu, my only life,
> My honour calls me from thee."

Set off, in high spirits, to meet Jack Juniper, Kit Cursitor, and Tom Tiffany, by appointment, at half-past nine, at the Cumberland Arms, opposite St. Luke's Hospital, in the City Road. Saw a poll-parrot at a window in Carpenter's Buildings: longed for a shot, but housemaid too sharp. Terrier puppy barked at a bedstead in Broker's Row: looked round, and found that she had made a point at a bulfinch—cocked and levelled, but broker kept walking to and fro. Arrived at place of appointment without seeing any more game. Found Jack Juniper and Kit Cursitor discussing a plate of biscuits and a couple of glasses of brandy and water. Waited twenty minutes for Tom Tiffany; Jack, in the mean while, to pass the time, said he would play "Water parted" with his finger upon the rim of the rummer: could not catch the tune, probably because it was all in one note. Examined our pieces: Kit's wanted a flint, and Jack's lock too rusty to go, though he pulled till he nearly sprained his fore-finger. Borrowed some oil, with three wasps in it, of the barmaid, and got a flint from a bald pavier in the road. Rang the bell to pay, when who should turn up but Tom Tiffany, in high dudgeon: back up, like the half-moon at Lower

Holloway. Told us his brother Sam had walked off with the family fowling-piece across Shoulder of Mutton Fields, to slaughter snipes in Hackney Brook. Asked landlord if he could lend us a gun, but he had nothing but a horse-pistol. Hobson's choice, so Tom had nothing to do but to take it. Too short to bring down pheasants, but quite long enough to do for the little birds.

10 A.M.—Marched up the City Road singing—

"By dawn to the downs we repair."

Looked sharp to the right and left, and saw a hen and two chickens pecking under a wheelbarrow on the road-side. Jack Juniper seized the three dogs by the collar, that they might not run in and frighten the game. Kit and Tom stole upon tiptoe to within six yards of the barrow, when the Tally-ho Paddington coach sent hen and chickens scampering into a front garden in Pleasant Row. Swore that Tally-ho should never see another eighteen-pence of my money. Halted to rest ourselves upon the bridge on the Regent's Canal. Looked over the parapet, and pointed our guns downwards to nab the sea-gulls as they came through the arch. Saw something red steal out: took it for a pheasant, and cocked: proved to be a bargeman's cap: grounded arms again, and saw him steer his vessel into a sort of water pound. Asked baker's boy about it: boy said it was in the lock, and that the bank on the other side was the key. Threatened to shoot him,

if he gave me any more of his sauce. Kept an eye on barge, and saw it begin to sink. Wondered at the coolness of the Father Red-cap, who walked from stem to stem, smoking his pipe as if nothing was the matter. Kit Cursitor said they had scuttled it on purpose to chouse the underwriters, and that he had known the captain of a Dutch schooner hanged for similar practices. Kit talked of advising the underwriters to defend the action, and pay the premium into court; when lo and behold the barge took a lower level, and slid off through the farther water-gate. Strolled on to Sadler's Wells, and halted at a lamp-post to read play-bills. Betted Jack Juniper a shilling that he would not hit the words "Water fiend" at ten yards off:—fired, and lodged two shots in the W. Stood for ten minutes looking into the New River, and counting the straws that floated down it, with now and then a child's paper-boat by way of a change. Tom Tiffany chucked a boy's hoop-stick into the stream—black poodle jumped in after it, and brought it out, wagging his tail—shook his coat, and splashed my nankeens:—thought of calling Tom to account for it, but did not like the looks of his horse-pistol.

11 A. M.—Pushed our guns under an old woman's wheelbarrow, and started a Tom cat—game made for Pentonville, we following—fired my piece, and brought him down in the chapel-yard—looked about for churchwarden to borrow keys—luckily, Deputy Dewlap's funeral just then

entered at south gate: followed in the wake of mourners, picked up cat, and popped him into Cursitor's blue bag. Trotted on to Islington, swerved to the right, and entered fields at the back of Canonbury-house: saw five strange-looking birds trying to hide themselves in a glass case. All four fired: Tom's pistol flashed in the pan, but the guns went off: down went the birds, and up ran a tall fellow in a blue apron, swearing that we should pay for shooting his stuffed birds. Found to our surprise that they were dead before we came near them. Man in blue apron asked for our license, but Lawyer Kit gave it as his opinion that none was legally requisite to shoot a dead bird. Subscribed for a purse of nine and sixpence to quiet the proprietor, and resolved to be more cautious in future.

12 M.—Strolled up Highbury-place, wondering at the beauty of the gentlemen's seats on our right, which lay so thick that they could not push a brick between: charmingly contiguous to the city: nothing wanting but a speaking-trumpet to ask the news at Batson's. Heard a rumbling in our rear: looked round, and beheld the Highbury coach, which stopped alongside of us, and let loose a woman from the inside, and a boy from the box. Woman with luggage enough to stock the Barnet van. Saw her give a canary-bird in charge to the housemaid: loitered about premises, and in about two minutes saw the cage stowed on the dresser of the kitchen: peeped down area:

half-cocked uncle's legacy, but could not get rid of confounded cook chopping parsley in the window. Scrambled over five-barred gate to join my companions, who had made a short cut for Holloway: obstructed by a dry ditch; took a run to leap it; forgot my spurs, which caught in each other, and sent me on my hands and knees on the opposite side of the gap. Piece went off in my fall, and killed a duck. Crammed the defunct into my haversack, and came up with my cronies close to the turnpike. They took the pathway, but I followed the Bedford coach through the gate. Stopped by gatekeeper, who demanded three half-pence: would not pay, and referred it to Lawyer Kit, who gave it in favour of gatekeeper, pointing to the board upon which rate of tolls was printed, viz. "For every horse, mule, or ass, three half-pence." Tossed down the coppers, and walked on. Halted at corner of Duval's Lane: drove of geese: called a council of war: Jack Juniper offered the driver two shillings to let him fire among the flock: bargain made: Jack let fly, and missed: geese set up a general hiss, and Kit advised us to discontinue the action.

1 P. M.—Turned down a green lane on our left, thinking that the game on the high road might be too wild. Drove a gander before us, holding out our guns in a slanting direction, while Tom Tiffany with his horse-pistol kept the dogs at bay. Looked over our shoulders, and, when we found

ourselves out of view from the road, fired a volley. All missed: gander screamed, and was making past us back to the highway, when, with admirable presence of mind, I knocked him on the head with the butt-end of my piece. Gave him a thump each to secure ourselves of his demise, and crammed him into Kit's blue bag, which he filled choke full, like a bill in Chancery.

2 P. M.—Steered on towards Pancras, wondering at the romantic beauties that met us at every turning: caught a peep at the Small-pox Hospital, and longed for a pop at a patient. Put up a couple of gipsies and a donkey: recovered arms just in time: had my fortune told, viz. that I should stand upon some boards that would slip from under me: walked back to Kit for a solution: could make neither head nor tail of it: resolved to ask the exciseman at the club: determined to make a knot in my handkerchief as a memorandum, and found gipsies had eased me of my yellow Barcelona. Walked back to shoot them for the larceny, but found, as Kit expressed it, the writ returned *non est inventus*. Arrived at Holywell Mount: read printed notice, "It is lawful to shoot rubbish here:" took the hint, fired, and blew Jerry Bentham off a book-stall.

3 P. M.—Dinner at the Adam and Eve, Camden Town. Pigeon-pie at top, and lamb-chops at bottom. Tom Tiffany in the chair, and I deputy. Asked Tom for a piece of the pie: carving-knife

slipped, and in went his fist through the top crust, penetrated the pigeon, and stuck in the beefsteak sod at the base. "Now *your hand's in*," said Jack Juniper, "I'll thank you for some of that pie." Tom wiped the gravy from his wrist-band, and did not seem to relish the joke, but all the rest of us laughed ready to kill ourselves. Asked the waiter if he had any ginger beer: answered "Yes, sir," and rushed out, returning instantly with a stone bottle. Began to loosen wire: bottle hissed and spit like a roasting apple: all looked on in awful silence: at length out bounced the cork, and hit Tom Tiffany on the bridge of his nose: Tom cocked his pistol to return his adversary's fire: but the other bawling "Coming, sir," bolted through the door like lightning: poured out foaming liquor in a glass, meaning to take a delicious draught, and found that I had swallowed a concern in which vinegar, brickdust, and soapsuds, were the working partners.

4 P. M.—Prowled round the brick-fields near the Newington road, to start birds that love a warm climate. Saw a hopping raven with its left wing clipped: went up within a yard of it, and brought it down: clapped the black game into my haversack, and told a milk-maid that the brood came over from Norway every autumn. Eyed Deputy Firkin's apple-tree that hung over the New River: felt very desirous of bring-

ing down a leash of pippins, but saw a little man in black on the watch. Jack Juniper shut both his eyes and pulled his trigger: down dropt the man: all took to their heels, with our heads full of the new drop. At length says Lawyer Kit, "Let's go back and get him an apothecary; if he dies after that, it will be only felo de se." Back we stole in sad tribulation, and found to our great relief that Jack had shot a scarecrow. Tom changed trousers with the deceased, his own being a little the worse for wear: Canonbury clock began to toll, and we made the best of our way towards the Shepherd and Shepherdess, firing in the air to take the chance of whatever might be flying that way. Saw a fine turkey under a wicker enclosure: rammed down cartridge: presented and pulled trigger: no effects: remembered Gargle's prescription as to pills—

> "If one won't do,
> Why, then, take two;"

and rammed down another cartridge; still no effects: ditto with four more: at last bang off went my musket: thought there was an end of the world: fell senseless upon my back, and when I opened my eyes found Tom Turpentine smacking my palms with an old shoe, taken from an adjoining dust-heap, and Jack Juniper pouring water into my mouth taken from an adjoining ditch.

5 P. M.—Felt much soreness about my left shoulder, and determined to poach no more upon Finsbury Manor. Climbed up an Islington coach: took a seat upon the box, and put my fire-arms between my legs, and my bag in the the boot. Descended at the back of the 'Change, crossed into Lombard-street, and, having arrived safe and sound in Bush-lane, gave Molly the game to dress for supper, and walked up stairs to drink a comfortable dish of tea with Mrs. Swandown.

CIVIC SPORTS, NO. II.

[Extracted from the Journal of Simon Swandown.]

The Wedding Day.

First they kiss'd,
Then shook fist,
And look'd like two fools just a-going to marry.—*Old Song.*

Saturday, Nov. 15, 1823.—9 A. M. Dressed myself in my new blue coat, white waistcoat, diamond shirt-pin, sea-green small clothes, and white silk stockings, not forgetting a pair of white kid gloves, to attend celebration of marriage of Betsy, third daughter of my old friend Benjamin Blueball, the pawnbroker in Fleet-street, with Richard Highdry, son of Ezekiel Highdry, the tobacconist in Long-lane, Smith-

field. Waited half an hour for my wife, who had solemnly engaged to "get on her things" at nine precisely. No time for breakfast; but as Blueball had promised us a magnificent one in Fleet-street, that did not much matter. To save time, walked down stairs to shop, and served Clutterbuck's clerk with two quires of foolscap and a quarter of a pound of red sealing-wax; he evidently all the while much puzzled to account for my early finery. Wife's flounces being at length adjusted, set off as gay as larks, in a hackney chariot, up from Bush-lane toward place of appointment. Stopped by a coal-waggon at corner of Cannon-street, while carter was throwing down empty sacks, and bawling one, two, three, four! Wife thrust out of window her head, covered with a white beaver hat, ornamented with white ostrich feathers tipped with scarlet, and told counting man that we were in a hurry. Carter grinned, and answered, "Then you had better wait till your hurry is over!" Wife drew back in anger, observing, however, that the fellow really had not a bad set of teeth. Coalheavers and chimney-sweeps always have white teeth. Val. Verjuice says, it proceeds from the blackness of their faces; as a Drury-lane message-bearer looks a capital actor when planted among the sticks on Richmond-green. Drove through Lombard-street, and along Cheapside; feeling a serene complacency at being well dressed. Turned toward St. Paul's, when wife gave a loud scream as if she

was stuck, and, with a pull at the check-string that almost brought the driver's little finger into her lap, exclaimed that she had quite forgotten a toy for little Sally Blueball. Deviated to corner of Paternoster-row, and stopped at Dunnett's toy and Tunbridge warehouse, with rocking-horses enough to stock both theatres. Paviers and passengers made an awe-struck alley to let us pass. Much deliberation before final decision. Leaden rope-dancers, tumble-down London cries, nut-cracking human heads, and wax dolls with moveable eyes, successively chosen and rejected. Wife at length pitched upon a little white dog, who, on being earnestly pressed, barked under his fore-paws. Had a private opinion that it sounded more like a cuckoo, but was too prudent to give it utterance.

10 A. M.—Arrived safely in Fleet-street, wife desiring Blueball's shopman to be particularly careful of her shawl. Ushered up stairs, and introduced in form to the assembled company. Heard my own name repeated above twenty times, and longed for Bishop to set the serenade to music: "Sir Christopher Contract, Mr. Simon Swandown; Mr. Simon Swandown, Sir Christopher Contract; Mr. Simon Swandown, Sir Samuel Suffrage; Sir Samuel Suffrage, Mr. Simon Swandown," Ditto (*wicy warcy*, as the man has it in "Sweethearts and Wives,") with Mr. John Blueball and Mr. Peter Blueball, brothers of our host. Ditto with Mr. Prune and Mr. Pob-

joy, brother and half-brother of Mrs. Blueball. Head hardly settled, when it was set dizzy again by similar changes rung between my wife and the wives of the aforesaid. Observed three old ladies, dressed, poor creatures! in white muslin at this inclement season, seated near the fire, and staring at the hearth-rug. Asked Blueball, in a whisper, who they were? was answered, in another whisper, that they were maiden aunts of Mrs. Blueball, who had come up to London on purpose; that he did not at this moment recollect their names, nor where they came from; he knew it was from some place beginning with an M. It might be Malton, or Maidstone, or Margate: no, that was not it: he was pretty sure it was either Malmsbury, Manchester, or Mauritania: at all events, it began with an M. After the storm of introduction, sea settled into a dead calm, nobody knowing what to talk about. Mrs. Blueball hereupon pulled nursery-bell, and a shower-bath of brats ensued. Wife now produced white dog, which was received by little Sally, who, in the hurry of possession, quite forgot the requisite curtsey. That homage being performed at the instigation of mamma, wife put urchin up to the barking process, and the whole house ere long echoed "cuckoo:"—odd overture to a marriage festival!

11 A. M. A knock at the street-door announced the advent of the bridegroom, and brought Betsy the bride into the room, supported by Emma and

Harriet, her two elder sisters. A general rising, accompanied by that sort of compassionate attention which is bestowed upon gentlemen in the press-yard while their fetters are being knocked off. Betsy's eyes red; dressed in order to look particularly well, and consequently never looked so ill. In two seconds in stalked Richard Highdry. Ribbed white silk stockings, and breeches of the colour of our Elizabeth's canary-bird; hair auburn, according to the Miss Blueballs; but had he come upon any errand short of courtship, I am convinced they would have dubbed it red. A hurried bow and a blush denoted the iniquity of his object. Seated himself, as in duty bound, next to his mistress upon a music-stool. Offered him a chair; but he answered, in a tone of affected indifference, "No, thank you, this will do very well;" vibrating and creaking all the while like a tin chimney cap in a high wind. Another knock, and an announcement of two dingy-looking trustees under the marriage settlement. Blueball in high spirits, snapping his fingers, jingling his keys in his breeches pocket, and darting his physiognomy into every body's face, like one in quest of his wits. Mrs. Blueball communicated apart with one of the dingy trustees, who thereupon thus addressed the company: "It is time to go to church. St. Bride's being such a mere step, it is settled that we go on foot." Bride now applied sal volatile to her nostrils, and groom, in my humble opinion, looked like a

decided ass. Written paper produced by other trustee, setting forth order of precedence: viz. Mr. Blueball and bride, Mrs. Blueball and groom, Sir Christopher Contract and Lady Suffrage, Sir Samuel Suffrage and Lady Contract, Bob Blueball and my wife, myself and Mauritanian aunt No. 1, Peter Blueball and ditto No. 2, Mr. Prune and ditto No. 3, the two dingy trustees with Emma and Harriet Blueball, and Mr. Pob-joy with the French teacher. Troops filed off, and descended to street-door. Order of march much impeded by a string of Meux's drays extending from Temple Bar to the Hand-in-Hand fire-office. Three first couple darted between two drays, remainder left on pavement in front of door. Mauritanian aunts thus separated, to their no small terror. Forces at length congregated safely in St. Bride's church. Rank and file ranged round the altar. Audible sobs from mamma, and serious symptoms of hysterics from Emma. Bridegroom fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for ring; would gladly have given him mine, but wife would not let me. On being questioned whether he would take Betsy Blueball for his lawful wife, groom waited half a second, as if to deliberate, and at length out bolted "I will!" like a pellet from a popgun.

12 M. Order of return impeded at corner of Bridge Street by Bethel Union charity-boys, in dwarf leather breeches, headed by Lord Gambier, and tailed by Mr. Wilberforce, singing a

suitable hymn in duetto. Hundreds of servant-maids looking out of garret windows. Safe back at starting-post. Magnificent breakfast in the mean time set out in drawing-room. Found juniors of family busy in making up packets of bride-cake, with little bits drawn through the ring for special favourites. Wife made me cram ours into my coat pocket; grease evidently oozing through: did not quite approve of having my new blue coat pocket made a buttery hatch, but thought it expedient to say nothing. Coffee handed round by simpering maid. Bridegroom, having one hand round bride's waist, reached his cup too carelessly in the other, and consequently tilted half its contents upon his own canary shorts. The latter, in the parts thus deluged, assumed an autumnal tinge not ill suited to the season. More finger-snapping and tomfooling from Blueball, who exhibited in triumph the key of the street-door, swearing that, on a day of such fun and jollity, nobody should depart till midnight. Looked about for the fun and jollity: Momus's writ returned *non est inventus*.

1 P. M. Affairs at a dead stand-still. Piano opened by Emma. Three aunts reinstated near the hearth-rug. Two of them beckoned their former captives, but youngsters hung fire, as not approving of any more head-patting. Bride tried her hand at "She loves and loves for ever," but burst into tears at the second line, and finished the business with a glass of water. Two dingy

trustees began to pore over draft of marriage settlement: the words, "3 per cents.—vested—body—issue, if any—then to such only child—*toties quoties*," being distinctly audible. Flattened my nose against window-pane, and betted sixpences with Bob Blueball upon passing hackney-coaches: if number above 500, I was to pay him; if below, he me. Hack chaise and pair drove up to door to convey happy couple, accompanied by Nancy, to Star and Garter at Richmond. Kisses, tears, and farewells. Bridegroom's asinine aspect in no way diminished. Tried to get a kiss from the bride, and got my mouth full of Brussels lace.

2 P. M. Ennui banished by political discussion. Sir Christopher contended that Lord Holland ought to be thrown into the sea; and Sir Samuel Suffrage swore that Mr. Canning deserved to be hanged. Thought to soften down matters, as I do at home; so I suggested that Mr. Canning should only be half hanged, and that Lord Holland should be sunk only up to the middle in Probert's pond. Proposition treated by both parties with an indignant frown, as proceeding from a wretch who knew nothing of the matter. Took up Morning Chronicle, and read for the fourth time account of sale at Gill's Hill cottage. Mr. Prune, a great collector of curiosities, showed me a feather from the bed that Miss Noyes slept in the night of the murder, knocked down to him yesterday by Page the auctioneer at 4*l.* 10*s.*

Had nearly finished that article, and was setting about reading the whole paper, beginning with No. 17,028, and ending with "Printed and published," when old Blueball whisked the paper out of my hand, and exclaimed, "What! reading? no reading to-day. This is, as Tom Thumb says, 'a day of fun and jollity.'" Wondered when the fun and jollity was to begin. Looked out of the window, and envied the black sweeper officiating at the base of Wilkes's pedestal.—N.B. Idleness a very laborious trade. If any youth has no objection to a fatiguing occupation, let him be bound apprentice to a nothing-to-do man.

3 P. M. Determined to stand it no longer. Watched opportunity, when host was chuckling and poking the ribs of trustee at the window, to open parlour-door softly. Stole down stairs on tiptoe; rushed out of back door; quickened my pace; and on entering Paternoster-row, bobbed swiftly to the left, and dived into the viscera of Newgate-market. Slackened my pace, no longer dreading pursuit: walked leisurely along Cheapside, the Poultry, and Cornhill; and, with great delight, in full 'Change, mixed myself with Jews, jobbers, brokers, and Turkey merchants. Was in the very act of looking at stone-mason chipping the smut from the dilated nostrils of George the First, when somebody gently touched my elbow, and, on turning round, to my great consternation beheld Blueball's shopman,

who, touching his hat, exclaimed, " Beg pardon, Sir, but master says you must come back." Gave him a shilling to promise to say he could not meet with me. Went home, and caught Peter Pencil, my foreman, practising the jumping waltz with Betty, with a blind fiddler aiding and abetting upon a two-stringed kit.

5 P. M.—Went back to dinner. Hints from old Blueball to me to propose health of bride and bridegroom: trembled as I filled my glass: had the requisite speech quite by heart yesterday, having been heard by wife without missing a word. Got upon my legs, and transposed a dozen initials, viz.—said that I rose to toast a propose, which I had no doubt the company would delight with a great deal of drink; that I was not much used to spublic peaking, and therefore should merely health the drink of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Highdry, and may they be a cappy hupple!" Speech received with great applause, notwithstanding the hey contrary sides of its consonants. Mrs. Blueball burst into tears in order to return thanks—felt highly flattered by the flattering manner in which, &c.; that she had lost the flower of her flock, (here the eldest survivor reddened—she should never see her equal, (here the second survivor bridled)—she hoped and trusted she never should lose another. (Here Emily, just come out, giggled and cast a glance upon her flirting associate Peter Prune, as much as to say, " I would not be a good offer in her way.") She

hoped the company had been feasted to their satisfaction (applause): she left the management of the wine to Mr. Blueball, but in justice to herself she must say she bought the almonds and raisins from Groom's opposite, and blanched the former with her own hands. (Great and continued applause.)

7 P. M. — Sad symptoms of music. Heard Bob Blueball squeaking a preparatory tenor, and Mr. Peter Prune, who piques himself upon his bass, grumbling in his gizzard. Anticipated with horror the accustomed routine, viz. "Hark the lark," the "Loadstars," "When shall we three meet again?" and "Drink to me only," for the ninety-ninth time. Entertained an apprehension that the parties might even be "Deserted by the waning moon," when providentially a cry of "Fire!" saluted our ears from the street. Ran to the window, threw back the curtain, and found it to proceed from two butcher's boys, who with pop-guns were playing at duels. Said nothing, but walked back with a grave face. Wife in hysterics already. Beheld the Albion engines pumping in at the parlour-window. Insisted, if I loved her, that I should call a hackney-coach, greeting me with accustomed rondeau, "Do make haste, do." Threw up the sashes and shouted "Coach," in a voice that might have drawn one from the Pavement in Moorfields. Wife darted into vehicle in an excess of terror, quite forgetting the shawl which she had given shopman for safe

custody. Hasty adieus, and tea and toast in Bush-lane.

If nobody marries till Simon Swandown again attends the ceremony, Malthus will have no reason to grumble at excess of population.

SELECT SOCIETY; OR, A WEEK AT WORTHING.

1822.—SEPT. 2nd, *Monday*.—Set off from my tea-shop in Tooley-street, in Newman's patent safety-coach, for Worthing. Stopped at Elephant and Castle. Drew up cheek by jowl with Tom Turpentine, who was outside the Brighton Comet. Asked me why I went to Worthing: told him how select the company was. Tom grinned, and betted me a bottle that I should be at Brighton before seven days were over my head. Bought three pears at Dorking: offered one to a gentleman in front, which he declined, and took a paper of sandwiches from his pocket: never offered me one, which I thought rude. Arrived at Worthing at half-past four. Steyne hotel: ordered a veal cutlet at five, and walked out to view the ocean. Never saw it before, and never more disappointed. Expected waves mountains high, shrieking mariners, swamped long-boat, "and all that sort of thing." Smooth as West-India docks. Walked up to Wicks's warm baths, upon the Pebbles—natives call it

the Shingle. Picked up a stone with a hole through it, and put it in my pocket for Jack. Opened window of coffee-room to get health enough for my money. Play-bill — "Cure for the Heart-ache"—performance to begin at seven. Looked at my watch, and wondered to find it only six. Took a stroll five times up and down Anne-street to pass the time. Saw two ladies alight from a coach that had no legs. Asked the driver (I should say the dragger) what it meant? Told me it was a fly. Looked more like a tortoise. Tall manager played Young Rapid. Man next to me said his name was Quinbus Flestrin—an odd name; probably German. Vining in Frank Oatland;—plays nothing but Mercury at Drury-lane. What can Elliston mean?

Tuesday.—Prawns for breakfast: like shrimps better. Looked through a telescope. Bathing-machines marked "for gentlemen only." Oil painting in coffee-room: woman riding on dolphin's back, without a rag of covering, and bearded man floundering and blowing a trumpet beside her. Asked waiter if that was a picture of a Worthing bath? Answered, "Yes, Sir;" and ran out of the room with half a pigeon-pie. Mem.: Machines "for gentlemen only," and ladies obliged to do without. Bathing at Worthing not so select as society. Walked to Stafford's library; paid seven and sixpence, and put down my name in a book. Looked over

list of visitors: Earl of Elderbury, Lady Seraphina Surf, General Culverin, Lord and Lady Longshore, and Sir Barnaby Billow. Rubbed my hands, and thought we should make a nice snug party, Took up a tee-to-tum: counted seven children's whips, eight paper mills, six rocking-horses, and nineteen whistles;—odd library furniture. Perused a paper on a side-table; subscription for widow of a drowned waiter: laid it down softly, and thanked gentleman in green spectacles for that newspaper, when it was out of hand. Dined upon fried soles,—tasted too much of the sea. Walked out to view the town; every shopkeeper named either Wicks or Stubbs. Asked man in green spectacles the reason: told me it was owing to the north-east wind. Wondered how that could cause it; but thought it best to say no more about it. Library in the evening: dull and cold: girl in pink played, "We're a Noddin," and sure enough we all were.

Wednesday. Heard a nurse-maid, under coffee-room window, say the tide was coming in. Despatched breakfast in haste, fearing I should be too late. Ran down to the beach. Stood upon a large flat stone, like the king in Jack's History of England. Little thought there was any danger, till a wave rose above my shoes. Dr. Dragonsblood told me not to mind, for sea-water never gave cold: could not answer him for coughing and sneezing. Asked library-man what

were his *lions?* Told me the Miller's Tomb. Almost brought myself to the resolution of getting into a machine. Heart failed me: sneaked into warm bath: swallowed a mouthful of warm water, and went back to hotel sick as a dog. Hired a donkey-chaise, and went to Miller's Tomb. No great things. There are three miller's tombs in St. George's church-yard, Southwark. Dined upon veal-pie. Sir Barnaby Billow came into the room to look at a map of the county. Told him it was a fine day; to which he answered, "Very:" pulled the bell, and walked out of the room. Wondered when I should be one of the select society; and said to myself, "Phoo! he is only a baronet!" Telescope again: cast a longing look towards Brighton: weather hazy: saw nothing but nothing. Play, "Honey Moon." Miss Dance, Juliana, for that night only, from Brighton. Too lady-like; looked above her business, like Tom Treacle, my dandy shopman. Walked to beach, and stood half an hour to see a lighter discharge coals by candle-light; smacked my lips, and felt as if I had been eating salt. Went to bed, and dreamt of Miss Dance.

Thursday.—Swore an oath that I *would* go into the sea, and got into a machine to avoid being indicted for perjury. Began to undress, and in one minute machine began to move; wondered where I was going. Fancied it at least half a mile. Was upon the point of calling

out for help, when the driver turned about. Stood trembling on the brink, and at last jumped in: just time enough to be too late. Hit my elbow against the steps, and lost a ribbed cotton stocking. Felt quite in a glow, and went home in high spirits to get another stocking. Donkey-cart again. Changtonbury Ring. Driver said, finest prospect in all the world. Asked him how much of the world he had seen? Answered, "Lancing, Shoreham, and Broadwater Green." Donkey jibbed at foot of hill. Got out and dragged him up by left ear. Fine exercise for a valetudinarian. Let his ear go, and found that it did not move with the other. Afraid I had dislocated the organ. Paid driver three and sixpence, and said nothing about it. Dined upon cold beef. Appetite on the decline. Mem. Nothing-to-do a very troublesome business. Library. Girl with the harp: all nodding again. Opened "The Fortunes of Nigel," and found my nose flat upon the third page, before I knew where I was.

Friday.—Low water—All the world promenading on the sands. Lady Seraphina and the General on horseback. Patted her ladyship's poodle-dog, and cried "What a beauty!" Lady and General off in a canter, and poodle followed, barking. Thought select society rather rude, and began to doubt whether a touch of vulgarity would not make it more polite. Stood still, and beat devil's tattoo. Sand dry as a bone;

began to be as dabby as a batter-pudding. Remembered having heard talk of quick-sands, and shifted my quarters. Made for the shore, and found myself surrounded by water. Saw a boy making a bridge of stones; passed over and gave him a penny. Lad grumbled: told him I paid no more to cross Waterloo Bridge, which cost a matter of a million of money. Looked at my watch, and wondered it was only twelve. Strolled up Steyne-row into the town. Stopped at the corner of Warwick-street, and looked into grocer's shop. Had half a mind to borrow a white apron, and offer to serve behind the counter to keep my hand in: just as Jack learns a bit of Ovid during the Christmas holidays. Recollected I was a gentleman, and sighed. Took a walk on the Lancing road. Met some gipsies, who told my fortune. Said I should be in a great place shortly. Told them I hoped I should, and that I was a fool for ever quitting it. Play again. A bespeak. Lady Longshore's name at the top of the bills as big as Bish in the lottery season. Went out of compliment to her ladyship, who never once asked me how I did. Select society beginning to be at a discount.

Saturday.—Market-day.—Spent two hours in seeing the women spread their crockery upon the pavement. Bought a bunch of grapes, and stood under the portico of the theatre, spitting the skins into the kennel. Saw the Earl of Elderbury and Sir Barnaby Billow in a ba-

rouche. Lady Seraphina again on horseback. Overheard them talk of going to Cæsar's camp. Determined to go myself: thought I might know some of the officers: remembered speaking to Lord Banbury when I was a corporal in Colonel Birch's first Loyal London. Sang "the Soldier Tired" to myself, but stopped when I came to the quavers. Went to hire a donkey-cart. Fought shy of the donkey with the loose ear, and sidled off to the other stand opposite Wicks's warm baths. Hired a pony-chaise, quite genteel, and trotted to the camp. Wondered that I heard no drums and fifes. Passed the ditch, and found it a complete hoax: nothing but mounds of earth and thistles: General Cæsar decamped; and I dare say in debt to half the town. Went up to my bed-room, and counted my clean linen nine times over: strange laundresses require looking after. "Romeo and Juliet:" did not like the notion of "a Tragedy in Warm Weather." Began to reckon how soon I should win my bottle of Tom Turpentine, and hoped I should not die before it became due, like the starved man who translated the Bible. Yawned five times, and fell asleep. Awakened by waiter with candles. Read the Brighton Herald quite through, including all its fashionable arrivals from Duke's-place and Capel-court. Wished myself there, and thought Tom Turpentine no fool. Pored over map of Sussex. Counted the knobs on the fender. Read half

through the Army-list on the mantelpiece, thrust my feet into a pair of slippers without heels, and went to bed.

Sunday.—Chapel of Ease. Sermon for benefit of two free schools. Plates held by Lady Seraphina and Earl of Elderbury. Happened to go out at Lady Seraphina's door. Meant to give only a shilling; but, plate being held by a dame of quality, could not give less than half-a-crown. Never so much as said "Thank-ye." Select society quite out of my books. Could not face the town, knowing that billiard-room and library were closed. Strolled as far as Broadwater-common. Aided by a crooked stick, amused myself with picking blackberries. Broke off a fine branch laden with fruit, which fell on the other side of the ditch. Went round two fields to get at it. When I arrived, found that I had left my crooked stick on the other side. Went back to fetch it. After great difficulty got hold of the branch. Quite refreshing to have something to do. Bore home my prize in triumph, and gave it to a child at the corner of South-street. Walked upon the beach; threw a large stone six feet off, and pitched ninety-nine little stones to try to hit it. Yawned heavily. Mouth so habitually open, began to fear it would never shut, and quite pleased at five to find that it would chew again. Evening pretty much like the last.

Monday.—Remounted Newman's patent safety.

Never so happy as when I again crossed its front wheel. Seriously ill at starting, but better as I approached wholesome London air. Sniffed the breezes of Bermondsey with peculiar satisfaction, and reached Tooley-street just in time to despatch the following letter to Tom Turpentine. "Dear Tom,—No more weeks at Worthing. Select society is all very well for select people. Your's to command, Kit Cannister."

THE FIRST OF APRIL,

OR, ARTE PERIRE SUA.

8 A. M.—Looked out of bed-room window into Gracechurch-street, and called "Sweep" to a boy with a soot-bag. Saw him stop, look about him at the corner of White Hart-court, and then walk on. Halted him three times in the same way. Tried a fourth, and popped my head out at the wrong moment. Boy, in a great passion, threw a turnip, which broke me a half-crown pane, and woke my wife. Swore I knew nothing about it, and sneaked down to breakfast.

9 A. M.—Went to table-drawer, and slily pocketed three little lumps of alabaster. Returned and took my seat at breakfast-table, as if nothing had happened. Put alabaster at top of blue sugar-basin, and, to my great delight, saw Kitty

put one into each of the children's cups. Children hammered and pushed and wondered sugar would not melt. Thought I should have died: three of my best silver tea-spoons bent as crooked as rams' horns. Very demure when Mrs. Gander came down to breakfast. Never attack wife; —(harpooners have some reason for not meddling with a certain species of whale, as being too fierce.) So says Guthrie's Grammar.

10 A. M.—Went behind counter to serve. Asked Jack Mitten, my foreman, if anybody had blacked his face. Jack answered, "Not to my knowledge," and went to looking-glass. I replied, "Nor to mine either." Laughed very much, but Jack did not see much in it. Sam Snaffle, the driver of the Clapham, looked in to know what places were booked. Told him one inside, a lady, to take up at Seam's manufactory this side the Elephant. Saw him set off, one short, and thought I should have died. Took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter as if from Dobbs the druggist to Lawyer Lynx, telling him to arrest Shuffle the shoemaker for 23*l.* 10*s.* goods sold and delivered. Gave it to ticket-porter, and told him Lynx would pay the porterage.

11 A. M.—Went back into the shop to serve. Sold a white cotton nightcap to an exciseman, and told him it was the fellow to six others which I had parted with to half-a-dozen other gentlemen who were to set off on a journey from the Old Bailey to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.

He did not seem to see much in it, but I laughed amazingly. Saw Jack Mitten serving a lady with a red elastic purse, at the other counter. Took up a newspaper and read loud enough for her to hear, " Dreadful depravity! an Irish fruit-woman in Dyot-street, St. Giles's, scraped her child to death with an oyster-shell." Lady screamed and went into hysterics. Gave her a glass of water, and told her " it was a shame that oyster-shells were suffered to lie about the street." Thought I should never have done laughing.

12 M.—Sent Molly to Spa-fields to see a live radical. Told her to buy me a straight hook in her way home, at Peter Pull-gill's in Crooked-lane. Told her I should also want a glass ink-horn: and that a male mermaid was expected to swim down Fish-street-hill at two. Wife overheard, and called me an old fool. Did not see much in it, but Molly laughed.

1 P. M.—Asked Jack Mitten who was the father of the sons of Noah: where Moses was when the candle was blown out; and which was most, half-a-dozen dozen, or six dozen dozen. The poor fellow could not answer one of them. Took the steps, climbed up slily to the clock, and pushed the hands to two hours forwarder. Heard wife, who caught a glance of it, rail at the cook for not putting down the leg of mutton, telling her it only wanted an hour of dinner-time. Clock struck a hundred and one: found I had done

mischief, and stole away to Elicot to get him to repair it.

2 P. M.—Took a turn upon 'Change. Told Rothschild I hoped he liked Columbian bonds. Did not much like his looks, so stole away and entered the rotundo at the Bank. Buzz, the broker, asked me to hold his umbrella, while he went to sell two thousand at 73⅝. Dropt two handfulls of saw-dust into his umbrella. On his return, walked out with him into Bartholomew-lane. Luckily rained hard: Buzz flirted open his umbrella over his head, and covered himself with saw-dust. This made me laugh till I cried. Buzz threw back a handful of saw-dust into my left eye: this made me cry till I laughed.

3 P. M.—Looked in at Batson's. Talked with Bluefist, the broker, about indigo, sassafras, gum, oakum, and elephants' teeth. Called for pen, ink, and paper: wrote a letter from Jolter inviting Scraggs to dine off a fine hare and sweet sauce: ditto, *vice versâ*, Scraggs to Jolter to dine off real turtle. Gave waiter a shilling to take both letters, and be sure not to tell Took a walk over London-bridge to Horsemonger-lane sessions. Looked over sessions-paper, and saw indictment, The King against O'Bludgeon, about thirty off. Went into front yard, and bawled out, "The King against O'Bludgeon is just called on." Such a rush of barristers, bar-keepers, and witnesses into court! Two apple-barrows upset, and a barrister's wig trampled under foot. Roared

out "April fools." Dodged off through Guy's Hospital, and walked homeward chuckling. Halted on London-bridge. Tide running up. Looked through balustrades towards Custom-house: clasped my hands in agony, exclaimed "They'll every one of them be drowned," and ran across to look through balustrades on opposite side. Mob in a fever: all traffic at a stand-still: hundreds of necks craned out to peep at the sufferers. Bawled out "April fools," and dodged round one of Meux's drays.—Butcher's boy saw me, and gave the view halloo. Scudded off to Bridge-foot, mob at my heels: ducked into Tower Street: slid up St. Mary's-hill: entered Cannon Street: upset a kit of pickled salmon, and brushed into a hackney-coach, which conveyed me home—hit in two places, and covered with mud. Changed clothes: went out again, determined to be more wary. Entered Auction-mart, at corner of Throgmorton Street. Chucked fruitwoman under chin, and went up to auction-room. Saw Gab, the auctioneer, mount pulpit. Took a stand at further end of room, and tried my tongue at ventriloquy. Beat Mathews hollow. Bid in seven different voices from various parts of the room, and saw Gab knock down seven articles to seven innocent bystanders; viz. a fowling-piece to a fat widow; a pair of stays to a ward deputy; a gig to a waiting-woman; O'Keefe's Works to a Methodist parson; a complete set of John Bull to Alderman Wood; a

Greek grammar to a stock-broker; and a chapel of ease to a servant-maid of all work.

4 P. M.—Dinner. Asked Jack Mitton to take a glass of sherry, and poked vinegar cruet into his paw. Made him sputter out liquid, like lion's head at Aldgate pump. Swore it was all his own doing, and for once in a way got believed. Told wife I had been at Batson's; was asked by her what news? Answered, the French had taken umbrage. More fools the Spaniards, replied Mrs. Gander, for not fortifying it better. Noise at front door. Sam Snaffle in a fine taking at my hoax in the morning; swore would not quit house till I had paid him for his one inside: paid him eighteen pence, and as he threatened to have me "pulled up," gave him another shilling to drink my health.

5 P. M.—Polite note from Lawyer Lynx, telling me that hoaxing an attorney was felony at common law, and that he meant to indict me at the ensuing Old Bailey Sessions, unless I paid the costs in Dodd v. Shuffle, according to enclosed account. Perused bill: "Attending plaintiff by appointment, when he asked me how I did, six and eightpence: attending, answering him, pretty meddling, six and eightpence, &c. &c.: total five pound eighteen." Damned all pettifoggers, and gave bearer a check for the amount. Muffin-man with bell: bawled out muffins and bobbed. Aimed at Periwinkle with a pea-shooter; and chalked, "Mangling done here," upon Slice

the surgeon's window-shutter. Visit from bowing bobbing waiter from the City of London tavern, "Beg pardon, sir, but here's the bill, sir." "What bill?" "Mr. Jolter, sir, and Mr. Scraggs, sir, them as you April-fooled this morning; met and compared notes, sir; knew your hand; went to my master's tavern together, City of London, sir; ordered your own dinner, sir; turtle and roast hare for two, sir; and told me to bring you the bill, sir." Swore I would not pay it: looked out of window, and saw Jolter and Scraggs walking up and down by the Wandsworth coach, and flourishing a brace of horsewhips. Set it down for no joke, and told waiter to call to-morrow for his money.

6 P. M.—Tea and toast. Determined to play the fool no more, not quite approving of the expense. Put on velvet cap and slippers. Made a leg arm-chair for little Nancy. Wife busy reading Doctor Kitchener's cookery; and Lætitia deep in Peveril of the Peak, with her legs up on the sofa. Rat-a-tat at front door, loud enough to wake defunct Sir Thomas Gresham. Rattle and slap of a hackney-coach step. Hearts sunk within us. Rustling of silk gown on the stairs. Little Nancy despatched as a light troop, to watch the enemy's motions; rushed back, exclaiming with an awful face, "Mrs. Deputy Kilderkin." General scramble to hide objectionables; buttered toast, piled up like planks in a deal-yard, chucked into the cupboard; Peveril canted into

the coal-scuttle; bowl of brown sugar carefully crammed into table-drawer, and best lump substituted; Lætitia's legs put perpendicular, and wife's vinegar visage varnished with a proper coating of sweet oil to greet visitor. Parlour-door opened: enter Mrs. Deputy Kilderkin.

7 P. M.—Bows and smiles. Coffee and hard rusks. Found *we* had been hoaxed. Card in wife's name inviting Mrs. Kilderkin, apologizing for short notice, but mentioning that Mr. Bochsa and his thirteen harps could not be had on any other evening. Suspected Alderman Arrowroot, and vowed to be even with him this day twelvemonth. Listened to a deal of high life from Mrs. Kilderkin and daughter Lætitia. Comparative merits of Miss Taylor of the Circus and Miss Brunton of the West London: glass curtain at the Cobourg; Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam: monthly assembly at the Horns, Kennington: the new turnpike in the Borough-road, and what a different thing Trinity Square was from old Tower Hill. Nodded assent with my eyes shut: wife kicked my shins to keep me awake.

8 P. M.—Music. Mrs. Kilderkin and Lætitia went through the orthodox routine. Mrs. Kilderkin swore she had no voice, and Lætitia only wished she had half as good a one. Lætitia vowed she could not finger a note; and Mrs. Kilderkin said, if she could only play a quarter as well, she should think herself a finished performer. Preliminaries thus adjusted, both sat down together

and thumped overture to Lodoiska, till the poor piano trembled on its legs.

9 P. M.—Whist. Wife and I against Lætitia and deputy's lady. Head running upon take-in of tavern-bill: missed deal with queen of diamonds at bottom: wife kicked my left shin. Second deal: at my old tricks: asked Mrs. Kilderkin if she had heard the news? Answered No; what news? Told her that Ferdinand had dissolved the Cortes in hot water. Played a spade, and thought it was a trump: another kick from wife. Licked my thumb to deal better, and got a third kick.

10 P. M.—Whist again: seats changed to change luck. Long dispute between Mrs. Kilderkin and Mrs. Gander, the one asserting that Lord Byron should never marry a daughter of hers, and the other that he should. Head bothered by Beppo, Mazeppo, and Aleppo. Trumped my partner's lead. Fourth kick from wife, luckily intercepted by Mrs. Kilderkin's off-ankle. Wife begged pardon. Another rat-tat-tat, and another rattle and slap from hackney-coach step, announced the arrival of Mrs. Deputy's equipage: bows and courtesies: shawls, simpers, and ceremonious exit, Mrs. Kilderkin vowing, with a yawn, that she had never passed a pleasanter evening.

11 P. M.—Bed candles. One made by me, consisting of a round pole of cut turnip, tipped with charcoal, unluckily selected by my wife. Much poking with snuffers before trick detected.

Glance of vengeance; exit wife upstairs, husband following.

12 P. M.—Listened to curtain lecture fifty-nine minutes, and then fell asleep.

ANNUS MIRABILIS! OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1822.

January.—"Cain a Mystery," published by Lord Byron: preface states his lordship's difficulty in making Lucifer talk like a clergyman. A country vicar proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical Court, for swearing that he had a horse that would gallop to hell: not equally difficult, therefore, to make a clergyman talk like Lucifer.—Miss Stephens nearly lost in the Trafalgar packet. If she be, as the newspapers say, the Syren of the stage, surely she might laugh at "All the rude dangers of crossing the ocean."—Colonel Thornton proved himself alive, by asserting that he was in the daily practice of swallowing six muffins at breakfast, and three pounds of roast or boiled at dinner: this would prove the death of any other man.—Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, still acting at the Adelphi Theatre, teaching the rising male generation "that great moral lesson," how to patter slang, mill a lamp-lighter, or box a Charley.—A great outcry from Mr. Loveday, who had placed his three daughters for education

in a French convent, all the academies in England being full, and who expressed his surprise, on the Boulevard de Parnasse, that one of them should have turned Catholic. His subsequent appeal to the Chamber of Deputies unequalled by any production since Macpherson's Ossian.—Mr. Southey published a reply to Lord Byron, wherein he assaulted that eccentric nobleman with "whip and a branding iron:" the cause alleged to be the following paragraph in an opposition newspaper, under the head of "Births:"—"At his bookseller's, Mr. Robert Southey, of a still-born Vision of Judgment." The offence lenient: poetical parturitions ought to be commemorated. Constitutional Society kept at bay by Mr. Carlile by means of an apparatus in the Temple of Reason like that of a cheque-taker in a playhouse: red whiskers also kept at bay by Rowland's Macassar oil.—Country gentlemen "combining and confederating" like so many defendants in a suit of Chancery.—Nothing *outré* during the present month on the part of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins; and not a single duel fought in the Phœnix Park by any gentleman with a name commencing with an O or a Mac!

February.—Olive, Princess of Cumberland, ejected from her lodgings on Ludgate-hill.—New tragedy at Drury-lane, called "Owen, Prince of Powys, or Welsh Feuds."—Army of English critics overran the principality, and extinguished his highness and his feuds.—"The Pirate" bottled in

theatrical spirits by Mr. Thomas Dibdin: too volatile: went to sea after a few nights' confinement.—God save the King proved to be the private property of James the First.—Insurgent meeting of White Boys at Doneraile, where the following resolution was passed:—Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burnt except their coals, which we have occasion for."—Speech from Mr. Thelwall at an agricultural meeting at Epsom; challenged to show where his landed estate lay; whereupon he quoted two bow-pots outside his window in Blackfriars-road.—Carlile's Temple of Janus closed.—Orator Hunt's wife permitted to visit him in Ilchester, on bringing her marriage-certificate in her pocket.—Vaccine Inoculation Report; small-pox on the increase, owing to careless vaccination, and the Reverend Rowland Hill admonished to grasp the pulpit-cushion and lay down the lancet.—Mozart's modulation much shaken by Rossini's rattle.—Injunction dissolved in Murray v. Benbow: Cain a mystery no longer.—One John Tye executed at the Old Bailey for uttering forged notes, and one Simon Shake applauded at Covent-garden for a similar offence.—Grand chorus of "High Prices" sung by the country gentlemen at York.—The Rev. H. H. Milman produced the Martyr of Antioch, and the wife of a labouring man, at Enfield Chace, produced three male infants: the latter are doing well.—Cobbett proved to have changed his opinion of Sir Francis Burdett.—A still and a quan-

tity of whisky carried off by a revenue party at Derry, with a mob of Irish peasantry clinging to them, like Aboulfaouris, the Persian, to the Loadstone Mountain.—No child killed by a Paddington coach.

March —King of Spain lectured by the Cortes. He promises to do so no more.—A fire broke out on the premises of a bookseller in Paternoster-row, and over-broiled some beefsteaks at Dolly's chophouse.—Mr. Hume's " total of the whole " much discussed: Cobbett sends him his new Grammar.—A collection of penny-wisdom at the Paul's Head, Cateaton-street, to reimburse Carlile for his pound-foolishness in Fleet-street.—Death of Coutts the banker: his will opened in Stratton-street: only 900,000*l.* bequeathed to his poor widow: divers dandies observed to glance a look upward to the drawing-room window in their progress towards the Park.—Two silver cups voted to Mr. Kean by the inhabitants of New York, and a lighter laden with coals despatched at the same time to Newcastle.—A man unknown arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, and a woman unknown observed to tipple liquid at the bar of Hodges's prime proof repository in Fleet-market.—Lafitte, the Paris banker, much amazed by an application from the executors of one Napoleon Bonaparte.—Navy 5 per cents. slain by Mr. Vansittart, and a joint postmaster cut in two by Lord Normanby. Agricultural meeting at the Mermaid, Hackney: toleration of opinion re-

commended, and Sir J. Gibbons hooted down for acting under the recommendation.—Mr. Wyatt charged with attempting to cram a marble monument of George the Third down the throat of the public: John Bull has a capacious swallow, and the artist was tempted to put it to the proof. —Murder of Mrs. Donatty by persons unknown much talked of, and the murder of Sir Archy Macsarcasm by Kean not talked of at all.—*Coup de grace* to the Navy 5 per cents. given by Mr. Henry Hase: many Jews who attended the funeral seen the next day upon the Royal Exchange with beards half an inch long—The King's Civil List treated uncivilly by Lord King.—Cinderella, at the Opera-house, exchanged her glass slipper for a bracelet, the former being two slippery to dance in.—Only twelve persons poisoned during the month from mistaking oxalic acid for Epsom salts.

April.—Easter-week; all the city at Brighton, to the great annoyance of people of fashion who went there to avoid them: pony-chaises and the Rev. Dr. Pearson.—English in Paris estimated at 20,134; marshalled by the prefect in four divisions, viz. the idle, the sick, the needy, and the disaffected. Appeal to the Court of Cassation; prefect's decree affirmed.—Nineteen labourers out of work at Stockbury ordered by overseers to play at marbles from nine in the morning to seven in the evening. Four of them, being widowers, went through the ring a second time, and were

asked in church the Sunday following.—Constitutional Society, being indicted at the Old Bailey, held up their hands and down their heads.—Miss Foote much admired in Cherry and Fair Star.—The Tom and Jerry fever extending to all the minor theatres: nineteen watchmen prostrate with their boxes on their backs.—Preparations in Hyde Park for the reception of the Achilles of Phidias, on his elopement from the Quirinal Hill at Rome.—Planet Venus at the same time visible to the naked eye.—City Recorder elected *quamdiu se benè gesserit*.—New tread-mill erected at Brixton prison, and business at Union-hall consequently on the decline; prisoners in Newgate comforted by Mrs. Fry, and business at the Old Bailey consequently on the increase.—Literary Fund Committee called upon to interdict Mr. Fitzgerald from spouting at their ensuing anniversary; event doubtful, according to Cobbett, who holds that when a man is smitten with the sound of his own voice, nothing short of a sledge-hammer applied to his head will silence him.—Martin, the artist, descended into Herculaneum, and re-ascended not quite so plump as when he supped with Belshazzar.—Young Watson takes to new rum, and commits a burglary at Baltimore.—Grand steeplechase near Blackwater, and a considerable running down of parsons in the columns of the Morning Chronicle.—A countryman at Clonmary, county of Donegal, discovered a bottle, and, to his infinite chagrin, in lieu of whisky, found it

to contain a mere memorandum relative to the Arctic expedition.—Man unknown once more arraigned, and again sported Junius.—Mr. Owen of Lanark's proposal to clothe all the poor in one uniform, and no religion.—Harlequin at the opera-house. Moses in Egypt changed into Peter the Hermit: many pilgrims from Paddington attended the crusade: all's fair in love and music.—Simile in the Irishman in London, "No more brains than a fiddler," gave great offence to the leader of the band.—Monsieur Paull vaulted from the Academy of Music in Paris, and descended on one foot in the Haymarket.—Mr. Kean played Osmyn, in the Castle Spectre, and nearly "made a ghost" of his theatric reputation.—Private theatricals at the Lyceum; young Matthews, in La Comédie d'Etampes, dubbed a chip of the old block.—Nobody killed by drawing the trigger of a loaded fowling-piece, not knowing it to be charged.

May.—Horse-bazaar at King Street barracks: impossible to say *nay* to any proffered filly, mocking being rude.—Good beer began to trickle into the cellars of public-houses, owing to a stir at St. Stephen's.—Agricultural report: patience and water-gruel recommended to country gentlemen. Song, "I love high rents," sung by Sir F. Burdett.—Piece of plate presented to Alderman Wood; family arms sought for in vain; surrendered on his assumption of the gown; "cedunt arma togæ."—The lord chancellor gave judgment

on the Doge of Venice, who had, in the mean time, wedded the waters of oblivion.—One hundred acres of land, in Venezuela, sold by Bolivar at a penny an acre: Mr. Birkbeck outbidden.—Othello stabbed and smothered his wife to a fiddlestick accompaniment at the opera-house.—Mr. Yates, in the Law of Java, mistaken for Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler.—Marriage Act Amendment Bill much canvassed; clause proposed by Lord Erskine, contract determinable every seven years, on six months' previous notice.—Anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund; chairman's hammer not a sledge one; Mr. Fitzgerald's consequent recitation.—Mr. Horatio Orton's dog snatched a hasty repast from the calf of Mr. Exsheriff Parkins's leg.—No women run over in Oxford Street, in consequence of crossing the coachway without looking to the right or to the left.

June.—Expansion of Mr. Baring's new mansion in Piccadilly, to the utter extermination of the western side of Bolton Row.—Sparring-match at St. Stephen's between Mr. Pascoe Grenfell and the Bank of England.—Exhibition at Somerset House; irruption of one-shilling critics; many a "man unknown," from being designated in the catalogue, "portrait of a gentleman;" Hercules in the hall looked gloomy, in apparent envy of the more airy elevation of his naked friend in Hyde Park.—Affray of wild Irish in Peter Street, Westminster; Polito rebuked by the ma-

gistrates for not keeping his cages better bolted. —Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, after being for the ninety-ninth time consigned to the woodman's axe: gardens alleged to unite the varieties of Vauxhall with the elegancies of Ranelagh, like the boy's pennyworth of cheese, which he required to have very long and very thick: new rotatory piece of mechanism, entitled Hep-tap-las-ies-optron, and a dentist's man in waiting to pick up the broken teeth of the pronouncers.—Dinner at the Horns, Kennington, Sir Robert Wilson in the chair; all general reflections consequently avoided. —Wanstead House advertised for sale. All the world on the Whitechapel Road; Epping Forest strewed with gigs, unharnessed hackneys, and remnants of cold veal and pigeon-pie.—Sale of the Fortunes of Nigel checked by that of Robins's catalogue.—Little Waddington elevated from a blanket in Newgate, and discounts in Threadneedle Street depressed to 4 per cent.—Mrs. Olivia Serres swore an affidavit with a documental appendix in the Prerogative Court, Doctors' Commons.—Plague reported to have broken out in London: two runners despatched by the Lord Mayor to St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's to ascertain the fact; but their names being Fogg and Leadbetter, they brought back but a confused and heavy story.—Don Antonio Francisco Zea arrived in London from the republic of Columbia: Spanish bonds at a consequent premium, and the Royal Exchange swarmed with

foreign brokers.—Seven shopkeepers on Ludgate Hill, who had recently taken advantage of the Insolvent Act, were poisoned by drinking seven glasses of noyeau double the usual strength.—End of Trinity Term, attended by a great diminution of black coats and white buckles in the purlieus of Chancery Lane.—Beautiful hill and dale in the Piccadilly pavement.

July.—Clara Fisher, at the Lyceum, played Crack, a drunken cobbler, in the Turnpike Gate: "train up a child in the way it should go."—Tread-mill adopted in Cold Bath Fields prison.—Achilles mounted in Hyde Park; several breaches made in the wall, but not one pair made for the statue.—Annual regatta of the Funny Club; members rowed in their shirts to the Castle at Richmond in a soaking shower: odd notions of fun.—Death of John Emery the comedian.—Haymarket theatre much frequented; "a day's pleasure" productive of a night's.—Only one man horsewhipped by Barry O'Meara, and he the wrong one.

August.—English players at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris: open with Othello: a wise selection, considering the objection of the French to slaughter on a stage: Moor of Venice damned, and Desdemona hit by a penny-piece.—The King embarked at Greenwich for Scotland: not a Caledonian visible during his absence, even at the India House: all being, or affecting to be, at the levee at Holyrood House. "Carle now

the King's come:" highly interesting to those who understand it.—Lord Portsmouth, frightened at the advent of majesty, abruptly quitted Edinburgh.—Viscount Newry, aided by his five servants, rowed from Oxford to London in eighteen hours: not a scull in the boat.—Fonthill Abbey on sale, and Wanstead House no more remembered: Salisbury plain covered by women eager to gain admission: run of the piece stopped by Farquhar's "Stratagem."—John Paterson, aged fifty, married at St. Anne's, Soho, to Jane Barclay, aged eighteen: no cause assigned for the rash action.

September.—Return of the King to London: Scotts still insufferable; the swell taking time to abate: plan of erecting a Parthenon on Calton Hill: Auld Reekie to be christened Modern Athens.—Great demand for fowling-pieces at Mortimer's in Fleet Street: not a cockney, from Savage Gardens to Skinner Street, that did not talk of bagging his three brace.—The Lutine frigate, with 200,000*l.* on board: vessel meant to be weighed by a projector at Lloyd's, but consequences weighed at Amsterdam, and the scheme interdicted.—New Marriage Act threatens to annihilate that ceremony.—Death of Sir William Herschel, and discovery of a new comet without a tail. Dinner given to Mr. Hume at Aberdeen: nothing on table but Peter's brown loaf: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio."—Statement of a civic dinner given at Norwich in 1516: amount of bill,

1*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*: utterly disbelieved by Sir W. Curtis. —A man of fashion seen in London, who made no excuse for being there in September: the crowd was immense.

October.—Alterations in the interior of Drury Lane Theatre: opening address of G. Colman: abolition of stage doors: great shifting of actors from one house to the other: stars changed to comets.—Congress at Verona.—London still a desert: but junior merchants and clerks in public offices occasionally seen stealing through the streets.—The French ministers presented their compliments to Sir Robert Wilson, and requested the favour of his absence from France. His appeal to his constituents, who will probably order the decree to be rescinded.—Turkey and Greece: letter from Paris, telling the British public all about it.—Columbian bonds at a high premium, and the holders lords of Peru and Potosi.—Appearance of "The Liberal" from the South: so called by the godfather of the Serpentine river, who gave it that name because it was neither serpentine nor a river.—Stoppage of Mr. Bowring at Calais, and his removal to Boulogne: his eulogy as a Russian anthologist. Death of Mrs. Garrick at Hampton; extract from Lee Lewis, proving her to be daughter to the Earl of Burlington, and, consequently, proprietor of the mansion in Piccadilly bearing that name. Scramble among the dilettanti for little David's original Hogarths.—Mermaid exhibited in St.

James's Street: said by some to have died of the stitch, and by others to have been produced by Mrs. Salmon in Monkey Island.—Alderman Wood seen on the Maidstone road, riding between two packsaddles, laden with samples of hops.—Marriage Act still much criticised, notwithstanding which seven bachelors were married in one day, at the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn. A clergyman attended to give the unhappy wretches the last consolations of religion.

November.—Commencement of Michaelmas term: attorneys brandishing their pens: plaintiffs and defendants loitering about Oliver's coffee-house.—Reported abduction of Lord Byron to South America: death of Mr. Zea: consequent tumble of Columbian bonds down a precipice of twenty-five per cent.—Lords, in reversion, of Potosi and Peru left sprawling in the mire, and many dozens of dry champagne advertised for sale considerably under prime cost.—Liberation of Orator Hunt: his procession through London, and radical dinner at the Shepherd and Shepherdess. About the same time Mount Vesuvius began to grumble: and in both cases "repeated shocks and internal howlings were heard from the mountain."—Congress continued sitting at Verona with closed doors and plugged key-holes: much conjecture consequently afloat. The Opera-house end of Pall Mall was much alarmed by an explosion of gas. Signor Zuchelli's elegance was sadly scorched; and Madame Camporese

forcibly driven into two of Madame Ronzi di Begni's characters. Signor Ambrogetti's voice has not been heard of since.—The British ambassador's letter-bag was tied up, and much epistolary grumbling consequently confined to the gizzards of the English exiles at Paris.—Auxiliary Bible-meeting at the Mansion House: a great pouring out of clergymen and old women down the front steps of that edifice, who were mistaken by the multitude for disorderly people of the night preceding. A committee appointed of twenty males and as many females, "with power to add to their numbers."—Lord Portsmouth horsewhipped by his lady, to verify the dictum of Orator Hunt, that all the fair sex are reformers.—A million bushels of human bones were landed at Hull from the fields of Dresden and Waterloo: human bones best adapted to fertilise land, whence we derive the word *man*-ure.—Galignani's Messenger gave an account of a parting dinner given to Anacreon Moore by the English in Paris. His speech on the occasion was not so well timed as well spoken: it implied that there was nothing like England after all: a strange observation in the hearing of those who preferred France before all.—Extraordinary effort of galvanism upon the body of an attempt made by the Rev. Mr. Colton to latinise Gray's Elegy.—Another new tragedy from Lord Byron, entitled Werner: less obnoxious to church-goers than its predecessor, but more so to criticism.—A caution to resurrec-

tion-men: one Simon Spade, a body-snatcher, while sounding for subjects in St. Martin's churchyard, dug up his own wife. The poor man has been inconsolable ever since.—Several fogs were seen gathering round the Serpentine river and Paddington Canal. The Royal Humane Society's man, consequently, on the watch: notwithstanding which, the average November quantity of men and women put a period to their existence: the former, as usual, for money, the latter for love.

December.—Great demand for post-horses at Verona, in consequence of the abrupt dissolution of the Congress.—Lord John Russell's new tragedy, two editions in one week: and an Episcopal visitation sermon too weak for one edition.—Bethel Watermen's Reform Society, Sheriff Thompson in the chair: drag-net to sweep off all aquatic execrations: "damns have had their day:" Bibles in brigs, and prayer-books in punts.—Strange monsters imported by Polito, consisting of an intellectual dandy, a civil radical, and an actor without a grievance: also a blue-stocking breeder, and a tortoise-shell tom-cat: the mob nearly overpowered the constables.—Sad sameness of Christmas dinners. "Chine nods at chine, each turkey has a brother:" every table-spoon in the house flaming with burnt brandy.—Infallible cures for chilblains.—Proposals published for a Sub-way Company, to repair London gas and water-pipes without breaking up the pavement:

much patronised by Bond Street fashionables, who were naturally desirous of taking a subterraneous walk toward the city, to borrow money, and by so doing to avoid a rencontre with those with whom they had already undergone that ceremony.—Kean and Young in Othello; "The Douglas and the Percy both in arms."—Dance of actors from both theatres: foot it and hey "contrary sides."—Diabolical attempt to poison a whole family at breakfast, in Lombard Street, by putting Paine's Age of Reason under the tea-pot: providentially none of the family could read.—Growing civility of sweeps, dustmen, and patrols: plainly denoting that the era of Christmas-boxes is at hand.—Boys arm-in-arm and three abreast, aping manhood along Fleet Street, with Cossack trousers and bamboo canes.—Grave papas, usually seen about without an accompaniment, were met dragging along children in couples, and occasionally stopping to peep into toy-shop windows.—Premature twelfth-cakes stealing behind confectioners' counters: striplings of sixteen walking half ashamed arm-in-arm with maiden aunts from whom the family has expectations.—Grimaldi and the new pantomime: front rows filled by urchins, who, at every knock-down-blow, fling back their flaxen polls, in delight, into the laps of their chuckling parents on the seat behind.—Magnificent prospectuses from divers new Utopian Magazines.—Bellman and lamplighter run up the

sides of Parnassus.—A great issuing of orders to tailors on the 31st of December, for apparel to be sent home the week following, and thus to evade re-appearing in the present year's bill. Awful events, which too plainly denote that that Annus Mirabilis, the year 1822, is hastening to the "Tomb of all the Capulets!"

ANNUS MIRABILIS! OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1823.

January.—Dr. Doyle, a Roman Catholic bishop, in his pastoral charge, recommends Orangemen to be *civil* Orangemen, and Papists not to be bigoted: nothing new under the sun: Sir Joseph Jekyll, in the reign of Queen Anne, bequeathed his fortune to government to pay off the national debt; and a half-witted waterman, in the reign of George the Third, moored his boat to the centre arch of London Bridge, and tried to catch the tide in his bob-wig.—The Duke of Sussex swallows an embrocation at Bangor that was meant for a fomentation: Royal Dukes at public dinners have swallowed stranger things, and no danger apprehended.—Salt-tax diminished by thirteen shillings a bushel, but still no improvement in modern comedy: new pieces generally offensive after the third night.—A Chancery suit in the good old times recorded to have lasted

120 years, Old Parr being clerk in court, and Henry Jenkins solicitor.—Clara Fisher at Drury Lane Theatre pronounced to be only nine years of age: hint taken from her patronesses the Aonian maids, who have been only nine since the days of Apollo. She is advertised in "Old and Young:" much curiosity is excited as to which part she means to perform.—Simpkin and Co. successful by mere dint of dialogue: actors much amazed, not knowing what to do for an upper gallery in the event of the sky falling.—Golden axe laid to the root of the dead pantomime.—Great improvements in Billingsgate Market: wholesale and retail departments kept separate: *railing* fixed by proper land-marks: no lady allowed to hold forth for more than five minutes at a time; and if two or more Naiads utter the same execration, oath to be put up again.—Canonical clergy of Durham *convivially* defended by the the Rev. Dr. *Phil-pots:* to the best of his knowledge and belief, not a stall in the diocese that does not contain an animal over-worked and under-fed.—Serpentine river covered with skaters: usual average of human heads just peeping above the slippery horizon: printed notice of the Humane Society to the public, not to venture on, actually obeyed by three individuals: one of them a woman with a child in her arms: whole mob in arms at the prodigy!—Judith O'Clark prosecuted by Excise at Kilkenny for having an illicit *still*, which she had contrived to conceal behind her

teeth for fifteen minutes; an effort which nearly cost the poor creature her life.

February.—Several wild swans seen flying over Brighton, to the no small amazement of several tame geese who happened to be waddling along the Steine: the bills of the former said to be three inches long: those of the latter much longer.—Moore's Loves of the Angels: two omitted, viz. one at Islington, and the other at the back of St. Clement's.—King James's crown jewels dramatically exhibited at Covent Garden Theatre: rather too late for profit: fashion of them a little on the wane, being superseded by subsequent brilliants from the same shop.—Great and expensive preparations making to prove Lord P—— out of his wits: self-evident propositions being at a discount.—Law changes: Daniel Whittle Harvey, in his road from an attorney's office to a barrister's chambers, waylaid and knocked down by a body of benchers.—Oratorios during Lent: sacred beautifully dovetailed with profane, viz. "Ye spotted snakes" with the "Beautiful Maid," "Together let us range the Fields" with "Deeper and deeper still," and "Slow broke the Light" with "Hey for the merry Blind Boy!"—Two Englishmen by mistake confined all night in the catacombs at Paris: let out next morning by means of a skeleton-key.—Valentine's-day: Mr. Freeling applies to the post-master-general for two wagons to convey the extra letters, and for permission to get them

drawn by the asinine inditers, yoked two and two.

March.—Action brought by Mr. *Cruikshank* against proprietor of stage-coach for breaking his leg: most ungrateful return for an intended benefit.—Letter in the Paris papers, announcing that a young man had been kicked out of one of the Hells at the west end of London: plain proof of the superiority of the Moderns: "evadere ad auras" not so easy in Æneas's time.—Lord *Manners* refuses to dine with Lord Lieutenant: Qu. title in abeyance when the note was transmitted? Mademoiselle Mercandotti is married to Hughes Ball: consequent investment of the lady with a noble birth: shrewd hints of Scottish origin: Garrick and Mademoiselle Violetti quoted as a case in point: sad consequences of the alliance in a series of epigrams in the Morning Post: the lady's original appearance alleged to have been in Pandora—the worst box in the King's Theatre. —Fifty cabriolets are licensed to ply on hackney-coach stands: "We're a' nodding," in consequence, more popular than ever.

April.—Month ushered in by divers hoaxes suitable to its first day: among others, Age of Bronze palmed upon Lord Byron.—New London Bridge: one alderman votes in the teeth of his own convenience: another even consents to the removal of Fishmongers'-hall, notwithstanding the consequent loss of a monthly dinner there of no ordinary excellence: it is to be hoped that

these instances of patriotism will meet their sweetest reward in the whisper of an applauding conscience.—Old woman taken for a witch at Taunton, and Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins for the Goddess Justice, in London, owing to his skill in holding a balance in hand.—Smart farce written by a titled dandy: and alarm of fire given by a monkey.—Cork mail runs one day without being fired at from behind a hedge—"Then is doomsday near."

May.—Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, and consequent rise in the price of umbrellas.—Lady Mayoress's Easter ball: great scrambling after *ices* in the Egyptian-hall—Query, *Isis?*—Easter hunt: droves of unhorsed Londoners find their way as they can from Epping Forest to Bishopsgate-street—"all on foot he fights."—Opening of annual exhibition at Somerset House: great influx of one-shilling critics, who know as much of the matter as the blue checque taken at the door. —More "Portrait of a Gentleman" than usual. —Why not make the catalogue-printer prove his words, and thus reduce the number to a snug coterie of some half-dozen? Portrait of Mr. Barber Beaumont arrayed in an objectionable pair of pantaloons, casting a longing look at his own fire-office.—Desdemona is smothered at the Opera-house in the embraces of Rossini.—Wanstead-house, which cost 300,000*l.* knocked down for 10,000*l.*—"I will stand the hazard of the die." —First appearance of Quentin Durward, and

consequent dissension in divers book-clubs, each member thinking his predecessor detains it from him out of mere spite.—Only five men kicked out of the Canton coffee-house for saying that they have not read it.

June.—An old soldier advertises to quell *the* Irish rebellion for 10,000*l.*:—Query, *which* of them?—London sub-ways; plan of Mr. John Williams, of Cornhill, for constructing subterraneous passages under the streets; much patronized by divers young citizens, who have reasons of their own for not wishing to face their tailors.—The Princess Olive of Cumberland's manifesto to her faithful subjects the Poles.—Flowers of Billingsgate mutually scattered by Alderman Rowcroft and Mr. Hunt: the latter bound over by the Lord Mayor to keep the peace; a ceremony voluntarily performed by him for many years last past.

July.—Fête given by the Marquess of Hertford at Queensberry-house, Richmond: the Duke of Devonshire keeps his heart, but loses his hat.—"Sweethearts and Wives," notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their attractions, much approved of at the Haymarket Theatre.—The proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens inform the public that "nothing can damp their ardour;" certainly, if the present weather cannot, nothing can.—Tom and Jerry are killed at the Cobourg Theatre.—By a fatal accident (and it may be added an unaccountable one) the *perpetual* curate of Sawley

loses his life.—Westminster improvements: New Law Courts said to be "so built as to be uniform:" arrangement highly approved of by the public, several of whom have heretofore been turned round and whisked out of the Court of King's Bench before they knew where they were, while others have spent a whole life in the Court of Chancery without being able to find their way out.—Much money taken at a door in Fleet-street by a speculator, who exhibited, at a shilling a head, a live man who had *not* been to Fonthill Abbey.

August.—Ezekiel Cohen, a Jew, is cruelly prosecuted for merely assuming the character of an attorney. The ghost of John Knox (calling itself Irving) makes its appearance in Cross-street, Hatton Garden, arrayed in black whiskers and a dandy shirt collar.—Rossini, the Italian composer, nearly killed by eating six fat lobsters, to qualify himself to sing "O Piscator del' onda."—Prince Hohenlohe miraculously cures a "lady of respectability, who had been for many years one of the religious community of *Ranelagh*:" the chief part of the miracle being the conversion of a fashionable community into a religious one.—A married churchwarden at Dundee by mistake writes his own name in the register in lieu of that of the bridegroom: "Insatiate archer, would not one suffice?"—The canal in St James's Park cleansed of its impurities by mistake instead of the Mall.—Meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern,

to decide whether Mrs. Serres shall or shall not be Princess of Cumberland: decided in the negative, but resolved that she shall be Princess of Poland: a decision satisfactory to her Royal Highness, *diet* being her object.—Mr. Graham seeming disposed not to mount in his balloon from White Conduit House Gardens, several of the mob threw brick-bats at him to make him fly.

September.—Tithes raised in three London parishes: inhabitants advised to use Rowland's Kalydor, which "affords a pleasing relief after shaving."—More controversy between Mr. Owen of Lanark and the Presbytery of that Ilk: in spite of the parallelograms of the former, people in general no better than they should be. A London Gazette is published without a single *whereas:* in the evening several tradesmen illuminated their houses.—Fall of the Trocadero announced upon the Royal Exchange: benevolent hope expressed by an alderman that it did not hurt anybody.—"The Great Unknown" is damned at the Haymarket Theatre, after undergoing that ceremony from all the romance writers of Great Britain.—Death of Robert Bloomfield the poet: dismay and surprise of several sentimental young ladies on finding that the Farmer's Boy was fifty-six years old.—New coinage of *double* sovereigns: much cavilled at by Sir W. C., who hoped that William and Mary would have proved the last.

October.—A Mr. Dando summoned before the Lord Mayor on a charge of detaining the money of another person: he is discharged as incurable, on pleading that he spells his name with a *y*.—Law courts at Westminster in a progressive state: "the memorable old pump" said to be "still suffered to remain;" who can possibly be meant?—The Wesleyan Missionary Society despatch two emissaries to labour in Palestine, and a like number to Eutopia.—Cobbett *versus* Levy, lessee of the Kensington tolls: much mutual objurgation before the Bow Street magistrates: plaintiff proves defendant a Jew, but the latter fails in proving his adversary a Christian.—Lord Cochrane in the Brazilian line-of-battle ship, Don Pedro the First, shows an unabated love of prize-money.—Several instances of somnambulism in the theatrical world: actors and actresses seen groping their way in Little Russell Street and Hart Street through the stage-doors of the wrong theatre: playgoers much puzzled to know where to find them.—Captain Parry returns from the North Pole, and meets with a degree of coldness not experienced by him in Baffin's Bay.—Tomb of Baron Swedenborg opened, and the deceased found to have no head: letter from one of his disciples to Mr. Sylvanus Urban, showing that he lost it before he wrote his Arcana Celestia.

November.—Several stray murders lying at the police-offices to be owned, were claimed by the

wrong proprietors.—The abbey church of Romsey broken into by some thieves, but the nave of the church happening to be in the pulpit escaped their sacrilegious clutches.—Mr. Maberly's horse-bazaar is removed to the winter theatres.—Much mischief done on the fifth of November, being Guy Faux day, but much more done on the sixth, being the first day of Term.—Lord Mayor's day: numerous females at open windows, with bare throats gazing at nothing till something comes, and then closing the casement on account of the cold.—A woman pitched from the roof of the Fortitude Kentish Town coach into an undertaker's shop, and escaped with only a few slight bruises, to the great mortification of the sable shopkeeper.—The Reverend C. C. Colton made a bankrupt as a wine-merchant: no good ever comes of preaching over one's liquor.—Providential escape! the elbows of nine fiddlers, at the Cateaton Street concert, gave way, and fell down with a tremendous crash; fortunately nobody was near.—The author of Waverley said to have a curious mode of acquainting his domestics with his wants, by having the words "breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper," painted upon a board. N. B. The only poet on record who can call for four meals in a day.—A 50*l.* bill said to be swallowed by a donkey at Liverpool, and the printed statement of it swallowed by several of the species in London.

December.—Meeting of Common Council at

Guildhall to propose a statue to Riego: ditto in Lincoln's-Inn Hall to propose a statue to Lord Erskine: ditto in Leadenhall to propose a statue to Mr. Charles Grant: a Scotch India stockholder proposes that they should be clubbed together in the character of the three Graces, and that Sandy Mac-chisel, the stone-mason in Argyll Street, should have the job.—Royal Society of Literature offer a new premium for poetry: not a garret in Grub Street to be had.—Ghost of John Knox taketh unto itself a wife, to be shade of its shade: less knocking and scratching in Cross Street than heretofore: mysteries, moralities, and Drury Lane dramas all end with a marriage. Doctrinal points still undecided;

> One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell,
> Another deems him instrument of Hell.

Dreadful storm of wind blows over the metropolis: melancholy effects thereof: Sir Walter Stirling cannot keep his hat upon his head: an eddy of the remorseless gale carries divers schoolboys prematurely to town for the Christmas holidays: numerous caitiffs in white great-coats are blown from their own houses into those of other people, muttering something about the compliments of the season: flights of Norfolk turkeys are driven to London: dinner-cards whisk through the air bringing heterogeneous relations together on Christmas-day: gallanti-showmen can hardly keep their legs: red morocco al-

manacs sail about on the wings of the wind, and the venders of them, from fear of a falling stack of chimneys, are forced to take refuge in the first blind alley, where the few of them that read Horace, reflect, that the year 1823 is rapidly following her departed sister, and exclaim

> "Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
> Labuntur Anni."

REVIEW OF

A NEW SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC COOKERY, FORMED UPON PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMY, AND ADAPTED TO THE USE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES. BY A LADY.—*A new edition, corrected. London, printed for John Murray, Fleet-street, J. Harding, St. James's-street, and A. Constable and Co., Edinburgh.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

[From the London Review.]

THE three booksellers to whom the world is indebted for this ingenious treatise on the Art of Eating and Drinking, could not have been more happily marshalled by a king-at-arms than they are in the title-page of this work. Mr. John Murray lives within the city walls, and is, upon that account, *positively* the best judge of cookery. Mr. J. Harding, of a more courtly residence, may *comparatively* possess some knowledge of the

subject; but Messrs. A. Constable and Co., of Edinburgh, must be pronounced by all impartial judges *superlatively* unfit to give evidence in the cause. A work which treats of oyster-patties, green peas, ratafia cream, and London syllabub, must be as much a "sealed book" to our Scottish neighbours as that northern luminary Allan Ramsay is to us darkling natives of the south. The only effect which it can produce in the shop window of the aforesaid A. Constable and Co. is to quicken their countrymen in their journey southward, (like the hay before the horse's nose in Ireland,) and thus to overcome that bashful repugnance to visiting England, which has ever been the characteristic of a North Briton.

As a striking title is half the battle, ought not our authoress, in policy, to have entitled her book "The Belly and the Members," and dedicated it to our representatives in parliament? This would have established her fame in a moment, and consigned old Menenius Agrippa's fable of that name to merited oblivion. The great object of the great mass of mankind, *docti indoctique*, is to eat. From the savage of Terra del Fuego, whose food is worms extracted from decayed wood, to the peripatetic of Bond-street, who, having performed the morning's duties, regales on turtle and iced champagne; and, while he picks his teeth, eyes with disdain the ignoble herd through the green lattices of Steven's Hotel, it may be stated, as an indisputable fact, that man is a cook-

ing animal, and increases in civilisation in proportion to the beauty and variety of the produce of his saucepans. The degeneracy of the Jew may, upon this principle, be fairly ascribed to the train-oil that meanders through his viands. The debased condition of the negro may safely be imputed to the yams and cassava which he dignifies with the name of dinner; and what political efforts can this country ever expect from the Dutch, when we reflect that they jumble bacon and butter-milk in the same dish, and feed upon cheeses, which can only be compared to cannon balls impregnated with salt?

Homer's poetical proser, old Nestor, considered man a cooking animal; so thought the renowned James Boswell, that twinkling star in the great belt of the *Saturnine* moralist; and the observation enabled Mr. Burke to account for the old proverb—there's reason in roasting of eggs.

With this great truth in view, how much obliged ought the public to feel to a lady who, instead of inditing sonnets to the moon, and feeding the mind of her readers through the medium of the Minerva press, has preferred the more laudable pursuit of catering for the stomach, and has produced a work, at which the Hannah Glasses and the Farleys may hide their diminished larders. Half of an author's merit arises from the choice of his subject. A new system of religion was out of the question; and systems of politics are as shifting as the sands of Scamander

under the foot of Achilles. An improved treatise on music, or dancing, might indeed have made many proselytes in this fiddling and jumping age; yet still the deaf and the gouty would not have become purchasers. But a new system of cookery, embracing all the contents of the table-cloth, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, is universally and perpetually interesting. When a superannuated general is fighting his battles over again, and in his narrative cuts off the wing of an army, one is apt to yawn. How different is the sensation, if he is cutting off the wing of a wild fowl! John Duke of Argyll was a great man in his day: he is now *hors de combat* in Westminster Abbey; and I entreat the noble family of Campbell to reflect, that the *Argyll* which saves gravy from coagulating, is the golden urn that shall long preserve the ashes of their illustrious house from oblivion. The Duke is now cold, but our gravy is hot. Who does not remember Queen Catharine's character of Cardinal Wolsey?—

> "He was a man
> *Of an unbounded stomach*, ever ranking
> Himself with princes."

My interpretation of this passage, with all due deference to Mr. Douce, is, that he was a man who *gave excellent dinners*. Allow me this, and the enigma of his "ranking himself with princes" is instantly solved.

We will not, however, multiply cases to prove a self-evident proposition, but proceed to the work under review; which is introduced by an advertisement, wherein we are informed, "the following directions were intended for the conduct of the families of the authoress's own daughters, and for the arrangement of their table." But the young ladies, I suppose, being unable to decipher their mamma's cramp manuscript, or, as puddings and pies were the subject of her pen, "obliged by *hunger* and request of friends," she has consented to roll into the world in the puff-paste shape of a thick duodecimo.

"How rarely," exclaims our authoress, in a pathetic tone, "do we meet with fine melted butter!" This calamity was not overlooked by our immortal bard, whose Moor of Venice bewails his want of that article with tears—

> "Unused to the *melting mood*,
> Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gums."

And now, reader, having despatched the advertisement, we enter the vestibule of the temple, the Preface, consisting of "Miscellaneous observations for the use of the mistress of a family." It is a good old custom with the race that write, to consider the topic under their immediate discussion as the most important subject of inquiry that can agitate the feelings of man. Mrs. Barbauld promotes Richardson,

without any remorse, over the head of poor Fielding; and Mr. Hayley would fain make his mole-hill Cowper overtop mount Milton. If an author does not appear in earnest, it is all over with him. "How the deuce can you expect me to grieve, (says Horace,) if you don't appear to grieve yourself?"

The authoress of Domestic Cookery was aware of this rule, when she introduced her miscellaneous observations with a sentence which the hero of Bolt-court himself might not have blushed to pen. "In every rank those deserve the greatest praise who best acquit themselves of the duties which their station requires. Indeed, this line of conduct is not a matter of choice, but of necessity, if we would maintain the dignity of our own characters as rational beings."

When I had proceeded thus far, I hastily turned the leaves, fearing that I had, by mistake, dipped into the Rambler; but happening to alight upon a green goose-pie, and knowing that the sage had never discussed that topic, I returned to the preface.

Our heroine of jams and jellies thus proceeds: "In the variety of female acquirements, though domestic occupations stand not so high as they formerly did, yet, when neglected, they produce much *human misery.* [*Here sighs a jar.*] There was a time when ladies knew nothing *beyond* their own family concerns. [*Here a goose-pie*

talks.] But in the present day there are many who know nothing *about* them."

Ah, madam! this is a sober truth, though epigrammatically expressed. But, under favour, is it not something like the conceited cook, in the fragment of the Greek poet Straton, who says to his master—

> "What! speak as Homer does;
> And sure a cook may use like privilege,
> And more than a blind poet."

But mark the surly answer of the cook's master:

> Not with me!
> I'll have no kitchen Homers in my house;
> So, pray, discharge yourself."

The Lady Bountifuls have, I confess, quitted the stage, and the Lady Townleys reign in their stead. Who now is so brutal as to expect that those delicate fingers which, when employed on the piano-forte, emulate in whiteness the keys they rattle, shall be degraded to crack the claw of a lobster, or squeeze reluctant pickles into a jar? Even in the days of Pope, it was one of the many subjects of complaint of that irritable bard, that—

> "Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays."

And though, in the sixty-four years which have elapsed since his death, our wives may have changed this course of reading, yet it may be doubted whether they are a whit more wedded to the kitchen than heretofore. The German

Mrs. Haller is represented in a mobcap, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, the keeper of the paradise of pastry; but Mrs. Siddons decorates that frail lady with long drapery, and a yellow muslin turban. Fashion, however, will do much, and as our authoress's domestic cookery is universally read, let us hope that the modes of life will change, and that it will be as much the rage to stay at home to save money, as it now is to go abroad to spend it.

Our fair purveyor of patty-pans is gifted with that variety of style which, like her own recipes, is calculated to please all palates.

> "Milton's strong pinions now not heaven can bound,
> Now serpent-like, in prose, he sweeps the ground."

She informs us that "to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world, to be his enlightened companion and the chosen friend of his heart, these are woman's duties;" and she adds, in the same breath, "candles made in cool weather are best." The reader is no sooner apprised that "a pious woman will build up her house before God," than he is told "the price of starch depends upon that of flour." Talents here find themselves placed in the same sentence with treacle; custards are coupled with conjugal fidelity, and moral duties with macaroni. This obliquity of pen, "one eye on earth, the other fixed on heaven," is the only sure mode of pleasing all readers. It forms the genuine hill and date of style, and, when bounded

by a modern meadow of margin, bids fair to circulate through ten editions.

And now, reader, prepare yourself for a lecture on *carving*. "Some people (says our authoress) *haggle* meat so much as not to be able to help half a dozen persons decently from a large tongue or a surloin of beef; and the *dish* goes away with the appearance of having been gnawed by dogs."

Most dogs that have come under my cognizance, would be better pleased to gnaw the *meat* than the *dish;* but putting that aside, it must be allowed to be a monstrous thing for the seventh expectant, to be watching for a slice from a surloin which is destined to be wasted on six persons! Our lady, however, must in this instance be considered as rather hypercritical, few persons being so uninitiated in the mysteries of the blade, as to be unable to carve a tongue or a surloin: but to be placed opposite to a pig, a goose, or a hare, and to possess no more skill in the art than the executioner of the Duke of Monmouth, is indeed one of the miseries of human life. I most sincerely wish I could transplant these dainties to the pages of this review, but, since that cannot be, let me at least do all I can by extracting the rules for dissecting them.

"*Sucking Pig.*—The cook usually decorates the body before it is sent to table, and garnishes the dish with the jaws and ears." (If she do not, she deserves to lose her own ears.) "The first thing is to separate a shoulder from the carcass

on one side, and then the leg, according to the directions given by the dotted line *a*, *b*, *c*. The ribs are then to be divided into about two *helpings*, and an ear or jaw presented with them, and *plenty of sauce*. The joints may either be divided into two each, or pieces may be cut from them. The ribs are reckoned the finest part, but some people prefer the neck end between the shoulders." Here is a difference of opinion between all people and some people, which is left to the arbitration of other people.

"*Goose.*—Cut off the apron in the circular line *a*, *b*, *c*, in the figure opposite the last page, and pour into the body a glass of port wine, and a large teaspoonful of mustard, first mixed at the sideboard. Turn the neck of the goose towards you, and cut the whole breast in long lines from one wing to another; but only remove them as you help each person, unless the company is so large as to require the legs likewise."

If the eaters are so many, woe betide the goose; there will be nothing l ft of it for the next day.

"This way gives more prime bits than by making wings. Take off the leg by putting the fork into the small end of the bone, passing it to the body, and having passed the knife at *d*, turn the leg back, and, if a young bird, it will easily separate."

Let our army and navy surgeons take notice that this instruction is not meant for them.

"To take off the wing, put your fork into the

small end of the pinion, and press it close to the body; then put in the knife at *d*, and divide the joint, taking it down in the direction *d*, *e*. Nothing but practice will enable people to hit the joint exactly at the first trial.* When the leg and wing of one side are done, go on to the other; but it is not often necessary to cut up the whole goose, unless the company be very large. There are two side-bones by the wing, which may be cut off, as likewise the back and lower side-bones: but the best pieces are the breast and the thighs, after being divided from the drum-sticks."

"*Hare.*—The best way of cutting it up is to put the point of the knife under the shoulder at *a*, in the figure opposite the next page, and so cut all the way down to the rump on one side of the back bone, in the line *a*, *b*. Do the same on the other side, so that the whole hare will be divided into three parts. Cut the back part into four, which, with the legs, is the part most esteemed. The shoulders must be cut off in a circular line, as *c*, *d*, *a*: lay the pieces neatly on the dish as you cut them, and then help the company, giving some pudding and gravy to every person.† This

* The clear meaning of this remark is, that, if you are perfected by practice, you will *hit the joint exactly at the first trial*, though you never tried before;—just in the same manner as people learn to swim before going into the water!

† The impartiality of this worthy lady in giving *pudding* to every person, whether they like it or like it not, is truly amiable, and of a piece with that species of boarding-school benevolence which places pudding as a grace before meat, and obliges the young stu-

way can only be practised when the hare is young: if old, don't divide it down, which will require a strong arm," [A sly hint at the weakness of her readers,] "but put the knife between the leg and back, and give it a little turn inwards at the joint, which you must endeavour to hit, and not to break by force. When both legs are taken off, there is a *fine collop* on each side the back." [We all love a slice from poor Puss—this is, indeed, the hare and many friends.] "Then divide the back into as many pieces as you please, and take off the shoulders, which are by many preferred, and are called the sportsman's pieces.* When every one is helped, cut off the head," and take it to yourself. "Put your knife between the upper and lower jaw, and divide them, which will enable you to lay the upper flat on your plate; then put the point of the knife into the centre, and cut the head in two. The *ears* and *brains* may be helped then to those who like them."

By the way, the same individual has seldom a *penchant* for *both*. Our noble patronisers of the Italian Opera have nice ears and no brains, and many a sinister limb of the law has a plentiful stock of brains and no ears.

Here is a body of rules, scientifically laid down,

dent to wade through a slough of rice or suet before he can revel in the joys of beef or mutton.

* A hint from Horace, viz:—

"*Sapiens sectabitur armos,*"

by which we learn that SAPIENS is Latin for a *sportsman*.

like the figure of a country dance, by right and left, leading outsides, and galloping down the middle, by the study of which, the enlightened reader, when a goose or hare is before him,

> May *carve* it like a dish fit for the gods,
> Not hew it like a carcass for the hounds.

It is to be feared, however, that this to many readers is all algebra, without the aid of the dotted engravings, which, by the way, are so badly executed, that it may be safely said, never were such good dinners served up on such indifferent *plates*. To those, however, who do comprehend them, the utility of the above extracts is too obvious to render any apology necessary; and would to propriety that certain ladies and gentlemen would take their degrees in this culinary college, ere they pretend to carve for themselves! "Can none remember—yes, I know all must"—some one of his acquaintance, whose zeal to do the honours of the table is as intense as that of a missionary to visit the coast of Africa, and who is about as well skilled in the science he professes to teach? Give such a man the hands of Briareus, and he would gladly dissect a whole city feast at a single sitting. With a generosity peculiar to himself, he dispenses the gravy over the faces and waistcoats of his fellow guests, leaving the poor goose or duck as dry as a Scotch metaphysical essay. When a man of this stamp thrusts his fork into the breast of a woodcock, the company present

express as much alarm as if the bird were alive. Let no such man be trusted.

What a fine subject for a didactic poem is carving! What is Mr. Godwin about? It is well known he addresses his writs to the late sheriff of London, who, upon such an occasion, would doubtless usher the bantling to light. It is true the worthy knight eats no meat himself,* since he ate up the heifer; but is that a reason why he should be unmindful of those that do?

But as humanity is the brightest jewel in a lady's tiara, it grieves me to be obliged to reprehend, in the most unqualified terms, the following receipt for making hare-soup, page 104:—"Take an old hare that is good for nothing else, cut it into pieces, &c." Fie, madam, are these your fine feelings? Sterne, who wept over a dead jackass, like any sandman, would never have forgiven you, Mr. Southey, mounted on old Poulter's mare, will *vilipend* you through a whole Thalaba. Is this your respect for age? Suppose some giant of the Monk Lewis breed, having a penchant for human flesh, were to seize you in his paws, and utter the following culinary dictum:—"Take an *old woman* that is good for nothing else, cut her into pieces, &c." Gentle lady, would you like to be served so yourself?

"Order is heaven's first law," quoth the Poet of Reason; and as good eating is a heaven on

* Sir Richard Phillips is the late sheriff alluded to.

earth to so many respectable natives of London, it can excite no surprise that our dictatrix from the pantry has prefixed to her work an ample and well-arranged table of contents, dividing her subject into thirteen parts, embracing every dainty that can tickle the human palate. She commences with the scaly tenants of the flood, and ends with receipts to prevent hay from firing, to wash old deeds, to preserve a head of hair, and to dye gloves to look like York tan or Limerick. What an excursive fancy are some ladies blessed with!

A limb of the law might call the latter part of this division *travelling out of the record*, but surely without due consideration. *Tempus edax rerum* is a precept old as the hills. Now, as it is well known that the old gentleman will now and then nibble a lady's glove, "then her flowing her hair," or gnaw the title-deeds of her husband's estate, why should not *his* food be treated of as well as ours? Nor let any carping critic condemn her dissertation on home brewery and sauces as too prolific. The evils that spring from inattention to these articles are more numerous than the woes that sprang from the wrath of the son of Peleus. I will not repeat the well-known catastrophe at Salthill; death, in that case, was a welcome visiter to snatch eight unfortunate gentlemen from the calamity of an ill-cooked repast. But I will put it to the recollection of the majority of my readers, whether they

are not in the habit of dining with some individual whom Nature seems to have manufactured without a palate. If you ask the footman of such an unhappy being for bread, you receive something possessing the consistence of a stone. His turbot has all the dignity of age, his port wine all the fire of youth. With an anxious forefinger and a disappointed thumb, you turn up his fish-cruets one by one, and find that they resemble the pitchers of the Belides. His champagne is a copartnership of tar-water and treacle, and his lobster-sauce is so alarmingly congealed as to be fitter for Salmon's wax-work than for salmon.

These, these are the trials of human fortitude! Talk of Job scolded by his wife, or Cato pent up in Utica—psha!—How different the taste and the establishment of the renowned Decius! He is an assiduous frequenter of the Tabernacle, where he ponders on the joys to come—when the dinner hour arrives. His thoughts are revolving, not on the new birth, but on the new spit, which kindly roasts his venison without wounding it. If the afternoon service happen to extend beyond the usual period, then may Decius be seen to issue from his pew like the lioness from her den. Not having the fear of repletion before his eyes, but moved and instigated by an over-roasted haunch, he darts through the aisle, and knocks down the intervening babes of grace like so many piping ninepins.

Such is the laudable zeal of a man whose ruling passion floats in a tureen of mock-turtle, and yet so unsatisfactory are all sublunary enjoyments, it may sometimes be doubted whether the rearing of such costly pyramids of food be worth the founder's trouble. Goldsmith somewhere expresses a strong objection to two thousand pounds a year, because they will not procure a man two appetites; and another starveling son of the Muses, in his fable of the Court of Death, seems to insinuate that intemperance may in time injure the constitution. Certain it is, that three deadly foes to the disciple of Epicurus, intituled Plethora, Apoplexy, and bilious Gout, are often found to lie *perdu* beneath a masked battery of French paste, and, crossing the course of the voluptuary, like the weird sisters in the path of the benighted Thane, so annoy him, even while seated on that throne of human felicity, a tavern chair, as to make it a moot point whether it was worth his while to wade through the blood of so many animals to attain it.

Mark what Alexis, a Greek poet, says:—

> "O that Nature
> Might quit us of this overbearing burden,
> This tyrant god, the belly! Take that from us,
> With all its bestial appetites, and man,
> Exonerated man, shall be all soul."

A truce, however, to these unpalatable reflections, and let us revert to more agreeable topics.

The due arrangement of a dinner-table is not so easy as some folks imagine. Every one recollects the anecdote of the Gray's Inn student, who entertained his guests, consisting of two pining old maids and a bilious nabob, with boiled tripe at top, boiled tripe at bottom, and a round of beef, garnished with parsnips, in the centre. Any man possessed of money may give a dinner, but to give a proper one, requires both taste and fancy; and as those two ingredients are not always discernible in the *tout ensemble* of a son of Plutus, our authoress has kindly supplied their place, by inventing a scale of dinners suited to all pockets; loading the stomachs of her readers, as Locket clogged the ankles of his customers, with fetters of all prices from one guinea to ten.

It is now time to close the present article, for the length of which nothing but the extreme importance of the subject can atone. With a trembling pen I have ventured to touch upon the science of luxurious eating, of which, it must be confessed, my knowledge is derived rather from theory than practice; and in which, therefore, it is highly probable I have committed some mistakes. Shades of Apicius, Darteneuf, and Quin, forgive me if I have erred! Our journey, gentle reader, has been through a delightful country, recalling to our recollection the juvenile tale of Miranda, or the Royal Ram; inasmuch as we are credibly informed that the air within the blissful domains of that woolly potentate

was darkened with showers of tarts and cheesecakes. Let me entreat thee to repair, without loss of time, to the house of Mr. John Murray, of Fleet Street, where, for seven shillings and sixpence, thou mayest purchase the work of which I have furnished thee with a sort of hashed analysis. Then, if thou art a man of taste, thou wilt order a dainty repast after the fashion of one of those enumerated within the precincts of pages 312 and 320; and then, when thy envious covers are snatched off by a skilful domestic, and a steam ascends which might gratify the nose of Jove himself, and make him lean from Olympus to smell, I hope thou wilt, as in duty bound, exclaim in the words of the pious king Cymbeline:—

> "Laud we the gods,
> And let the crooked smoke climb to their nostrils
> From our blest altars."

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN VERSE.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

THE DINNER.

Thus to his mate Sir Richard spoke—
"The House is up; from London smoke
All fly; the Park grows thinner;
The friends who fed us, will condemn
Our backward board; we must feed them:
My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed!" his lady cries; "and first
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."
"Done! now *I* name—the Gatties!"
"My dear, they're rather stupid."—"Stuff!
We dine with them, and that's enough:
Besides, I like their patties."

"Who next?"—"Sir James and Lady Dunn."
"O no."—"Why not?"—"They'll bring their son,
That regular tormentor;
A couple, with one child, are sure
To bring three fools outside their door,
Whene'er abroad they venture."

"Who next?"—"John Yates."—"What! M. P. Yates;
Who, o'er the bottle, stale debates
Drags forth ten times a minute?"
"He's like the rest: whoever *fails*,
Out of St. Stephen's school tells tales
He'd quake to utter in it."

"Well, have him if you will."—"The Grants."
"My dear, remember, at your aunt's
I view'd them with abhorrence."
"Why so?"—"Why, since they've come from Lisle,
(Which they call *Leel*) they bore our isle
With Brussels, Tours, and Florence.

"Where could you meet them?"—"At the Nore."
"Who next?"—"The Lanes."—"We want no more—
Lieutenant General Dizzy."
"He's deaf."—"But then he'll bring Tom White."
"True! ask them both: the boy 's a bite;
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hunts, the Dunns, Jack Yates,
The Grants assemble: dinner waits;
In march the Lanes, the Gatties.
Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,
Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead
As so many Donatties.

Yates carves the turbot, Lane the lamb,
Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,
Dunn with the beef is busy;
His helpmate pats her darling boy,
And, to complete a mo ther's joy,
Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room;
They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,
  The bard who won't lie fallow,
The Turks, the statue in the Park,
Which both the Grants, at once, remark
  Jump'd down from Mount Cavallo.

They talk of dances, operas, dress,
They nod, they smile, they acquiesce;
  None pout; all seem delighted:
Heavens! can this be the self-same set,
So courteously received when met;
  So taunted when invited?

So have I seen, at Drury Lane,
A play rehearsed: the Thespian train
  In arms; the bard astounded;
Scenes cut; parts shifted; songs displaced;
Jokes mangled; characters effaced;
  "Confusion worse confounded."

But, on the night, with seeming hearts,
The warring tribe their several parts
  Enact with due decorum.
Such is the gulf that intervenes
'Twixt those who get behind the scenes,
  And those who sit before 'em!

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

CASES FOR THE OPINION OF DOCTOR LUSHINGTON.

DEAR Doctor, in vain, by September set free,
Have I, a poor Proctor, eloped toward the sea.
This new Marriage Act, which my Lord Ellenborough
Has whisk'd through the House like a colt o'er the Curragh,
Has set the pent fears of my clients at large,—
I'm boarded by dunces, like Pope in his barge.
My bag won't contain half the Cases they draw,
The Church can't absolve, so they fly to the law.
The magistrates' clerks know not how to behave, it 's
So puzzling to draw up the right affidavits:
Then how shall I pick Cupid's bone of contention,
Remote as I am from the scene of dissension?

My client, Jack Junk, with a heart hot as Ætna,
Has cut through the knot by post-horses and Gretna.
One says the church notice must not be a scrawl;
One says there is no need of notice at all;
A third swears it must be in black and in white;
A fourth hints that, where neither party can write,
A cross is sufficient; forgetting, of course,
That a cross before marriage is cart before horse.

My female complainants are equally busy,
And ply me with plaints till I'm really dizzy.
Miss Struggle, aged fifty, still baiting Love's trap,
Asks who keeps the children, should Hymen's chain snap.

Miss Blue, equi-wrinkled, has dipp'd me in ink,
With doubts on divorces *à mens.* and *è vinc.*
Aunt Jane understands it; her niece Mary Anne
Says she cannot conceive—others say that she can;
And gladly would hie to St. George's full trot,
To clench Cupid's nail while the iron is hot.
To flourish my flail, feather mounted, and draw
A handful of wheat from a barn full of straw,
Five Cases I 've hit on, in Cupid's dominion,
On which I request your advice and opinion.

Case *one.*—Kitty Crocodile married Ned Bray,
And swore she would honour, and love, and obey.
The honeymoon over, thorns mingle with roses,
And Ned's upper head is the picture of Moses.
Love, honour, obey, toll a funeral knell,
Up start, in their place, hate, disdain, and rebel.
You'll please to look over the statute, and say,
In case, at the next Lent Assizes, Ned Bray
Indict Mistress Kate for false swearing, can her jury
Bring the delinquent in guilty of perjury?

Case *two.*—Captain Boyd, to his tailor in debt,
Adored, at the Op'ra, Ma'amselle Pirouette;
'Twas Psyche that slew him; he woo'd; she consented;
Both married in May, and in June both repented;
The steps that she took gain'd eight hundred a year,
The step that he took made that sum disappear.
Please look at the Act, and advise whether Boyd
By debt made the deed *nudum pactum* and void;
And say, if eight hundred per annum Miss Pirouette
May get back from Boyd, by a count *Quantum meruit!*

Case *three*.—Martha Trist, of Saint Peter-le-Poor,
Had stuck up her notice upon her church door.
The Act (section eight) says, the wife must annex
Her proper description, age, station, and sex.
Her age, four-and-thirty, she fix'd to the door,
But somehow the wafer stuck over the four;
And Martha, if judged by some ill-temper'd men,
Would seem to have own'd to no more than thrice ten.
If Wildgoose, her spouse, should discover the flaw,
Please to say if the wedlock 's avoided by law;
And if, "on the whole," you would not deem it safer
To interline "four" at the top of the wafer.

Case *four*.—Captain Sykes won the heart of Miss Dighton
While driving a dennet from Worthing to Brighton.
Her West India fortune his hot bosom stirs,
His cap and mustachios are too much for hers.
They married; the Captain was counting his gain,
When sugar and rum grew a drug in Mark-lane.
In temper both fired; 'twas a word and a blow;
(See Dibdin's Reports, Captain Wattle and Roe;)
And both, while the stool is at either head flung,
Try to tear with their teeth what they tied with their tongue.
Please to study the Act for this couple, and tell 'em
If they can't be replaced "*statu quo ante bellum*."

Case *five*.—Doctor Swapp'em, allied to a peer,
Has farm'd his great tithes for five thousand a year.
He never is vex'd but when pheasants are wild;
And got a rich helpmate who bore him no child.

The curate of Swapp'em is pious and thrifty,
His annual stipend in pounds mounts to fifty;
His helpmate in annual parturience is seen,
His children already amount to fifteen.
While keeping the *dictum Ecclesiæ* in view,
(God never sends mouths without sending bread too,)
You'll please to advise if the Act has a clause
To marshal the bread, or to average the jaws.

But see, while my pen your opinion implores,
Fresh couples, love-stricken, besiege the church doors.
The porch of St. Anne's ninety couple disgorges,
Thrice ninety stand fix'd on the steps of St. George's;
The fresh and the jaded promiscuously mingle,
Some seek to get married, some seek to get single:
While *those*, sage Civilian, you're fettering, please
To hit on a scheme to emancipate *these*.
Teach mortals, who find, like the man who slew Turnus,
A marvellous facile descent to Avernus,
Like him, back their Pluto-bound steps to recall,
And breathe the light ether of Bachelors' Hall:
Do this, through my medium, dear Doctor, and then
Ere Easter, my life on't, we both are made men;
My purse shall swell, laden by fee upon fee,
King Proctor, in war-time, were nothing to me:
While you, happy man, down Pactolus's tide
Your silver-oar'd galley triumphant shall guide,
And whirl'd in no eddy, o'ertaken by no ill,
Reign Hymen's Arch-Chancellor, *vice* Lord Stowell.

THE STATUES AT LARGE.

A ROYAL DIALOGUE.

CHARLES.

GEORGE, my equestrian brother, though
The fates have placed us *dos-à-dos*
In queer quadrilling fashion,
Prithee, in spite of critic snarls,
Grant to your royal brother Charles
Five minutes' conversation.

GEORGE.

Artists to condemnation doom
My *anno domini* costume,
Though to my era proper:
The epithets of "poor" and "flat"
Stick in my skirts, three-corner'd hat,
And pig-tail made of copper.

CHARLES.

Why, ay, my beard, my antique air,
My mantle, boots, and flowing hair,
Ambitiously aspire
Your lovely pedestal above,
Yet—measured by our people's love—
Methinks you're standing higher.

GEORGE.

Though dwelling now in loftier scenes,
Each, thinking of the ways and means,
By golden trump is summon'd.
I to the banking-house below
Cry, "Mammon, to the *Ransom*, ho!"
Your right-hand man is Drummond.

CHARLES.

When James succumb'd to Nassau's yoke,
My palace, hid in lurid smoke,
Red Vulcan made a ruin.
My banquet-house survives alone,
And that—for reasons of my own—
I'd rather not be viewing.

GEORGE.

Co-equal fates our dwellings mark;
My mansion in St. James's Park
A new *Stonehenge* o'ermasters.
Yon marble arch exclaims—"Avaunt!
Duke Sheffield's comfortable haunt—
Red brick and white pilasters!"

CHARLES.

There with my subjects ill at ease,
By sturdy puritan M.P.'s
Eluded and outwitted,
Ent'ring the house, with visage grim,
I sought for Hazlerig and Pym,
And found "the birds had flitted."

GEORGE.

Intruding on forbidden ground—
Had I thus ventured to impound
  Joe Hume or Daniel Whittle,
Bearding St. Stephen, face to face,
The hardness of the Speaker's mace
  Had proved my sceptre brittle.

CHARLES.

Shall I spur on with iron heel
And dispossess Sir Robert Peel?
  Ah me! I am not able.
The "new Whitehall," foretold by Pope,
Lives only in the poet's hope,
  And Ripley builds a fable.

GEORGE.

What if, descending hand in hand,
Statues at large, we quit our stand
  To wonder-strike the many,
And go to court by way of prank,
Like him, the marble man, who drank
  With gallant Don Giovanni?

CHARLES.

No, brother, haunt no more that scene—
They whom it most concerns, I ween,
  Would deem us rude aggressors.
Let neither from the stirrup stir—
Heirs seldom want to disinter
  Departed predecessors.

GEORGE.

Imagination cannot reach
A fairer substitute for each
  Than gentle Queen Victoria.
Long may she reign—as long as we—
And may her Maids of Honour be
  Felicitas et Gloria!

CLUB LAW.

DEAR TOM, since, by a lucky knack,
Your white balls overtop the black,
  And counter-canvass smother,
Let me your mental garment darn,
As old Polonius spun a yarn
  To fair Ophelia's brother.

"Be thou familiar," should you see
At dinner an austere M.P.
  Just as his glass he's filling,
Accost him—whatsoe'er his rank—
With "Sir, I'd thank you for a frank,"
  And save your aunt a shilling.

"Give every man (of wealth) thine ear;"
Smile when he smiles, his sallies cheer,
  Out his connexions ferret;
Or roar his catch, or sing his psalm:
But, Thomas, "never dull thy palm"
  By shaking hands with Merit.

At a house-dinner show your fun,—
Mount a horse-laugh, quiz, banter, pun,
Be saucy as a squirrel;
But if your foe possess a pair
Of Manton's polish'd pops, "beware
Of entrance to a quarrel."

If a roast fillet deck the board,
With bacon, you can well afford
To leave the viand *per se;*
But if a haunch supplant the veal,
"Grapple" the joint "with hooks of steel,"
And carve it without mercy.

"Apparel oft proclaims the man:"
Wear, then, the richest garb you can,
Whilst in the club a dweller;
And if men doubt your means and ways,
Reverse the *caveat emptor* phrase,
And cast it to the seller.

"Take each man's censure" in good part;—
Pliant humility's an art
That copper turns to siller.
"Be not a lender"—memories flit;
"Nor borrower"—unless a wit
From old Josephus Miller.

Place on the fender both your feet;
When Boreas howls, complain of heat,
And open all the windows:
Ring for a waiter, bang the door,
And for your brethren care no more
Than Tippoo cared for Hindoos.

Never to acquiesce be seen:
To those who dwell on Edmund Kean,
  Talk of John Kemble's glories.
Dub all who do the civil, prigs;
Revile Lord Melbourne to the Whigs,
  Sir Robert to the Tories.

And now, dear Tom, farewell; the gale
"Sits in the shoulder of your sail,"—
  Defy disapprobation:
For, till committee-men begin
To ballot *out*, as well as *in*,
  You're safe in your location.

THE SWISS COTTAGE.

"Ye gastric graces of Pall Mall,
Fish, soup, and paté, fare ye well,
  Give me some cot Helvetian,
Thither I fain my flight would wing,
  f clubs the abdicated king,
  An uncrown'd Dioclesian."

Scarce had I thus petition'd Fate,
When lo! a card with lines so straight,
  Arachne seem'd to rule 'em,
Woo'd me to fair Pastora's shrine—
An invitation out to dine
  At Ivy Cottage, Fulham!

" 'Tis well!" I cried. " At Wit's control
Here Temperance will pass the bowl,
And Health rise up the winner.
Full well I know the classic spot—
Swiss is the scenery, Swiss the cot,
And Swiss, no doubt, the dinner.

" Deal table; cloth as smooth as silk;
Brown loaf; an avalanche of milk;
At most a brace of rabbits;
Cheese, hard enough to pose a shark;
And water, ' clear as di'mond spark,'
To suit my Hindoo habits.

" Six three-legg'd stools, of antique shapes;
Ripe figs; a plate of purple grapes,
As sweet as honeysuckles;
A girl to wait, of buxom hue,
In dark-brown bodice, apron blue,
Red hose, and silver buckles."

Nought rose to sever lip and cup:
I came. Had Fanny Kelly up
The outside stair been skipping,
With three long plaits of braided hair,
'Twould seem the *ipse locus* where
Macready pierced the pippin.

But soon the inside put to rout
The dreams engender'd by the out;
Chintz chairs with sofa paddings;
Bright stoves, at war with humid damps;
Pianos; rosewood tables; lamps,
As brilliant as Aladdin's.

Fish, soup, and mutton, finely dress'd,
Adorn'd the board; a pleasant guest
  Was placed my right and left on;
With dishes lateral, endued
With flavour to astonish Ude,
  Lucullus, or Lord Sefton.

The party, 'mid the sound of corks,
(Although the bread was white; the forks
  Were silver, not metallic,)
Seem'd not to see the joke was this,
That, while the outside walls were Swiss,
  The feast was Anglo-Gallic.

So, as in eastern song is shown,
Some sable, antiquated crone,
  As wily as a bailiff,
Leads, blindfold, on his hands and knees,
Some youth, through alleys dark, to please
  Great Haroün the Caliph.

The bandage gone, a blaze of light
Salutes his now enchanted sight;
  He views a new creation:
Dim Bagdad totters to its fall,
A fairy palace smiles, and all
  Is bright illumination.

MUSIC MAD.

"Madamina, il catalogo è questo
Delle belle che amo il padron mio:
Osservate, legete, con Me."—Il Don Giovann

For song, in youth, my pulse beat quick,
  For song, in age, beats quicker;

Applauding all, through thin and thick,
I shame Bray's veering Vicar.
On every voice, when most in vogue,
My glad attention lingers;
And Leporello's catalogue
Echoes my taste in singers.

At twenty-one, as mad as he
Who rode on Rozinante,
Chain'd to the car of harmony,
I bow'd to haughty Banti.
My senses all absorb'd in sound,
I sang "Ah! mia cara,"
And raved; till suddenly I found
My antidote in Mara.

Mara I swore to woo for life;
But, when she sang in Polly,
Her English, as the Robber's Wife,
Reliev'd me of my folly.
By Mara's pipe no longer fired,
I lived uncharm'd by any;
Till, conquer'd by the "Soldier Tired,"
In Billington's Mandané.

Destined, ere long, again to veer,
As fickle as Giovanni;
Fate, to enthral me, made appear
Majestic Catalani.
Forth from my pocket her half notes
Extracted my half guineas,
Pour'd from the first of human throats,
Till—follow'd by Grassini's.

Grassini's mournful Proserpine
Was now my heart's new pattern.
Oh! how I wish'd my lot were thine,
Contr'alto, son of Saturn!
Light Bolla, with her laughing eye,
Then drove me nearly crazy,
Till soothed by the sobriety
Of quiet Camporese.

Ronzi de Begnis' better half
Then ruled, till jocund Fodor
Came forward with her easy laugh,
And put her out of odour.
Sontag ruled next, and ruled me long,
Fair fav'rite of Apollo;
Till Malibran, the Queen of Song.
Beat baffled Sontag hollow.

Last in the scale, "though last not least,'
To make my heart uneasy,
Prime dainty in Euterpe's feast,
Comes all-accomplish'd Grisi.
Her magic notes make sorrow flit,
And Care his wrinkles soften;
But, since the stalls have spoilt the pit,
I fail to hear them often.

The pit, of yore, the acts between,
A lounge, a quiet ramble,
Is now a bear-garden—a scene
Of rude and noisy scramble.

Drawn thither from their sylvan haunt
By Orpheus—who can blame 'em?
Tigers are charm'd—I only want
The new police to tame 'em!

MY HEAD'S SEVEN AGES.

"AT early fifteen," ere I mourn'd human wrongs,
My locks, pinch'd by nothing but Nature's warm tongs,
In colour well match'd with the Colchican fleece,
Unpunish'd by powder, ungarnish'd by grease,
Half-way down my back, as then worn by the young,
In many a corkscrew bewitchingly hung:
Whoever in print young Napoleon has seen,
May form a good notion of me at fifteen.

But soon, like a Visigoth marching on Rome,
The barber rush'd in with his scissors and comb;
Poor Nature was presently push'd to the wall,
And shriek'd, like Belinda, to see my locks fall:
My hair scorch'd and frizz'd at the top became horrid,
Hard knocks of pomatum were dealt on my forehead,
I look'd like a linnet just caught in a cage,
So wide of its first was my head's second age!

Ere long my vex'd hair, which, pomaded and sleek,
Hung straight as John Wesley's adown either cheek,
By combs metamorphosed, assumed a new shape,
No longer a pigtail swung black at my nape:
The queue, with its ligatures spiral in twists,
Gave place to a knocker as big as my fists:

Whoever the late Major Topham has seen,
May form a good notion of me at nineteen.

Now knew I the joys the three Sisters prepare
For those who depend on the dressers of hair:
The dandies, who now "seek that bubble repute"
In the cut of a coat or the bend of a boot,
Can feebly imagine my often-felt woes,
With my watch in my hand, and my mask on my nose:
When lo! the huge knocker retired from the head,
And back came the pigtail to reign in its stead.

O caput humanum! dark dungeon of doubt,
Spite of Spurzheim, a labyrinth, inside and out,
How fleeting is all that dwells under a hat—
The late Duke of Bedford now brought in a plat!
And as both Jack and Peter abolish'd their queues,
I quickly changed mine for a well-powder'd noose:
My head, at that time, will at once re-appear
To those who have ever seen Palmer in Sneer.

No sooner had I, spite of wisdom's rebuke,
Pinn'd the faith of my head on the plat of a duke,
When sudden his grace much astonish'd the town
With an unpowder'd pate, in its natural brown.
Away flew pomade: barbers shut up their shops:
Their harvest was ruin'd by too many crops;
While I, with a nob ev'ry morning brush'd clean,
Da-capo'd the tresses of "early fifteen.

E'er since, Fashion vainly has left me alone,
For Time works the changes neglected by Ton.
My locks, erst so intimate, distant are seen,
Their visits are few, and the space far between:
Old Time, too, has made me my forelock resign;
I never seiz'd his, yet the dog has seized mine,
And seems to exclaim—"Prithee pay me my wages:
Your head has arrived at the last of its ages!

FIVE HUNDRED A YEAR.

THAT gilt middle-path, which the poet of Rome
Extoll'd as the only safe highway to bliss;
That "haven" which many a poet at home
Assures us all Guinea-bound merchantmen miss;
That bless'd middle line,
Which bard and divine
In sonnet and sermon so sigh for, is mine;—
My uncle, a plain honest fat auctioneer,
Walk'd off, and bequeath'd me Five Hundred a year.

I ne'er, if I live to the age of Old Parr,
Can fail to remember how stared brother Bill,
Jack bullied, and Tom, who is now at the Bar,
Drove post to a Proctor to knock up the will.
They never could trace
What beauty or grace
Sir Christopher Catalogue saw in my face,

To cut off three youths, to his bosom so dear,
And deluge a fourth with Five Hundred a year!

The will, though law-beaten, stood firm as a rock,
The probate was properly lodged at the Bank;
Transferr'd to my name stood the spleen-moving stock,
And I, in the West, bearded people of rank.
No longer a clerk,
I rode in the Park,
Or lounged in Pall Mall till an hour after dark.
I enter'd, what seem'd then, a happy career,
Possess'd of a gig and Five Hundred a year.

Ere long, I began to be bored by a guest,
A strange sort of harpy, who poison'd my feast:
He visits, in London, the folks who dwell West,
But seldom cohabits with those who live East.
Bar, door-chain, or key,
Could not keep me free,—
As brisk as a bailiff in bolted *Ennui*.
"I'm come," he still cried, "to partake of your cheer,
I'm partial to folks of Five Hundred a year."

Meanwhile my three brothers, by prudence and care,
Got onward in life, while I stuck by the wall;
Bill open'd a tea-shop in Bridgewater-square,
And Jack, as a writer, grew rich in Bengal.
Tom made his impressions
Through Newgate transgressions,
And got half the business at Clerkenwell Sessions.

They march'd in the van, while I lagg'd in the rear,
Condemn'd to *Ennui* and Five Hundred a year.

Too little encouraged to feel self-assured,
Too dull for retorts, and too timid for taunts;
By daughters and nieces I'm barely endured,
And mortally hated by uncles and aunts.
If e'er I entangle
A girl in an angle,
Up steps some Duenna, love's serpent to strangle;
"Come hither! don't talk to that fellow, my dear,
His income is only Five Hundred a year."

Without tact or talents to get into ton,
No calling to stick to, no trade to pursue:
Thus London, hard stepmother, leaves me alone,
With little to live on, and nothing to do.
Could I row a life-boat,
Make a boot or a coat,
Or serve in a silversmith's shop, and devote
My days to employment, my evenings to cheer,
I'd gladly give up my Five Hundred a year.

SIR DUNDER O'KELLY.

—— Pete regna per undas.—VIRG.

Old Mother O'Kelly, the scold,
Who lived in a county of blunder,
Called great Tipperary, I'm told,
Thus spoke to her little boy Dunder—

" I've only got you and a cow,
And, since I can't keep all the three,
I'd better keep her, you'll allow,
Because the kind creature keeps me."

So Dunder O'Kelly set sail
From Ireland to better himself,
And climb'd up the Holyhead mail
To ease Johnny Bull of his pelf.
To follow of glory the path,
And put British beef in his belly,
At Margate, at Brighton, at Bath,
He sported Sir Dunder O'Kelly.

Sir Dunder in dancing was skill'd,
And look'd very neat in his clothes;
But indeed all his beauty was kill'd
By a terrible wen on his nose.
This double appendage, alas!
He thought neither pretty nor proper;
Nature gave him one visage of brass,
And Bacchus two noses of copper.

He dived into Bath for a bride,
The ladies all check'd his advances,
And vow'd they could never abide
Loose manners, and straiten'd finances;
One lady alone met his flame,
With a hop, and a jig, and a nod.
I ask'd a blind fiddler her name,
And he answer'd me—*Moll in the Wad.*

His looking-glass set the poor knight
  Ofttimes in his bedchamber raving,
His ugliness showing at night,
  And eke in the morning when shaving.
He flung himself down on the floor;—
  Was ever unfortunate elf
So terribly haunted before
  By a ghost in the shape of himself?

Resolved Charon's eddy to pass,
  His pistol he primed, but —O blunder!
He thought, if he shot at the glass,
  'Twould blow out the brains of Sir Dunder.
So bang went the slugs at his head,
  At once from this life to dissever;
He shot all the quicksilver dead,
  But himself was as lively as ever.

Amazed at the hubbub was he,
  And began, in the midst of the clatter,
All over to *felo-de-se*,
  But found there was nothing the matter.
So, glad Charon's eddy to shun,
  His sentiments thus he discloses—
"Since two heads are better than one,
  Perhaps 'tis the same with two noses."

To his own Tipperary poor Dun,
  From scenes of disturbance and bother,
Trudged back, like the Prodigal Son,
  And fell on the neck of his mother.

At home he now follows the plough,
And, whilst in his rustical courses
He walks at their tails, you'll allow
He never can frighten his horses.

EPITAPH.*

TO THE MEMORY OF

GEORGE COLMAN

THE YOUNGER,

WHO SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER

AS

PATENTEE OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

HE WAS

PRE-EMINENT AS A DRAMATIST,

ADMIRED AS A POET,

CONSPICUOUS AS A WIT,

AND

BELOVED AS A MAN.

COLMAN, the Muse's Child, the Drama's Pride,
Whose works now waken joy, or grief impart;
Humour with pathos, wit with sense allied,
A playful fancy, and a feeling heart,—
His task accomplish'd, and his circuit run,
Here finds at last his monumental bed;
Take then, departed Shade, this lay from one
Who lov'd thee living, and laments thee dead.

Born, October 21st, 1762.
Died, October 26th, 1836.

* For this and other communications the Editor begs to make his acknowledgments to Mrs. Mathews.

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